

THE
I L I A D
O F
H O M E R.

Translated by Mr. P O P E.

V O L. IV.

*Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut crucier, quod
Vellicat absentem Demetrius? Aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis ledat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius, & Varius, Mæcenæ, Virgiliusque,
Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius optimus.—*

H O R.

L O N D O N:

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tween the Temple-Gates. 1718.





GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOTT of Our City of *London*, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the *ILIAD* of HOMER from the *Greek* in Six Volumes in Folio by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOTT has informed Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work: and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOTT. He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleased to encourage so useful a Work, are pleased to condescend to his Request, and do therefore give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOTT Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the *ILIAD* of HOMER translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE, for and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof; strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOTT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens and Company of Stationers of our City of *London*, Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at *St. James's* the sixth Day of *May*, 1715. in the first Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

JAMES STANHOPE.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

B

The ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battel continued, in which *Neptune* assists the
Greeks: The Acts of *Idomeneus*.

NEptune, concern'd for the Loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the Fortification forc'd by Hector, (who had enter'd the Gate near the Station of the Ajaxes) assumes the Shape of Calchas, and inspires those Heroes to oppose him: Then in the Form of one of the Generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retir'd to their Vessels. The Ajaxes form their Troops in a close Phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several Deeds of Valour are perform'd; Meriones losing his Spear in the Encounter, repairs to seek another at the Tent of Idomeneus. This occasions a Conversation between those two Warriors, who return together to the Battel. Idomeneus signalizes his Courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcatous. Deiphobus and Aeneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repuls'd in the Left Wing; Hector still keeps his Ground against the Ajaxes, till being gaul'd by the Locrian Slingers and Archers, Polydamas advises to call a Council of War: Hector approves his Advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the Attack.

The eight and twentieth Day still continues. The Scene is between the Grecian Wall and the Sea-shore.

T H E
THIRTEENTH BOOK
O F T H E
I L I A D.

WHEN now the Thund'rer, on the Sea-
 beat Coast,
 Had fix'd great *Hector* and his conqu'ring Host;
 He left them to the Fates, in bloody Fray,
 To toil and struggle thro' the well-fought Day.
 Then turn'd to *Thracia* from the Field of Fight 5
 Those Eyes, that shed insufferable Light,
 To where the *Mysians* prove their martial Force,
 And hardy *Thracians* tame the savage Horse;
 And where the far-fam'd *Hippemolgian* strays,
 Renown'd for Justice and for length of Days, 10
 Thrice happy Race! that, innocent of Blood,
 From Milk, innoxious, seek their simple Food:

Jove

Jove sees delighted, and avoids the Scene
Of guilty *Troy*, of Arms, and dying Men:

15 No Aid, he deems, to either Host is giv'n,
While his high Law suspends the Pow'rs of Heav'n.

* *Nep-
tune.*

Meantime the * Monarch of the watry Main
Observ'd the Thund'rer, nor observ'd in vain.

In *Samothracia*, on a Mountain's Brow,

20 Whose waving Woods o'erhung the Deeps below,
He fate; and round him cast his azure Eyes,

Where *Ida*'s milty Tops confus'dly rise;

Below, fair *Ilion*'s glitt'ring Spires were seen,

The crowded Ships, and fable Seas between.

25 There, from the crystal Chambers of the Main
Emerg'd, he fate; and mourn'd his *Argives* slain.

At *Jove* incens'd, with Grief and Fury stung,

Prone down the rocky Steep, he rush'd along;

Fierce as he past, the lofty Mountains nod,

30 The Forests shake! Earth trembled as he trod,

And felt the Footsteps of th' immortal God.

From Realm to Realm three ample Strides he took,

And, at the fourth, the distant *Ægæ* shook.

Far

Far in the Bay his shining Palace stands,
Eternal Frame! not rais'd by mortal Hands: 35
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd Steeds he reins,
Fleet as the Winds, and deck'd with golden Manes.
Refulgent Arms his mighty Limbs infold,
Immortal Arms, of Adamant and Gold.
He mounts the Car, the golden Scourge applies; 40
He sits superior, and the Chariot flies.
His whirling Wheels the glassy Surface sweep;
Th' enormous Monsters, rolling o'er the Deep,
Gambol around him, on the watry way;
And heavy Whales in aukward Measures play: 45
The Sea subsiding spreads a level Plain,
Exults, and owns the Monarch of the Main;
The parting Waves before his Courfers fly;
The wond'ring Waters leave his Axle dry.

Deep in the liquid Regions lies a Cave, } 50
Between where *Tenedos* the Surges lave, }
And rocky *Imbrus* breaks the rolling Wave: }
There the great Ruler of the azure Round
Stop'd his swift Chariot, and his Steeds unbound,

55 Fed with ambrosial Herbage from his Hand,
 And link'd their Fetlocks with a golden Band,
 Infrangible, immortal: There they stay:
 The Father of the Floods pursues his way;
 Where, like a Tempest, dark'ning Heav'n around,
 60 Or fiery Deluge that devours the Ground,
 Th' impatient *Trojans*, in a gloomy Throng,
 Embattel'd roll'd, as *Hector* rush'd along.

To the loud Tumult, and the barb'rous Cry,
 The Heav'ns re-echo, and the Shores reply;
 65 They vow Destruction to the *Grecian* Name,
 And, in their Hopes, the Fleets already flame.

But *Neptune*, rising from the Seas profound,
 The God whose Earthquakes rock the solid Ground,
 Now wears a mortal Form; like *Calchas* seen,
 70 Such his loud Voice, and such his manly Mien;
 His Shouts incessant ev'ry *Greek* inspire,
 But most th' *Ajaces*, adding Fire to Fire.

'Tis yours, O Warriors, all our Hopes to raise;
 Oh recollect your ancient Worth and Praise!
 75 'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
 Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.

On

On other Works tho' *Troy* with Fury fall,
And pour her Armies o'er our batter'd Wall ;
There, *Greece* has strength : but this, this Part o'erthrown,
Her Strength were vain ; I dread for you alone. 80
Here *Hector* rages like the Force of Fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high *Jove* his Sire.
If yet some heav'nly Pow'r your Breast excite,
Breathe in your Hearts, and string your Arms to Fight,
Greece yet may live, her threatned Fleet maintain, 85
And *Hector's* Force, and *Jove's* own Aid, be vain.

Then with his Sceptre that the Deep controuls,
He touch'd the Chiefs, and steel'd their manly Souls ;
Strength, not their own, the Touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts. 90
Then, as a Falcon from the rocky Height,
Her Quarry seen, impetuous at the Sight,
Forth-springing instant, darts her self from high,
Shoots on the Wing, and skims along the Sky :
Such, and so swift, the Pow'r of Ocean flew ; 95
The wide Horizon shut him from their View.

Th' inspiring God, *Oileus'* active Son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to *Telamon*.

Some

Some God, my Friend, some God in human form
 100 Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the Storm.

Not *Calchas* this, the venerable Seer ;
 Short as he turn'd, I saw the Pow'r appear :
 I mark'd his parting, and the Steps he trod ;
 His own bright evidence reveals a God.

105 Ev'n now some Energy divine I share,
 And seem to walk on Wings, and tread in Air.

With equal Ardour (*Telamon* returns)
 My Soul is kindled, and my Bosom burns ;
 New rising Spirits all the Man alarm,
 110 Lift each impatient Limb, and brace my Arm ;
 This ready Arm, unthinking, shakes the Dart ;
 The Blood pours back, and fortifies my Heart :
 Singly methinks, yon' tow'ring Chief I meet,
 And stretch the dreadful *Hector* at my Feet.

115 Full of the God that urg'd their burning Breast
 The Heroes thus their mutual Warmth express'd.
Neptune meanwhile the routed *Greeks* inspir'd ;
 Who breathless, pale, with length of Labours tir'd,
 Pant in the Ships; while *Troy* to Conquest calls,
 120 And swarms victorious o'er their yielding Walls:

Trembling

Trembling before th' impending Storm they lie,
 While Tears of Rage stand burning in their Eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal Hour;
 But breathe new Courage as they feel the Pow'r:
Teucer and *Leitus* first his Words excite; 125
 Then stern *Peneleus* rises to the Fight;
Thoas, *Deipyrus*, in Arms renown'd,
 And *Merion* next, th' impulsive Fury found;
 Last *Nestor's* Son the same bold Ardour takes,
 While thus the God the martial Fire awakes. 130

Oh lasting Infamy, oh dire Disgrace
 To Chiefs of vig'rous Youth, and manly Race!
 I trusted in the Gods and you, to see
 Brave *Greece* victorious, and her Navy free:
 Ah no—the glorious Combate you disclaim, 135
 And one black Day clouds all her former Fame.
 Heav'ns! what a prodigy these Eyes survey,
 Unseen, unthought, till this amazing Day!
 Fly we at length from *Troy's* oft-conquer'd Bands,
 And falls our Fleet by such inglorious Hands? 140
 A Rout undisciplin'd, a straggling Train,
 Not born to Glories of the dusty Plain;

D

Like

Like frightened Fawns from Hill to Hill purfu'd,
 A Prey to every Savage of the Wood ;
 145 Shall these, so late who trembled at your Name,
 Invade your Camps, involve your Ships in Flame ?
 A Change so shameful, say what Cause has wrought ?
 The Soldiers Baseness, or the Gen'ral's Fault ?
 Fools ! will ye perish for your Leader's Vice ?
 150 The Purchase Infamy, and Life the Price !
 'Tis not your Cause, *Achilles*' injur'd Fame :
 Another's is the Crime, but yours the Shame.
 Grant that our Chief offend thro' Rage or Lust,
 Must you be Cowards, if your King's unjust ?
 155 Prevent this Evil, and your Country save :
 Small Thought retrieves the Spirits of the Brave.
 Think, and subdue ! on Dastards dead to Fame
 I waste no Anger, for they feel no Shame :
 But you, the Pride, the Flow'r of all our Host,
 160 My Heart weeps blood to see your Glory lost !
 Nor deem this Day, this Battel, all you lose ;
 A Day more black, a Fate more vile, ensues.
 Let each reflect, who prizes Fame or Breath,
 On endless Infamy, on instant Death.

For

For lo! the fated Time, th' appointed Shore ; 165
Hark! the Gates burst, the brazen Barriers roar!
Impetuous *Hector* thunders at the Wall ;
The Hour, the Spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These Words the *Grecians* fainting Hearts inspire,
And list'ning Armies catch the godlike Fire. 170
Fix'd at his Post was each bold *Ajax* found,
With well-rang'd Squadrons strongly circled round :
So close their Order, so dispos'd their Fight,
As *Pallas*' self might view with fixt Delight ;
Or had the God of War inclin'd his Eyes, 175
The God of War had own'd a just Surprize.
A chosen Phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,
Descending *Hector* and his Battel wait ;
An Iron Scene gleams dreadful o'er the Fields,
Armour in Armour lock'd, and Shields in Shields, 180
Spears lean on Spears, on Targets Targets throng,
Helms stuck to Helms, and Man drove Man along.
The floating Plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an Earthquake stirs the nodding Grove ;
And levell'd at the Skies with pointing Rays, 185
Their brandish'd Lances at each Motion blaze.

Thus

Thus breabbing Death, in terrible Array,
 The close-compacted Legions urg'd their way:
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
 190 Troy charg'd the first, and *Hector* first of Troy.
 As from some Mountain's craggy Forehead torn,
 A Rock's round Fragment flies, with Fury born,
 (Which from the stubborn Stone a Torrent rends)
 Precipitate the pond'rous Mass descends:
 195 From Steep to Steep the rolling Ruin bounds;
 At ev'ry Shock the crackling Wood resounds;
 Still gath'ring Force, it smoaks; and, urg'd amain,
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the Plain
 There stops---So *Hector*: Their whole Force he prov'd;
 200 Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stop'd, unmov'd.
 On him the War is bent, the Darts are shed,
 And all their Faulchions wave around his Head.
 Repuls'd he stands; nor from his Stand retires;
 But with repeated Shouts his Army fires.
 205 *Trojans*, be firm; this Arm shall make your way
 Thro' yon' square Body, and that black Array:
 Stand, and my Spear shall rout their scatt'ring Pow'r,
 Strong as they seem, embattel'd like a Tow'r.

For

For He that *Juno's* heav'nly Bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this Day inspires our Arms. 210

He said, and rouz'd the Soul in ev'ry Breast;
Urg'd with Desire of Fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd *Deiphobus*; but marching held
Before his wary Steps, his ample Shield.

Bold *Merion* aim'd a Stroke (nor aim'd it wide) 215
The glitt'ring Javelin pierc'd the tough Bull-hide:
But pierc'd not thro: Unfaithful to his Hand,
The Point broke short, and sparkled in the Sand.
The *Trojan* Warrior, touch'd with timely Fear,
On the rais'd Orb to distance bore the Spear: 220
The *Greek* retreating mourn'd his frustrate Blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous Lance that spar'd a Foe;
Then to the Ships with furly Speed he went,
To seek a surer Javelin in his Tent.

Meanwhile with rising Rage the Battel glows, 225
The Tumult thickens, and the Clamour grows.
By *Teucer's* Arm the warlike *Imbrius* bleeds,
The Son of *Mentor*, rich in gen'rous Steeds.
E're yet to *Troy* the Sons of *Greece* were led,
In fair *Pedæus'* verdant Pastures bred, 230

E

The

The Youth had dwelt; remote from War's alarms,
 And blest'd in bright *Medesicaste's* Arms:
 (This Nymph, the Fruit of *Priam's* ravish'd Joy,
 Ally'd the Warrior to the House of *Troy*.)

235 To *Troy*, when Glory call'd his Arms, he came,
 And match'd the bravest of her Chiefs in Fame:
 With *Priam's* Sons, a Guardian of the Throne,
 He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
 Him *Teucer* pierc'd between the Throat and Ear;

240 He groans beneath the *Telamonian* Spear.
 As from some far-seen Mountain's airy Crown,
 Subdu'd by Steel, a tall Ash tumbles down,
 And foils its verdant Tresses on the Ground:
 So falls the Youth; his Arms the Fall resound.

245 Then *Teucer* rushing to despoil the dead,
 From *Hector's* Hand a shining Javelin fled:
 He saw, and shun'd the Death; the forceful Dart
 Sung on, and pierc'd *Amphimachus* his Heart,
Cteatus' Son, of *Neptune's* boasted Line;

250 Vain was his Courage, and his Race divine!
 Prostrate he falls; his clanging Arms resound,
 And his broad Buckler thunders on the Ground.

To

To seize his beamy Helm the Victor flies,
 And just had fastned on the dazzling Prize,
 When *Ajax*' manly Arm a Javelin flung ; 255
 Full on the Shield's round Bos the Weapon rung ;
 He felt the Shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
 Secure in Mail, and sheath'd in shining Steel.
 Repuls'd he yields ; the Victor *Greeks* obtain
 The Spoils contested, and bear off the slain. 260
 Between the Leaders of th' *Athenian* Line,
 (*Stichius* the brave, *Meneftheus* the divine,)
 Deplor'd *Amphimachus*, sad Object ! lies ;
Imbrius remains the fierce *Ajaces*' Prize.
 As two grim Lyons bear across the Lawn 265
 Snatch'd from devouring Hounds, a slaughter'd Fawn,
 In their fell Jaws high-lifted thro' the Wood,
 And sprinkling all the Shrubs with dropping Blood ;
 So these the Chief : Great *Ajax* from the dead
 Strips his bright Arms, *Oileus* lops his Head : 270
 Toss'd like a Ball, and whirl'd in Air away,
 At *Hector*'s Feet the goary Visage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with stern Disdain,
 And pierc'd with Sorrow for his * Grandson slain,

Inspires

* *Amphimachus.*

275 Inspires the *Grecian* Hearts, confirms their Hands.

And breathes Destruction to the *Trojan* Bands,

Swift as a Whirlwind rushing to the Fleet,

He finds the Lance-fam'd *Idomen* of *Crete* ;

His pensive Brow the gen'rous Care exprest

280 With which a wounded Soldier touch'd his Breast,

Whom in the Chance of War a Javelin tore,

And his sad Comrades from the Battel bore ;

Him to the Surgeons of the Camp he sent ;

That Office paid, he issu'd from his Tent,

285 Fierce for the Fight: To him the God begun,

In *Thoas*' Voice, *Andræmon*'s valiant Son,

Who rul'd where *Calydon*'s white Rocks arise,

And *Pleuron*'s chalky Cliffs emblaze the Skies.

Where's now th' imperious Vaunt, the daring Boast

290 Of *Greece* victorious, and proud *Ilion* lost ?

To whom the King. On *Greece* no blame be thrown,

Arms are her Trade, and War is all her own.

Her hardy Heroes from the well-fought Plains

Nor Fear with-holds, nor shameful Sloth detains.

295 'Tis Heav'n, alas! and *Jove*'s all-pow'rful Doom,

That far, far distant from our native Home

Wills

Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my Friend! 111
 Once foremost in the Fight, still prone to lend 112
 Or Arms, or Counsels; now perform thy best, 113
 And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest. 130

Thus he; and thus the God, whose Force can make
 The solid Globe's eternal Basis shake! 114
 Ah! never may he see his native Land, 115
 But feed the Vulturs on this hateful Strand, 116
 Who seeks ignobly in his Ships to stay, 117
 Nor dares to combat on this signal Day! 118
 For this, behold! in horrid Arms I shine, 119
 And urge thy Soul to rival Acts with mine! 120
 Together let us battle on the Plain; 121
 Two, not the worst; nor even this Succour vain. 122
 Not vain the weakest, if their Force unite; 123
 But ours, the bravest have confes'd in Fight. 124

This said, he rushes where the Combat burns; 125
 Swift to his Tent the Cretan King returns. 126
 From thence, two Javelins glittering in his Hand, 127
 And clad in Arms that lighten'd all the Strand, 128
 Fierce on the Foe th' impetuous Hero drove; 129
 Like Lightning burbling from the Arm of Jove, 130
 F Which

Which to pale Man the Wrath of Heav'n declares,
 320 Or terrifies th' offending World with Wars:
 In streamy Sparkles, kindling all the Skies,
 From Pole to Pole the Trail of Glory flies.
 Thus his bright Armour o'er the dazled Throng
 Gleam'd dreadful, as the Monarch flash'd along.

325 Him, near his Tent, *Meriones* attends;
 Whom thus he questions: Ever best of Friends!
 O say, in ev'ry Art of Battel skill'd,
 What holds thy Courage from so brave a Field?
 On some important Message art thou bound,
 330 Or bleeds my Friend by some unhappy Wound?
 Inglorious here, my Soul abhors to stay,
 And glows with Prospects of th' approaching Day.

O Prince! (*Meriones* replies) whose Care
 Leads forth th' embattel'd Sons of *Crete* to War;
 335 This speaks my Grief; this headless Lance I wield;
 The rest lies rooted in a *Trojan* Shield.

To whom the *Cretan*: Enter, and receive
 The wanted Weapons; those my Tent can give.
 Spears I have store, (and *Trojan* Lances all)
 340 That shed a Lustre round th' illumin'd Wall.

Tho'

Tho' I, disdainful of the distant War,
 Nor trust the Dart, or aim th' uncertain Spear,
 Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
 And thence these Trophies and these Arms I gain.
 Enter, and see on heaps the Helmets roll'd,
 And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with Gold.

Nor vain (said *Merion*) are our martial Toils;
 We too can boast of no ignoble Spoils.
 But those my Ship contains, whence distant far,
 I fight conspicuous in the Van of War.
 What need I more? If any *Greek* there be
 Who knows not *Merion*, I appeal to thee.

To this, *Idomeneus*. The Fields of Fight
 Have prov'd thy Valour and unconquer'd Might;
 And were some Ambush for the Foes design'd,
 Ev'n there, thy Courage would not lag behind.
 In that sharp Service, singled from the rest,
 The Fear of each, or Valour, stands confest.
 No Force, no Firmness, the pale Coward shows;
 He shifts his Place, his Colour comes and goes;
 A dropping Sweat creeps cold on ev'ry Part;
 Against his Bosom beats his quiv'ring Heart;

Terror

Terror and Death in his wild Eye-balls stare ;
 With chatt'ring Teeth he stands, and stiff'ning Hair,
 365 And looks a bloodless Image of Despair !
 Not so the Brave—still dauntless, still the same,
 Unchang'd his Colour, and unmov'd his Frame ;
 Compos'd his Thought, determin'd is his Eye,
 And fix'd his Soul, to conquer or to die ;

370 If ought disturb the Tenour of his Breast,
 'Tis but the Wish to strike before the rest.

In such Assays, thy blameless Worth is known,
 And ev'ry Art of dang'rous War thy own.
 By chance of Fight whatever Wounds you bore,

375 Those Wounds were glorious all, and all before ;
 Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave Delight
 T'oppose thy Bosom where the foremost fight.

But why, like Infants, cold to Honour's Charms,
 Stand we to talk, when a Glory calls to Arms ?

380 Go—from my conquer'd Spears, the choicest take
 And to their Owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the Word bold Merion snatch'd a Spear,
 And breathing Slaughter, follow'd to the War.

Against his Bosom beats his driving Heart ;

And

So *Mars* Armipotent invades the Plain,
(The wide Destroyer of the Race of Man) 385
Terror, his best lov'd Son, attends his Course,
Arm'd with stern Boldness, and enormous Force;
The Pride of haughty Warriors to confound,
And lay the Strength of Tyrants on the Ground:
From *Thrace* they fly, call'd to the dire Alarms 390
Of warring *Phlegyans*, and *Ephyrian* Arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose
To these, glad Conquest, murd'rous Rout to those.
So march'd the Leaders of the *Cretan* Train,
And their bright Arms shot Horror o'er the Plain. 395

Then first spake *Merion*: Shall we join the Right,
Or combat in the Centre of the Fight?
Or to the Left our wanted Succour lend?
Hazard and Fame all Parts alike attend.

Not in the Centre, (*Idomen* reply'd) 400
Our ablest Chieftains the main Battel guide;
Each godlike *Ajax* makes that Post his Care,
And gallant *Teucer* deals Destruction there:
Skill'd, or with Shafts to gall the distant Field,
Or bear close Battel on the sounding Shield. 405

G

These

These can the Rage of haughty *Hector* tame ;
 Safe in their Arms, the Navy fears no Flame ;
 Till *Jove* himself descends, his Bolts to shed,
 And hurl the blazing Ruin at our Head.

410 Great must he be, of more than human Birth,
 Nor feed like Mortals on the Fruits of Earth,
 Him neither Rocks can crush, nor Steel can wound,
 Whom *Ajax* fells not on th' enfanguin'd Ground.
 In standing Fight he mates *Achilles'* Force,

415 Excell'd alone in Swiftnefs in the Course.
 Then to the Left our ready Arms apply,
 And live with Glory, or with Glory die.

He said ; and *Merion* to th' appointed Place,
 Fierce as the God of Battels, urg'd his Pace.

420 Soon as the Foe the shining Chiefs beheld
 Rush like a fiery Torrent o'er the Field,
 Their Force embody'd, in a Tyde they pour ;
 The rising Combate sounds along the Shore.

As warring Winds, in *Sirias'* sultry Reign,
 425 From diff'rent Quarters sweep the sandy Plain ;
 On ev'ry side the dusty Whirlwinds rise,
 And the dry Fields are lifted to the Skies :

Thus

Thus by Despair, Hope, Rage, together driv'n,
 Met the black Hosts, and meeting, darken'd Heav'n.
 All dreadful glar'd the Iron Face of War, 430
 Bristled with upright Spears, that flash'd afar ;
 Dire was the Gleam, of Breastplates, Helms and Shields,
 And polish'd Arms emblaz'd the flaming Fields :
 Tremendous Scene, that gen'ral Horror gave,
 But touch'd with Joy the Bosoms of the Brave. 435

Saturn's great Sons in fierce Contention vy'd,
 And Crowds of Heroes in their Anger dy'd.
 The Sire of Earth and Heav'n, by *Thetis* won
 To crown with Glory *Peleus'* godlike Son,
 Will'd not Destruction to the *Grecian* Pow'rs, 440
 But spar'd a while the destin'd *Trojan* Tow'rs :
 While *Neptune* rising from his azure Main,
 Warr'd on the King of Heav'n with stern Disdain, }
 And breath'd Revenge, and fir'd the *Grecian* Train. }
 Gods of one Source, of one ethereal Race, 445
 Alike divine, and Heav'n their native Place ;
 But *Jove* the greater, First-born of the Skies,
 And more than Men, or Gods, supremely wise.

For

For this, of *Jove's* superior Might afraid,
 450 *Neptune* in human Form conceal'd his Aid.
 These Pow'rs inclose the *Greek* and *Trojan* Train
 In War and Discord's adamantine Chain;
 Indissolubly strong, the fatal Tye
 Is stretch'd on both, and Heaps on Heaps they dye.
 455 Dreadful in Arms, and grown in Combats grey,
 The bold *Idomeneus* controuls the Day.
 First by his Hand *Othryoneus* was slain,
 Swell'd with false Hopes, with mad Ambition vain!
 Call'd by the Voice of War to martial Fame,
 460 From high *Cabesus'* distant Walls he came;
Cassandra's Love he fought with Boasts of Pow'r,
 And promis'd Conquest was the proffer'd Dow'r.
 The King consented, by his Vaunts abus'd;
 The King consented, but the Fates refus'd.
 465 Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd Bride,
 The Field he measur'd with a larger Stride.
 Him, as he stalk'd, the *Cretan* Javelin found;
 Vain was his Breastplate to repel the Wound:
 His Dream of Glory lost, he plung'd to Hell
 470 The Plains resounded as the Boaster fell.

The

The great *Idomeneus* bestrides the dead:
And thus (he cries) behold thy Promise sped!
Such is the Help thy Arms to *Ilion* bring,
And such the Contract of the *Phrygian* King!
Our Offers now, illustrious Prince! receive;
For such an Aid what will not *Argos* give?
To conquer *Troy*, with ours thy Forces join,
And count *Atrides'* fairest Daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther Methods to advise,
Come, follow to the Fleet thy new Allies;
There hear what *Greece* has on her Part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the goary Corse away.

475

480

This *Afius* view'd, unable to contain,
Before his Chariot warring on the Plain;
(His valu'd Coursers, to his Squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his Neck behind)
To Vengeance rising with a sudden Spring,
He hop'd the Conquest of the *Cretan* King.
The wary *Cretan*, as his Foe drew near,
Full on his Throat discharg'd the forceful Spear:
Beneath the Chin the Point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.

485

490

H

As

As when the Mountain Oak, or Poplar tall,
 Or Pine, fit Mast for some great Admiral,
 495 Groans to the oft-heav'd Axe, with many a Wound,
 Then spreads a length of Ruin o'er the Ground.
 So sunk proud *Astus* in that deathful Day,
 And stretch'd before his much-lov'd Courfers lay.
 He grinds the Dust distain'd with streaming Gore,
 500 And, fierce in Death, lies foaming on the Shore.
 Depriv'd of Motion, stiff with stupid Fear,
 Stands all aghast his trembling Charoteer,
 Nor thuns the Foe, nor turns the Steeds away,
 But falls transfix'd, an unresisting Prey :
 505 Pierc'd by *Antilochus*, he pants beneath
 The stately Car, and labours out his Breath.
 Thus *Astus'* Steeds (their mighty Master gone)
 Remain the Prize of *Nestor's* youthful Son.

Stabb'd at the Sight, *Deiphobus* drew nigh,
 510 And made, with force, the vengeful Weapon fly :
 The *Cretan* saw ; and stooping, caus'd to glance
 From his slope Shield, the disappointed Lance.
 Beneath the spacious Targe (a blazing Round,
 Thick with Bull-hides, with brazen Orbits bound,

On

On his rais'd Arm by two strong Braces stay'd) 515

He lay collected, in defensive Shade.

O'er his safe Head the Javelin idly hung,

And on the tincling Verge more faintly rung.

Ev'n then, the Spear the vig'rous Arm confest,

And pierc'd, obliquely, King *Hypsenor's* Breast: 520

Warm'd in his Liver, to the Ground it bore

The Chief, his People's Guardian now no more!

Not unattended (the proud *Trojan* cries)

Nor unreveng'd, lamented *Achilles* lies:

For thee, tho' Hell's black Portals stand display'd, 525

This Mate shall joy² thy melancholy Shade.

Heart-piercing Anguish, at this haughty Boast,

Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but *Nestor's* Son the most.

Griev'd as he was, his pious Arms attend

And his broad Buckler shields his slaughter'd Friend; 530

Till sad *Mecistheus* and *Alastor* bore

His honour'd Body to the Tented Shore.

Nor yet from Fight *Idomeneus* withdraws;

Resolv'd to perish in his Country's Cause,

Or find some Foe whom Heav'n and he shall doom 535

To wail his Fate in Death's eternal Gloom.

He

He fees *Alcathous* in the Front aspire:
 Great *Æsyetes* was the Hero's Sire;
 His Spouse *Hippodamè*, divinely fair,
 540 *Anchises'* eldest Hope, and darling Care;
 Who charm'd her Parent's and her Husband's Heart,
 With Beauty, Sense, and ev'ry Work of Art:
 He once, of *Ilion's* Youth, the loveliest Boy,
 The fairest she, of all the Fair of *Troy*.
 545 By *Neptune* now the hapless Hero dies,
 Who covers with' a Cloud those beauteous Eyes,
 And fetters ev'ry Limb: yet bent to meet
 His Fate, he stands; nor shuns the Lance of *Crete*.
 Fixt as some Column, or deep-rooted Oak,
 550 (While the Winds sleep) his Breast receiv'd the Stroke.
 Before the pond'rous Stroke his Corselet yields,
 Long us'd to ward the Death in fighting Fields:
 The riven Armour sends a jarring Sound:
 His lab'ring Heart, heaves, with so strong a bound,
 555 The long Lance shakes, and vibrates in the Wound:
 Fast-flowing from its Source, as prone he lay,
 Life's purple Tyde, impetuous, gush'd away.

4
Then

Then *Idomen*, insulting o'er the slain ;
Behold, *Deiphobus* ! nor vaunt in vain.
See ! on one *Greek* three *Trojan* Ghosts attend, 560
This, my third Victim, to the Shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted Might approve,
And try the Prowess of the Seed of *Jove*.
From *Jove*, enamour'd on a mortal Dame,
Great *Minos*, Guardian of his Country, came : 565
Deucalion, blameless Prince ! was *Minos*' Heir ;
His First-born I, the third from *Jupiter* :
O'er spacious *Crete*, and her bold Sons I reign,
And thence my Ships transport me thro' the Main ;
Lord of a Host, o'er all my Host I shine, 570
A Scourge to thee, thy Father, and thy Line.

The *Trojan* heard ; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous Arms, the King of *Crete* ;
Or seek auxiliar Force ; at length decreed :
To call some Hero to partake the Deed. 575
Forthwith *Aeneas* rises to his Thought ;
For him, in *Troy's* remotest Lines, he fought,
Where he, incens'd at partial *Priam*, stands,
And sees superior Posts in meaner Hands.

I

To

580 To him, ambitious of so great an Aid,
The bold *Deiphobus* approach'd, and said.

Now, *Trojan* Prince, employ thy pious Arms,
If e'er thy Bosom felt fair Honour's Charms.

Alcathous dies, thy Brother and thy Friend!

585 Come, and the Warrior's lov'd Remains defend.

Beneath his Cares thy early Youth was train'd,
One Table fed you, and one Roof contain'd.

This Deed to fierce *Idomeneus* we owe;

Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting Foe.

590 *Aeneas* heard, and for a Space resign'd

To tender Pity all his manly Mind;

Then rising in his Rage, he burns to fight:

The *Greek* awaits him, with collected Might.

As the fell Boar on some rough Mountain's Head,

595 Arm'd with wild Terrors, and to Slaughter bred,

When the loud Rusticks rise, and shout from far,

Attends the Tumult, and expects the War;

O'er his bent Back the bristly Horrors rise,

Fires stream in Light'ning from his sanguin Eyes,

600 His foaming Tusks both Dogs and Men engage,

But most his Hunters rouse his mighty Rage.

So

So stood *Idomeneus*, his Javelin shook,
And met the *Trojan* with a low'ring Look.
Antilochus, *Deipyrus* were near,
The youthful Offspring of the God of War, 605
Merion, and *Apbareus*, in Field renown'd:
To these the Warrior sent his Voice around:
Fellows in Arms! your timely Aid unite;
Lo, great *Aeneas* rushes to the Fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than Mortal bold; 610
He fresh in Youth, and I in Arms grown old.
Else should this Hand, this Hour, decide the Strife,
The great Dispute, of Glory, or of Life.

He spoke, and all as with one Soul obey'd;
Their lifted Bucklers cast a dreadful Shade 615
Around the Chief. *Aeneas* too demands
Th' assisting Forces of his native Bands:
Paris, *Deiphobus*, *Agenor* join;
(Co-aids and Captains of the *Trojan* Line.)
In order follow all th' embody'd Train; 620
Like *Ida's* Flocks proceeding o'er the Plain;
Before his fleecy Care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud Ram, the Father of the Fold:

With

With Joy the Swain surveys them, as he leads
 625 To the cool Fountains, thro' the well-known Meads.
 So joys *Æneas*, as his native Band
 Moves on in Rank, and stretches o'er the Land.

Round dead *Alcathous* now the Battel rose;
 On ev'ry side the steely Circle grows;
 630 Now batter'd Breastplates and hack'd Helmets ring,
 And o'er their Heads unheeded Javelins sing.
 Above the rest, two tow'ring Chiefs appear,
 There great *Idomeneus*, *Æneas* here.
 Like Gods of War, dispensing Fate, they stood,
 635 And burn'd to drench the Ground with mutual Blood.
 The *Trojan* Weapon whizz'd along in Air;
 The *Cretan* saw, and shun'd the brazen Spear:
 Sent from an Arm so strong, the missive Wood
 Stuck deep in Earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
 640 But *Oenomas* receiv'd the *Cretan's* stroke,
 The forceful Spear his hollow Corselet broke,
 It ripp'd his Belly with a ghastly Wound,
 And roll'd the smoaking Entrails to the Ground.
 Stretch'd on the Plain, he fobs away his Breath,
 645 And furious, grasps the bloody Dust in Death.

The

The Victor from his Breast the Weapon tears ;
His Spoils he could not, for the Show'r of Spears.
Tho' now unfit an active War to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous Arms, stiff with cold Age,
His listless Limbs unable for the Course ; 650
In standing Fight he yet maintains his Force :
Till faint with Labour, and by Foes repell'd,
His tir'd, slow Steps, he drags from off the Field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with Hate, a parting Javelin cast : 655
The Javelin err'd, but held its Course along,
And pierc'd *Ascalaphus*, the brave and young :
The Son of *Mars* fell gasping on the Ground,
And gnash'd the Dust all bloody with his Wound.

Nor knew the furious Father of his Fall ; 660
High-thron'd amidst the great *Olympian* Hall,
On golden Clouds th' immortal Synod fate ;
Detain'd from bloody War by *Jove* and *Fate*.

Now, where in Dust the breathless Hero lay,
For slain *Ascalaphus* commenc'd the Fray. 665

Deiphobus to seize his Helmet flies ;
And from his Temples rends the glitt'ring Prize ;

K

Valiant

Valiant as *Mars*, *Meriones* drew near,
 And on his loaded Arm discharg'd his Spear :
 670 He drops the Weight, disabled with the Pain,
 The hollow Helmet rings against the Plain.
 Swift as a Vultur leaping on his Prey,
 From his torn Arm the *Grecian* rent away
 The reeking Javelin, and rejoin'd his Friends.
 675 His wounded Brother good *Polites* tends ;
 Around his Waste his pious Arms he threw,
 And from the Rage of Combate gently drew :
 Him his swift Coursers, on his splendid Car
 Rapt from the leff'ning Thunder of the War ;
 680 To *Troy* they drove him, groaning from the Shore,
 And sprinkling, as he past, the Sands with Gore.
 Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguin ground,
 Heaps fall on Heaps, and Heav'n and Earth resound.
 Bold *Aphareus* by great *Aeneas* bled ;
 685 As tow'rd the Chief he turn'd his daring Head,
 He pierc'd his Throat ; the bending Head deprest
 Beneath his Helmet, nods upon his Breast ;
 His Shield revers'd o'er the fall'n Warror lies,
 And everlasting Slumber seals his Eyes.

Anti-

Antilochus, as *Thoon* turn'd him round, 690
 Transpierc'd his Back with a dishonest Wound :
 The hollow Vein that to the Neck extends
 Along the Chine, his eager Javelin rends :
 Supine he falls, and to his social Train
 Spreads his imploring Arms, but spreads in vain. 695
 Th' exulting Victor leaping where he lay,
 From his broad Shoulders tore the Spoils away ;
 His Time observ'd ; for clos'd by Foes around,
 On all sides thick, the Peals of Arms resound.
 His Shield emboss'd the ringing Storm sustains, 700
 But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
 (Great *Neptune's* Care preserv'd from hostile Rage
 This Youth, the Joy of *Nestor's* glorious Age)
 In Arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
 Fac'd ev'ry Foe, and ev'ry Danger sought ; 705
 His winged Lance, resistless as the Wind,
 Obeys each Motion of the Master's Mind,
 Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
 And meditates the distant Enemy.
 The Son of *Aias*, *Adamas*, drew near, 710
 And struck his Target with the brazen Spear,

Fierce

Fierce in his Front : but *Neptune* wards the Blow,
 And blunts the Javelin of th' eluded Foe.
 In the broad Buckler half the Weapon stood ;
 715 Splinter'd on Earth flew half the broken Wood.
 Difarm'd, he mingled in the *Trojan* Crew ;
 But *Merion's* Spear o'ertook him as he flew,
 Deep in the Belly's Rim an Entrance found,
 Where sharp the Pang, and mortal is the Wound. }
 720 Bending he fell, and doubled to the Ground
 Lay panting. Thus an Oxe, in Fetters ty'd,
 While Death's strong Pangs distend his lab'ring Side,
 His Bulk enormous on the Field displays ;
 His heaving Heart beats thick, as ebbing Life decays.
 725 The Spear, the Conqu'ror from his Body drew,
 And Death's dim Shadows swam before his View.
 Next brave *Deipyrus* in Dust was lay'd ;
 King *Helenus* wav'd high the *Thracian* Blade,
 And smote his Temples, with an Arm so strong
 730 The Helm fell off, and roll'd amid the Throng :
 There, for some luckier *Greek* it rests a Prize,
 For dark in Death the godlike Owner lies !

With

With raging Grief great *Menelaus* burns,
 And fraught with Vengeance, to the Victor turns ;
 That shook the pond'rous Lance, in Act to throw, 735
 And this stood adverse with the bended Bow :
 Full on his Breast the *Trojan* Arrow fell,
 But harmless bounded from the plated Steel.
 As on some ample Barn's well-harden'd Floor,
 (The Winds collected at each open Door) 740
 While the broad Fan with Force is whirl'd around,
 Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
 So from the Steel that guards *Atrides'* Heart,
 Repell'd to distance flies the bounding Dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary Foe, 745
 Pierc'd with his Lance the Hand that grasp'd the Bow,
 And nail'd it to the Eugh : The wounded Hand
 Trail'd the long Lance that mark'd with Blood the Sand.
 But good *Agenor* gently from the Wound
 The Spear sollicitates, and the Bandage bound ; 750
 A Slings soft Wool, snatch'd from a Soldier's side,
 At once the Tent and Ligature supply'd.

Behold ! *Pisander*, urg'd by Fate's Decree,
 Springs thro' the Ranks to fall, and fall by thee,

L

Great

- 755 Great *Menelaus*! to enhance thy Fame,
 High-tow'ring in the Front, the Warrior came.
 First the sharp Lance was by *Atrides* thrown;
 The Lance far distant by the Winds was blown.
 Nor pierc'd *Pisander* thro' *Atrides*' Shield;
 760 *Pisander*'s Spear fell shiver'd on the Field.
 Not so discourag'd, to the Future blind,
 Vain Dreams of Conquest swell his haughty Mind;
 Dauntless he rushes where the *Spartan* Lord
 Like Light'ning brandish'd his far-beaming Sword.
 765 His left Arm high oppos'd the shining Shield;
 His right, beneath, the cover'd Pole-Axe held;
 (An Olive's cloudy Grain the Handle made,
 Distinct with Studs; and brazen was the Blade)
 This on the Helm discharg'd a noble Blow;
 770 The Plume dropp'd nodding to the Plain below,
 Shorn from the Crest. *Atrides* wav'd his Steel:
 Deep thro' his Front the weighty Faulchion fell.
 The crashing Bones before its Force gave way;
 In Dust and Blood the groaning Hero lay;
 775 Forc'd from their ghastly Orbs, and spouting Gore,
 The clotted Eye-balls tumble on the Shore.

The

The fierce *Atrides* spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his Arms, and loud-exulting said.

Thus, *Trojans*, thus, at length be taught to fear;

O Race perfidious, who delight in War! 780

Already noble Deeds ye have perform'd,

A Princess rap'd transcends a Navy storm'd:

In such bold Feats your impious Might approve,

Without th' Assistance, or the Fear of *Jove*.

The violated Rites, the ravish'd Dame, 785

Our Heroes slaughter'd, and our Ships on flame,

Crimes heap'd on Crimes, shall bend your Glory down,

And whelm in Ruins yon' flagitious Town.

O thou, great Father! Lord of Earth and Skies,

Above the Thought of Man, supremely wise! 790

If from thy Hand the Fates of Mortals flow,

From whence this favour to an impious Foe?

A godless Crew, abandon'd and unjust,

Still breathing Rapine, Violence, and Lust!

The best of Things beyond their Measure, cloy; 795

Sleeps balmy Blessing, Love's endearing Joy;

The Feast, the Dance; whate'er Mankind desire,

Ev'n the sweet Charms of sacred Numbers tire.

But

But *Troy* for ever reaps a dire Delight

800 In Thirst of Slaughter, and in Lust of Fight.

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the Carcass heav'd)

The bloody Armour, which his Train receiv'd :

Then sudden mix'd among the warring Crew,

And the bold Son of *Pylæmenes* flew.

805 *Harpalion* had thro' *Asia* travell'd far,

Following his martial Father to the War ;

Thro' filial Love he left his native Shore,

Never, ah never, to behold it more !

His unsuccessful Spear he chanc'd to fling

810 Against the Target of the *Spartan* King ;

Thus of his Lance disarm'd, from Death he flies,

And turns around his apprehensive Eyes.

Him, thro' the Hip transpiercing as he fled,

The Shaft of *Merion* mingled with the dead.

815 Beneath the Bone the glancing Point descends,

And driving down, the swelling Bladder rends :

Sunk in his sad Companion's Arms he lay,

And in short Pantings fobb'd his Soul away ;

(Like some vile Worm extended on the Ground)

820 While Life's red Torrent gush'd from out the Wound.

Him

Him on his Car the *Paphlagonian* Train
 In slow Procession bore from off the Plain.
 The pensive Father, Father now no more!
 Attends the mournful Pomp along the Shore,
 And unavailing Tears profusely shed,
 And unreveng'd, deplor'd his Offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving Sight beheld,
 With Pity soften'd, and with Fury swell'd:
 His honour'd Host, a Youth of matchless Grace,
 And lov'd of all the *Paphlagonian* Race!
 With his full Strength he bent his angry Bow,
 And wing'd the feather'd Vengeance at the Foe.
 A Chief there was, the brave *Euchenor* nam'd,
 For Riches much, and more for Virtue fam'd,
 Who held his Seat in *Corinth's* stately Town;
Polydus' Son, a Seer of old Renown.
 Oft' had the Father told his early Doom,
 By Arms abroad, or slow Disease at home:
 He climb'd his Vessel, prodigal of Breath,
 And chose the certain, glorious Path to Death.
 Beneath his Ear the pointed Arrow went;
 The Soul came issuing at the narrow Vent:

M

His

His Limbs, unnerv'd, drop useleſs on the Ground,
And everlaſting Darkneſs ſhades him round.

845 Nor knew great *Heſtor* how his Legions yield,
(Wrapt in the Cloud and Tumult of the Field)

Wide on the Left the Force of *Greece* commands,
And Conqueſt hovers o'er th' *Achaian* Bands:

With ſuch a Tyde ſuperior Virtue ſway'd,

* *Nep-* 850 And * he that ſhakes the ſolid Earth, gave Aid.
tune.

But in the Centre *Heſtor* fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the Gates were forc'd, and Bulwarks gain'd;

There, on the Margin of the hoary Deep,

(Their Naval Station where th' *Ajaces* keep,

855 And where low Walls confine the beating Tydes

Whoſe humble Barrier ſcarce the Foes divides,

Where late in Fight, both Foot and Horſe engag'd,

And all the Thunder of the Battel rag'd)

There join'd, the whole *Bæotian* Strength remains,

860 The proud *Ionians* with their ſweeping Trains,

Locrians and *Pthians*, and th' *Epæan* Force ;

But join'd, repel not *Heſtor*'s fiery Courſe.

The Flow'r of *Athens*, *Stichius*, *Phidas* led,

Bias, and great *Meneſtheus* at their Head.

Meges

Meges the strong th' *Epeian* Bands controul'd, 865
And *Dracius* prudent, and *Amphion* bold ;
The *Pthians Medon*, fam'd for martial Might,
And brave *Podarces*, active in the Fight.
This drew from *Phylacus* his noble Line ;
Iphyclus' Son : and that (*Oileus*) thine : 870
(Young *Ajax* Brother, by a stol'n Embrace ;
He dwelt far distant from his native Place,
By his fierce Stepdame from his Father's Reign
Expell'd and exil'd, for her Brother slain.)
These rule the *Pthians*, and their Arms employ 875
Mixt with *Bæotians*, on the Shores of *Troy*.

Now side by side, with like unweary'd Care,
Each *Ajax* labour'd thro' the Field of War.
So when two lordly Bulls, with equal Toil,
Force the bright Plowshare thro' the fallow Soil, 880
Join'd to one Yoke, the stubborn Earth they tear,
And trace large Furrows with the shining Share ;
O'er their huge Limbs the Foam descends in Snow,
And Streams of Sweat down their sow'r Foreheads flow.
A Train of Heroes follow'd thro' the Field, 885
Who bore by turns great *Ajax*' sev'nfold Shield ;
Whene'er

Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his Might,
 Tir'd with th' incessant Slaughters of the Fight.
 His brave Associate had no following Band,
 890 His Troops unpractis'd in the Fights of Stand:
 For not the Spear the *Locrian* Squadrons wield,
 Nor bear the Helm, nor lift the moony Shield;
 But skill'd from far the flying Shaft to wing,
 Or whirl the founding Pebble from the Sling,
 895 Dext'rous with these they aim a certain Wound,
 Or fell the distant Warrior to the Ground.
 Thus in the Van, the *Telamonian* Train
 Throng'd in bright Arms, a pressing Fight maintain;
 Far in the Rear the *Locrian* Archers lie,
 900 Thick Stones and Arrows intercept the Sky,
 The mingled Tempest on the Foes they pour;
 Troy's scatt'ring Orders open to the Show'r.

Now had the *Greeks* eternal Fame acquir'd,
 And the gall'd *Ilians* to their Walls retir'd;
 905 But sage *Polydamas*, discreetly brave,
 Address'd great *Hector*, and this Counsel gave.

Tho' great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
 Impartial Audience to a faithful Friend:

To

To Gods and Men thy matchless Worth is known,
 And ev'ry Art of glorious War thy own; 910
 But in cool Thought and Counsel to excel,
 How widely differs this from warring well?
 Content with what the bounteous Gods have giv'n,
 Seek not alone t'engross the Gifts of Heav'n.
 To some the Pow'rs of bloody War belong, 915
 To some, sweet Music, and the Charm of Song;
 To few, and wond'rous few, has *Jove* assign'd
 A wise, extensive, all-confid'ring Mind;
 Their Guardians these, the Nations round confess,
 And Towns and Empires for their Safety bless. 920
 If Heav'n have lodg'd this Virtue in my Breast,
 Attend, O *Hector*, what I judge the best.
 See, as thou mov'st, on Dangers Dangers spread,
 And Wars whole Fury burns around thy Head.
 Behold! distress'd within yon' hostile Wall, 925
 How many *Trojans* yield, disperse, or fall?
 What Troops, out-number'd, scarce the War maintain?
 And what brave Heroes at the Ships lie slain?
 Here cease thy Fury; and the Chiefs and Kings
 Convok'd to Council, weigh the Sum of things. 930

N

Whether

Whether (the Gods succeeding our Desires)
 To yon' tall Ships to bear the *Trojan* Fires;
 Or quit the Fleet, and pass unhurt away,
 Contented with the Conquest of the Day.

935 I fear, I fear, lest *Greece* (not yet undone)
 Pay the large Debt of last revolving Sun;
Achilles, great *Achilles*, yet remains
 On yonder Decks, and yet o'erlooks the Plains!

The Counsel pleas'd; and *Hector*, with a Bound,
 940 Leap'd from his Chariot on the trembling Ground;
 Swift as he leap'd, his clanging Arms resound.
 To guard this Post (he cry'd) thy Art employ,
 And here detain the scatter'd Youth of *Troy*:
 Where yonder Heroes faint, I bend my way,
 945 And hasten back to end the doubtful Day.

This said; the tow'ring Chief, prepar'd to go,
 Shakes his white Plumes that to the Breezes flow,
 And seems a moving Mountain topt with Snow.
 Thro' all his Host, inspiring Force, he flies,
 950 And bids anew the martial Thunder rise.

To *Panthus*' Son, at *Hector*'s high Command,
 Haste the bold Leaders of the *Trojan* Band:

But

But round the Battlements, and round the Plain,
 For many a Chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor *Helenus* the Seer, 955
 Nor *Astus*' Son, nor *Astus*' self appear.
 For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly Wound,
 Some cold in Death, some groaning on the Ground,
 Some low in Dust (a mournful Object) lay,
 High on the Wall some breath'd their Souls away. 960

Far on the Left amid the Throng he found
 (Cheering the Troops, and dealing Deaths around)
 The graceful *Paris*; whom, with Fury mov'd,
 Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient Chief reprov'd.

Ill-fated *Paris*! Slave to Womankind, 965
 As smooth of Face as fraudulent of Mind!
 Where is *Deiphobus*, where *Astus* gone?
 The godlike Father, and th' intrepid Son?
 The Force of *Helenus*, dispensing Fate;
 And great *Othryoneus*, so fear'd of late? 970
 Black Fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
 Imperial *Troy* from her Foundations nods;
 Whelm'd in thy Country's Ruins shalt thou fall,
 And one devouring Vengeance swallow all.

When

975 When *Paris* thus: My Brother and my Friend,
 Thy warm Impatience makes thy Tongue offend.
 In other Battels I deserv'd thy Blame,
 Tho' then not deedless, nor unknown to Fame:
 But since yon' Rampart by thy Arms lay low,

980 I scatter'd Slaughter from my fatal Bow.

The Chiefs you seek on yonder Shore lie slain;
 Of all those Heroes, two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and *Helenus* the Seer:
 Each now disabled by a hostile Spear.

985 Go then, successful, where thy Soul inspires;
 This Heart and Hand shall second all thy Fires:
 What with this Arm I can, prepare to know,
 Till Death for Death be paid, and Blow for Blow.
 But 'tis not ours, with Forces not our own

990 To combat; Strength is of the Gods alone.

These Words the Hero's angry Mind assuage:
 Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.

Around *Polydamas*, distain'd with Blood,
Cebrion, *Phalces*, stern *Orthæus* stood,

995 *Palmus*, with *Polypætes* the divine,

And two bold Brothers of *Hippotion's* Line:

(Who reach'd fair *Ilion*, from *Ascania* far,
 The former Day; the next, engag'd in War,)
 As when from gloomy Clouds a Whirlwind springs,
 That bears *Jove's* Thunder on its dreadful Wings, 1000
 Wide o'er the blasted Fields the Tempest sweeps,
 Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary Deeps;
 Th' afflicted Deeps, tumultuous, mix and roar;
 The Waves behind impel the Waves before, }
 Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore. } 1005
 Thus Rank on Rank the thick Battalions throng,
 Chief urg'd on Chief, and Man drove Man along:
 Far o'er the Plains, in dreadful Order bright,
 The brazen Arms reflect a beamy Light.
 Full in the blazing Van great *Hector* shin'd, 1010
 Like *Mars* commission'd to confound Mankind.
 Before him flaming, his enormous Shield
 Like the broad Sun, illumin'd all the Field:
 His nodding Helm emits a streamy Ray;
 His piercing Eyes thro' all the Battel stray, 1015
 And while beneath his Targe he flash'd along,
 Shot Terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the Strong.
 Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; Death was in his Look;
 Whole Nations fear'd: but not an *Argive* shook.

O

The

1020 The tow'ring *Ajax*, with an ample Stride,
 Advanc'd the first; and thus the Chief defy'd.

Hector! come on, thy empty Threats forbear:
 'Tis not thy Arm, 'tis thund'ring *Jove* we fear:
 The Skill of War to us not idly giv'n,

1025 Lo! *Greece* is humbled not by *Troy*, but Heav'n.
 Vain are the Hopes that haughty Mind imparts,
 To force our Fleet: The *Greeks* have hands, and hearts.
 Long e'er in Flames our lofty Navy fall,
 Your boasted City and your god-built Wall

1030 Shall sink beneath us, smoaking on the Ground;
 And spread a long, unmeasur'd Ruin round.
 The time shall come, when chas'd along the Plain,
 Ev'n thou shalt call on *Jove*, and call in vain;
 Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate Course,
 1035 The Wings of Falcons for thy flying Horse;
 Shalt run, forgetful of a Warrior's Fame,
 While Clouds of friendly Dust conceal thy Shame.

As thus he spoke, behold, in open View,
 On sounding Wings a dexter Eagle flew.
 1040 To *Jove's* glad Omen all the *Grecians* rise,
 And hail, with Shouts, his Progress thro' the Skies:

Far-

Far-echoing Clamours bound from side to side ;
They ceas'd ; and thus the Chief of *Troy* reply'd.

From whence this Menace, this insulting Strain,
Enormous Boaster ! doom'd to vaunt in vain. 1045

So may the Gods on *Hector* Life bestow,
(Not that short Life which Mortals lead below,
But such as those of *Jove's* high Lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or he that gilds the Morn.)
As this decisive Day shall end the Fame 1050
Of *Greece*, and *Argos* be no more a Name.

And thou, Imperious ! if thy Madness wait
The Lance of *Hector*, thou shalt meet thy Fate :
That Giant-Corse, extended on the Shore,
Shall largely feast the Fowls with Fat and Gore. 1055

He said, and like a Lion stalk'd along :
With Shouts incessant Earth and Ocean rung,
Sent from his following Host : The *Grecian* Train
With answ'ring Thunders fill'd the echoing Plain ;
A Shout, that tore Heav'ns Concave, and above 1060
Shook the fix'd Splendors of the Throne of *Jove*.

OBSER-

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the transparency and accountability of the organization. The text outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data, ensuring that the information is reliable and up-to-date.

2. The second part of the document focuses on the implementation of these record-keeping practices. It details the steps involved in setting up a robust system, from identifying the necessary data sources to establishing clear protocols for data entry and storage. The document also addresses the challenges that may arise during the implementation process and provides strategies to overcome them.

3. The third part of the document discusses the role of technology in enhancing record-keeping. It explores the use of digital tools and software to streamline the process, reduce errors, and improve the efficiency of data management. The text highlights the benefits of automation and the importance of staying current with technological advancements.

4. The fourth part of the document addresses the legal and ethical considerations surrounding record-keeping. It discusses the requirements for data protection and privacy, as well as the importance of obtaining proper consent from individuals whose data is being collected. The document also touches on the ethical implications of data analysis and the need for transparency in the use of the information.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed and offers recommendations for future work. It emphasizes the ongoing nature of record-keeping and the need for continuous improvement and adaptation to changing circumstances. The document concludes by reiterating the importance of maintaining accurate records for the long-term success and integrity of the organization.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Thirteenth Book.

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Journal of Management Studies, 19(1), 67-80.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 5.

ONE might fancy at the first reading of this Passage, that *Homer* here turn'd aside from the main View of his Poem in a vain Ostentation of Learning, to amuse himself with a foreign and unnecessary Description of the Manners and Customs of these Nations. But we shall find, upon better Consideration, that *Jupiter's* turning aside his Eyes was necessary to the Conduct of the Work, as it gives Opportunity to *Neptune* to assist the *Greeks*, and thereby causes all the Adventures of this Book. Madam *Dacier* is too refining on this occasion; when she would have it, that *Jupiter's* averting his Eyes signifies his abandoning the *Trojans*; in the same manner, as the Scripture represents the Almighty turning his Face from those whom he deserts. But at this rate *Jupiter* turning his Eyes from the Battel, must desert both the *Trojans* and the *Greeks*; and it is evident from the Context, that *Jupiter* intended nothing less than to let the *Trojans* suffer.

II.

II.

VERSE 9. *And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays.*] There is much dispute among the Criticks, which are the proper Names, and which the Epithets, in these Verses: Some making ἀγαυοὶ the Epithet to ἵππημολγοὶ, others ἵππημολγοὶ the Epithet to ἀγαυοὶ; and ἀβίοι, which by the common Interpreters is thought only an Epithet, is by *Strabo* and *Ammianus Marcellinus* made the proper Name of a People. In this Diversity of Opinions, I have chosen that which I thought would make the best Figure in Poetry. It is a beautiful and moral Imagination, to suppose that the long Life of the *Hippemolgians* was an Effect of their simple Diet, and a Reward of their Justice: And that the supreme Being, displeas'd at the continued Scenes of human Violence and Dissension, as it were recreated his Eyes in contemplating the Simplicity of these People.

It is observable that the same Custom of living on Milk is preserv'd to this Day by the *Tartars*, who inhabit the same Country.

III.

VERSE 28. *At Jove incens'd, with Grief and Fury stung,
Prone down the rocky Steep he rush'd.—*]

Monf. *de la Motte* has play'd the Critick upon this Passage a little unadvisedly. “*Neptune*, says he, is impatient to assist the *Greeks*. *Homer* tells us that this God goes first to seek his Chariot in a certain Place; next he arrives at another Place nearer the Camp; there he takes off his Horses, and then he locks them fast to secure them at his Return. The Detail of so many little Particularities no way suits the Majesty of a God, or the Impatience in which he is described.” Another *French* Writer makes answer, that however impatient *Neptune* is represented to be, none of the Gods ever go to the War without their Arms; and the Arms, Chariot and Horses of *Neptune* were at *Ægæ*. He makes but four Steps to get thither; so that what M. *de la*

la Motte calls being slow, is Swiftnefs itself. The God puts on his Arms, mounts his Chariot, and departs: nothing is more rapid than his Course; he flies over the Waters: the Verses of *Homer* in that Place run swifter than the God himself. It is sufficient to have Ears, to perceive the Rapidity of *Neptune's* Chariot in the very Sound of those three Lines, each of which is entirely compos'd of Dactyles, excepting that one Spondee which must necessarily terminate the Verse.

Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ', ἄταλλε δὲ κήτε' ὑπ' αὐτῷ
Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα δίταλτο, τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο
Ῥίμφα μάλ', ὅδ' ὑπένεσθε δικάνετο χάλκεος ἄζων.

IV.

VERSE 29. — *The lofty Mountains nod,
The Forests shake! Earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the Footsteps of th' immortal God.]*

Longinus confesses himself wonderfully struck with the Sublimity of this Passage. That Critick, after having blam'd the Defects with which *Homer* draws the Manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better succeeded in describing their Figure and Persons. He owns that he often paints a God such as he is, in all his Majesty and Grandeur, and without any Mixture of mean and terrestrial Images; of which he produces this Passage as a remarkable Instance, and one that had challeng'd the Admiration of all Antiquity.

The Book of *Psalms* affords us a Description of the like sublime manner of Imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wentest forth before thy People, when thou didst march through the Wilderness, the Earth shook, the Heavens dropped at the Presence of God, even Sinai itself was moved at the Presence of God, the God of Israel.* Ps. 68.

V.

VERSE 32. — *Three ample Strides he took.]* This is a very grand Imagination, and equals, if not transcends, the Sublimity of what he has feign'd before of the Passage of this
Q God.

God. We are told, that at four Steps he reach'd *Ægæ*, which (supposing it meant of the Town of that Name in *Eubœa*, which lay the nighest to *Thrace*) is hardly less than a Degree at each Step. One may, from a View of the Map, imagine him striding from Promontory to Promontory, his first Step on Mount *Athos*, his second on *Pallene*, his third upon *Pelion*, and his fourth in *Eubœa*. *Dacier* is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous Circumstance, which so perfectly agrees with the marvellous Air of the whole Passage, and without which the sublime Image of *Homer* is not compleat.

VI.

VERSE 33. — [*The distant Ægæ shook.*] There were three Places of this Name which were all sacred to *Neptune*; an Island in the *Ægean* Sea mention'd by *Nicostratus*, a Town in *Peloponnesus*, and another in *Eubœa*. *Homer* is supposed in this Passage to speak of the last; but the Question is put, why *Neptune* who stood upon a Hill in *Samothrace*, instead of going on the left to *Troy*, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the Army? This Difficulty is ingeniously solv'd by the old Scholiast; who says, that *Jupiter* being now on Mount *Ida*, with his Eyes turn'd towards *Thrace*, *Neptune* could not take the direct way from *Samothrace* to *Troy* without being discover'd by him; and therefore fetches this Compass to conceal himself. *Eustathius* is contented to say, that the Poet made *Neptune* go so far about, for the Opportunity of those fine Descriptions of the Palace, the Chariot, and the Passage of this God.

VII.

VERSE 43. [*Th' enormous Monsters rolling o'er the Deep.*] This Description of *Neptune* rises upon us; his Passage by Water is yet more pompous than that by Land. The God driving thro' the Seas, the Whales acknowledging him, and the Waves rejoicing and making way for their Monarch, are full of that *Marvellous* so natural to the Imagination of our Author.

Author. And I cannot but think the Verses of *Virgil* in the fifth *Æneid* are short of his Original.

*Cœruleo per summa levis volat æquora curru:
Subsidunt undæ, tumidumq; sub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vasto æthere nimbi.
Tum variæ comitum facies, immania cete, &c.*

I fancy *Scaliger* himself was sensible of this, by his passing in Silence a Passage which lay so obvious to Comparison.

VIII.

VERSE 79. — *This Part o'erthrown,
Our Strength were vain: I dread for you alone.]*

What Address, and at the same time, what Strength is there in these Words? *Neptune* tells the two *Ajaces*, that he is only afraid for their Post, and that the *Greeks* will perish by that Gate, since it is *Hector* who assaults it; at every other Quarter, the *Trojans* will be repuls'd: It may therefore be properly said, that the *Ajaces* only are vanquish'd, and that their Defeat draws Destruction upon all the *Greeks*. I don't think that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous Men, and make them attempt even Impossibilities. *Dacier*.

IX.

VERSE 83. *If yet some heav'nly Pow'r, &c.]* Here *Neptune* considering how the *Greeks* were discourag'd by the Knowledge that *Jupiter* assisted *Hector*, insinuates, that notwithstanding *Hector's* Confidence in that Assistance, yet the Power of some other God might countervail it on their part; wherein he alludes to his own aiding them, and seems not to doubt his Ability of contesting the Point with *Jove* himself. 'Tis with the same Confidence he afterwards speaks to *Iris*, of himself and his Power, when he refuses to submit to the Order of *Jupiter* in the fifteenth Book. *Eustathius* remarks, what an Incentive it must be to the *Ajaces*, to hear those who could stand against *Hector* equall'd, in this oblique manner, to the Gods themselves.

X.

X.

VERSE 97. *Tb' inspiring God Oileus' active Son—Perceiv'd the first.*] The Reason has been ask'd, why the lesser *Ajax* is the first to perceive the Assistance of the God? And the ancient Solution of this Question was very ingenious, as we have it from *Eustathius*. They said that the greater *Ajax*, being slow of Apprehension, and naturally valiant, could not be sensible so soon of this Accession of Strength, as the other, who immediately perceiv'd it as not owing so much to his natural Courage.

XI.

VERSE 102. *Short as he turn'd, I saw the Pow'r.*] This Opinion, that the Majesty of the Gods was such that they could not be seen Face to Face by Men, seems to have been generally receiv'd in most Nations. *Spondanus* observes, that it might be derived from sacred Truth, and founded upon what God says to *Moses* in *Exodus*, Ch. 33. V. 20, 23. *Man shall not see me and live: Thou shalt see my back Parts, but my Face thou shalt not behold.* For the farther Particulars of this Notion among the Heathens, see the 30th Note on the first, and the 69th on the fifth Book.

XII.

VERSE 131. *The Speech of Neptune to the Greeks.*] After *Neptune* in his former Discourse to the *Ajaces*, who yet maintain'd a retreating Fight, had encouraged them to withstand the Attack of the *Trojans*; he now addresses himself to those, who having fled out of the Battel, and retired to the Ships, had given up all for lost. These he endeavours to bring again to the Engagement, by one of the most noble and spirited Speeches in the whole *Iliad*. He represents that their present miserable Condition was not to be imputed to their want of Power, but to their want of Resolution to withstand the Enemy, whom by Experience they had often found unable
to

to resist them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is that he does not attribute their present Dejection of Mind to a cowardly Spirit, but to a Resentment and Indignation of their General's Usage of their favourite Hero *Achilles*. With the same softening Art, he tells them, he scorns to speak thus to Cowards, but is only concern'd for their Misbehaviour as they are the bravest of the Army. He then exhorts them for their own sake to avoid Destruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a Moment longer they delay'd to oppose so imminent a Danger.

XIII.

VERSE 141. *A Rout undisciplin'd, &c.*] I translate this Line,

"Αὐτῶς ἡλάττεσθαι, ἀνὰ λυγρὰς, ἔδ' ἐπὶ χάσμα,

with Allusion to the want of military Discipline among the *Barbarians*, so often hinted at in *Homer*. He is always opposing to this the exact and regular Disposition of his *Greeks*, and accordingly a few Lines after, we are told that the *Grecian* Phalanxes were such, that *Mars* or *Minerva* could not have found a Defect in them.

XIV.

VERSE 155. *Prevent this Evil, &c.*] The Verse in the Original,

'Αλλ' ἀμείψμεθα θῆσπον, ἀμείψαι τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν.

may be capable of receiving another Sense to this Effect. If it be your Resentment of *Agamemnon's* Usage of *Achilles*, that withholds you from the Battel, *that Evil* (*viz.* the Dissension of those two Chiefs) *may soon be remedy'd, for the Minds of good Men are easily calm'd and compos'd.* I had once translated it,

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Their

*Their future Strife with Speed we shall redress,
For noble Minds are soon compos'd to Peace.*

But upon considering the whole Context more attentively, the other Explanation (which is that of *Didymus*) appeared to me the more natural and unforc'd, and I have accordingly follow'd it.

XV.

VERSE 171. *Fix'd at his Post was each bold Ajax found, &c.*] We must here take notice of an old Story, which however groundless and idle it seems, is related by *Plutarch*, *Philostrophus* and others. *Ganietor* the Son of *Amphidamas* King of *Euboea*, celebrating with all Solemnity the Funeral of his Father, proclaimed according to Custom several publick Games, among which was the Prize for Poetry: *Homer* and *Hesiod* came to dispute for it. After they had produc'd several Pieces on either side, in all which the Audience declar'd for *Homer*, *Panides* the Brother of the deceased, who sat as one of the Judges, order'd each of the contending Poets to recite that Part of his Works which he esteem'd the best. *Hesiod* repeated those Lines which make the beginning of his second Book,

Πληιάδων ἀτλαγενέων ἐπιτελλομενάων,
Ἄρχεσθ' ἀμήτης ἀρότοιο τὲ δυσσομενάων, &c.

Homer answer'd with the Verses which follow here: But the Prince preferring the peaceful Subject of *Hesiod* to the martial one of *Homer*, contrary to the Expectation of all, adjudg'd the Prize to *Hesiod*. The Commentators upon this occasion are very rhetorical, and universally exclaim against so crying a Piece of Injustice. All the hardest Names which Learning can furnish, are very liberally bestow'd upon poor *Panides*. *Spondanus* is mighty smart, calls him *Midas*, takes him by the Ear, and asks the dead Prince as many insulting Questions, as any of his Author's Heroes could have

have done. *Dacier* with all Gravity tells us, that *Posterty* prov'd a more equitable Judge than *Panides*. And if I had not told this Tale in my turn, I must have incurred the Censure of all the Schoolmasters in the Nation.

XVI,

VERSE 173. *So close their Order, &c.*] When *Homer* retouches the same Subject, he has always the Art to rise in his Ideas above what he said before. We shall find an Instance of it in this Place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact Discipline of an Army, with what he had made use of on the same occasion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is said, that the most experienc'd Warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by *Pallas* thro' the Battel; but here he carries it farther, in affirming that *Pallas* and the God of War themselves must have admir'd this Disposition of the *Grecian* Forces. *Eustathius*.

XVII.

VERSE 177. *A chosen Phalanx, firm, &c.*] *Homer* in these Lines has given us a Description of the ancient Phalanx, which consisted of several Ranks of Men closely ranged in this order. The first Line stood with their Spears levell'd directly forward; the second Rank being armed with Spears two Cubits longer, levell'd them likewise forward thro' the Interstices of the first; and the third in the same manner held forth their Spears yet longer, thro' the two former Ranks; so that the Points of the Spears of the three Ranks terminated in one Line. All the other Ranks stood with their Spears erected, in Readiness to advance, and fill the vacant Places of such as fell. This is the Account *Eustathius* gives of the Phalanx, which he observes was only fit for a Body of Men acting on the Defensive, but improper for the Attack: And accordingly *Homer* here only describes the *Greeks* ordering their Battel in this manner, when they had no other View but to stand their Ground against the furious Assault of the *Trojans*. The same Commentator observes
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from *Hermolytus*, an ancient Writer of *Fables*, that this manner of ordering the Phalanx was afterwards introduc'd among the *Spartans* by *Lycurgus*, among the *Argives* by *Lysander*, among the *Thebans* by *Epaminondas*, and among the *Macedonians* by *Charidemus*.

XVIII.

VERSE 191. *As from some Mountain's craggy Forehead torn, &c.*] This is one of the noblest Simile's in all *Homer*, and the most justly corresponding in its Circumstances to the thing described. The furious Descent of *Hector* from the Wall represented by a Stone that flies from the top of a Rock, the Hero push'd on by the superior Force of *Jupiter*, as the Stone driven by a Torrent, the Ruins of the Wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the Clamour and Tumult around him, all imag'd in the violent bounding and leaping of the Stone, the crackling of the Woods, the Shock, the Noise, the Rapidity, the Irresistibility, and the Augmentation of Force in its Progress. All these Points of Likeness make but the first Part of this admirable Simile. Then the sudden Stop of the Stone when it comes to the Plain, as of *Hector* at the Phalanx of the *Ajaces* (alluding also to the natural Situation of the Ground, *Hector* rushing down the Declivity of the Shore, and being stopp'd on the Level of the Sea.) And lastly, the Immobility of both when so stopp'd, the Enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: This last Branch of the Comparison is the happiest in the World, and tho' not hitherto observ'd, is what methinks makes the principal Beauty and Force of it. The Simile is copied by *Virgil*, *Æn.* 12.

*Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps,
Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
Exultatque solo; sylvas, armenta, virosque
Involvens secum. Disjecta per agmina Turnus
Sic urbis ruit ad muros—*

And

And *Tasso* has again copied it from *Virgil* in his 18th Book.

*Qual gran fasso tal hor, che o la vecchiezza
Solve da un monte, o svelle ira de 'venti
Ruinoso dirupa, e porta, e spezza
Le selve, e con le case anco gli armenti
Tal giù trabea de la sublime altezza
L'horribil trave e merli, e arme, e gente,
Diè la torre a quel moto uno, o duo crolli;
Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli.*

It is but Justice to *Homer* to take notice how infinitely inferior both these Similes are to their Original. They have taken the Image without the Likeness, and lost those corresponding Circumstances which raise the Justness and Sublimity of *Homer's*. In *Virgil* it is only the Violence of *Turnus* in which the whole Application consists: And in *Tasso* it has no farther Allusion than to the Fall of a Tower in general.

There is yet another Beauty in the Numbers of this Part. As the Verses themselves make us see, the Sound of them makes us hear what they represent, in the noble Roughness, Rapidity, and sonorous Cadence that distinguishes them.

Ῥῆξας, ἀσπέτω ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδέος ἔχματα πέτρης, &c.

The Translation, however short it falls of these Beauties, may yet serve to shew the Reader, that there was at least an Endeavour to imitate them.

XIX.

VERSE 279. Idomen of Crete.] *Idomeneus* appears at large in this Book, whose Character (if I take it right) is such as we see pretty often in common Life: A Person of the first Rank, sufficient enough of his high Birth, growing into Years, conscious of his Decline in Strength and active Qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himself in Dignity, and to preserve the Veneration of others. The true Picture of a stiff old Soldier, not willing to lose any of the Reputation

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he has acquir'd; yet not inconsiderate in Danger; but by the Sense of his Age, and by his Experience in Battel, become too cautious to engage with any great odds against him: Very careful and tender of his Soldiers, whom he had commanded so long that they were become old Acquaintance; (so that it was with great Judgment *Homer* chose to introduce him here, in performing a kind Office to one of 'em who was wounded.) Talkative upon Subjects of War, as afraid that others might lose the Memory of what he had done in better Days, of which the long Conversation with *Meriones*, and *Ajax's* Reproach to him in *Iliad* 23. V. 478. are sufficient Proofs. One may observe some Strokes of Lordliness and State in his Character: That Respect *Agamemnon* seems careful to treat him with, and the particular Distinctions shewn him at Table, are mention'd in a manner that insinuates they were Points upon which this Prince not a little insisted. *Il.* 4. V. 257, &c. The vaunting of his Family in this Book, together with his Sarcasms and contemptuous Railleries on his dead Enemies, savour of the same Turn of Mind. And it seems there was among the Ancients a Tradition of *Idomeneus* which strengthens this Conjecture of his Pride: For we find in the *Heroicks* of *Philostratus*, that before he would come to the *Trojan* War, he demanded a Share in the sovereign Command with *Agamemnon* himself.

I must, upon this occasion, make an Observation once for all, which will be applicable to many Passages in *Homer*, and afford a Solution of many Difficulties. It is that our Author drew several of his Characters with an Eye to the Histories then known of famous Persons, or the Traditions that past in those Times. One cannot believe otherwise of a Poet, who appears so nicely exact in observing all the Customs of the Age he described; nor can we imagine the infinite Number of minute Circumstances relating to particular Persons, which we meet with every where in his Poem, could possibly have been invented purely as Ornaments to it. This Reflection will account for a hundred seeming Oddnesses not only in the Characters, but in the Speeches of the *Iliad*: For as no Author is more true than *Homer* to the Character of the Person he introduces speaking, so no one more often suits his
Oratory

Oratory to the Character of the Person spoken to. Many of these Beauties must needs be lost to us, yet this Supposition will give a new Light to several Particulars. For instance, the Speech I have been mentioning of *Agamemnon* to *Idomeneus* in the 4th Book, wherein he puts this Hero in mind of the magnificent Entertainments he had given him, becomes in this View much less odd and surprizing. Or who can tell but it had some Allusion to the Manners of the *Cretans* whom he commanded, whose Character was so well known, as to become a Proverb: *The Cretans, evil Beasts, and slow Bellies.*

XX.

VERSE 283. *The Surgeons of the Camp.*] *Podalirius* and *Machaon* were not the only Physicians in the Army; it appears from some Passages in this Poem, that each Body of Troops had one peculiar to themselves. It may not be improper to advertise, that the ancient Physicians were all Surgeons. *Eustathius.*

XXI.

VERSE 325. — *Meriones attends, Whom thus he questions—*] This Conversation between *Idomeneus* and *Meriones* is generally censured as highly improper and out of Place, and as such is given up even by *M. Dacier*, the most zealous of our Poet's Defenders. However, if we look closely into the Occasion and Drift of this Discourse, the Accusation will I believe, appear not so well grounded. Two Persons of Distinction, just when the Enemy is put to a stop by the *Ajaces*, meet behind the Army: Having each on important occasions retired out of the Fight, the one to help a wounded Soldier, the other to seek a new Weapon. *Idomeneus*, who is superior in Years as well as Authority, returning to the Battel, is surprized to meet *Meriones* out of it, who was one of his own Officers, (*ῥεζέπων*, as *Homer* here calls him) and being jealous of his Soldier's Honour, demands the Cause of his quitting the Fight? *Meriones* having told him it was the want
of

of a Spear, he yet seems unsatisfy'd with the Excuse; adding, that he himself did not approve of that distant manner of fighting with a Spear: *Meriones* being touch'd to the quick with this Reproach, replies, that He of all the *Greeks* had the least reason to suspect his Courage: Whereupon *Idomeneus* perceiving him highly piqued, assures him he entertains no such hard Thoughts of him, since he had often known his Courage prov'd on such Occasions, where the Danger being greater, and the Number smaller, it was impossible for a Coward to conceal his natural Infirmary: But now recollecting that a malicious Mind might give a sinister Interpretation to their Inactivity during this Discourse, he immediately breaks it off upon that Reflection. As therefore this Conversation has its Rise from a Jealousy in the most tender Point of Honour, I think the Poet cannot justly be blamed for suffering a Discourse so full of warm Sentiments to run on for about forty Verses; which after all cannot be suppos'd to take up more than two or three Minutes from Action.

XXII.

VERSE 335. *This headless Lance, &c.*] We have often seen several of *Homer's* Combatants lose and break their Spears, yet they do not therefore retire from the Battel to seek other Weapons, why therefore does *Homer* here send *Meriones* on this Errand? It may be said, that in the kind of Fight which the *Greeks* now maintain'd drawn up into the Phalanx, *Meriones* was useless without this Weapon.

XXIII.

VERSE 339. *Spears I have store, &c.*] *Idomeneus* describes his Tent as a Magazine, stored with Variety of Arms won from the Enemy, which were not only laid up as useless Trophies of his Victories, but kept there in order to supply his own, and his Friends Occasions. And this Consideration shews us one reason why these Warriors contended with such Eagerness to carry off the Arms of a vanquish'd Enemy.

This

This gives me an occasion to animadvert upon a false Remark of *Eustathius*, which is inserted in the 30th Note on the 11th Book, “ that *Homer*, to shew us nothing is so unseasonable “ in a Battel as to stay to despoil the slain, feigns that most “ of the Warriors who do it, are kill’d, wounded, or unsuccessful.” I am astonish’d how so great a Mistake should fall from any Man who had read *Homer*, much more from one who had read him so thoroughly, and even superstitiously, as the old Archbishop of *Thessalonica*. There is scarce a Book in *Homer* that does not abound with Instances to the contrary, where the Conquerors strip their Enemies, and bear off their Spoils in Triumph. It was (as I have already said in the Essay on *Homer’s* Battels) as honourable an Exploit in those Days to carry off the Arms, as it is now to gain a Standard. But it is a strange Consequence, that because our Author sometimes represents a Man unsuccessful in a glorious Attempt, he therefore discommends the Attempt itself; and is as good an Argument against encountering an Enemy living, as against spoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with Plundering, between which *Homer* has so well mark’d the Distinction; when he constantly speaks of the Spoils as glorious, but makes *Nestor* in the 6th Book, and *Hector* in the 15th directly forbid the Pillage, as a Practice that has often prov’d fatal in the midst of a Victory, and sometimes even after it.

XXIV.

VERSE 353. *To him Idomeneus.*] There is a great deal more Dialogue in *Homer* than in *Virgil*. The Roman Poet’s are generally set Speeches, those of the Greek more in Conversation. What *Virgil* does by two Words of a Narration, *Homer* brings about by a Speech; he hardly raises one of his Heroes out of Bed without some Talk concerning it. There are not only Replies, but Rejoinders in *Homer*, a thing scarce ever to be found in *Virgil*; the Consequence whereof is, that there must be in the *Iliad* many continued Conversations (such as this of our two Heroes) a little resembling common Chit-chat. This renders the Poem more natural and

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animated,

animated, but less grave and majestic. However, that such was the way of writing generally practis'd in those ancient Times, appears from the like manner used in most of the Books of the Old Testament; and it particularly agreed with our Author's warm Imagination, which delighted in perpetual Imagery, and in painting every Circumstance of what he described.

XXV.

VERSE 355. *In that sharp Service, &c.*] In a general Battel Cowardise may be the more easily conceal'd, by reason of the Number of the Combatants; but in an Ambuscade, where the Soldiers are few, each must be discover'd to be what he is; this is the reason why the Ancients entertain'd so great an Idea of this sort of War; the bravest Men were always chosen to serve upon such Occasions. *Eustathius.*

XXVI.

VERSE 384. *So Mars Armipotent, &c.*] *Homer* varies his Similitudes with all imaginable Art, sometimes deriving them from the Properties of Animals, sometimes from natural Passions, sometimes from the Occurrences of Life, and sometimes (as in the Simile before us) from History. The Invention of *Mars's* Passage from *Thrace* (which was feign'd to be the Country of that God) to the *Phlegyans* and *Ephyrians*, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial Genius of that People, who liv'd in perpetual Wars.

Methinks there is something of a fine Enthusiasm, in *Homer's* manner of fetching a Compass, as it were, to draw in new Images besides those in which the direct Point of Likeness consists. *Milton* perfectly well understood the Beauty of these digressive Images, as we may see from the following Simile, which is in a manner made up of them.

Thick

*Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In Vallombrosa (where th' Etrurian Shades
High-overarch'd embow'r.) Or scatter'd Sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red Sea-Coast, (whose Wave o'erthrew
Buliris and his Memphian Chivalry,
While with perfidious Hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe Shore their floating Carcasses,
And broken Chariot-Wheels)——So thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these.——*

As for the general Purport of this Comparison of *Homer*, it gives us a noble and majestick Idea, at once of *Idomeneus* and *Meriones*, represented by *Mars* and his Son *Terror*; in which each of these Heroes is greatly elevated, yet the just Distinction between them preserved. The beautiful Simile of *Virgil* in his 12th *Æneid* is drawn with an Eye to this of our Author.

*Qualis apud gelidi cùm flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes
Bella movens immittit equos; illi equore aperto
Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant: gemit ultima pulsu
Thraca pedum: circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
Iraque, Infidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.*

XXVII.

VERSE 396. — *Shall we join the Right,
Or combat in the Centre of the Fight,
Or to the Left our wanted Succour lend?*]

The common Interpreters have to this Question of *Meriones* given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright Nonsense; explaining it thus. *Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle, or on the left, for no where else doe the Greeks so much want Assistance; which amounts to this;*
Shall

Shall we engage where our Assistance is most wanted, or where it is not wanted? The Context, as well as the Words of the Original, oblige us to understand it in this obvious meaning; *Shall we bring our Assistance to the right, to the left; or to the Centre? Since the Greeks being equally press'd and engag'd on all sides, equally need our Aid in all Parts.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 400. *Not in the Centre, &c.*] There is in this Answer of *Idomeneus* a small Circumstance which is overlook'd by the Commentators, but in which the whole Spirit and Reason of what is said by him consists. He says he is in no fear for the Centre, since it is defended by *Teucer* and *Ajax*: *Teucer* being not only most famous for the Use of the Bow, but likewise excellent ἐν σάδι ὁσμύνῃ, in a close standing Fight: And as for *Ajax*, tho' not so swift of Foot as *Achilles*, yet he was equal to him ἐν ἀντοσάδι, in the same steadfast manner of fighting; hereby plainly intimating that he was secure for the Centre, because that Post was defended by two Persons both accomplish'd in that Part of War, which was most necessary for the Service they were then engaged in; the two Expressions before mention'd peculiarly signifying a firm and steady way of fighting, most useful in maintaining a Post.

XXIX.

VERSE 451. *In War and Discord's Adamantine Chain.*] This short but comprehensive Allegory is very proper to give us an Idea of the present Condition of the two contending Armies, who being both powerfully sustain'd by the Assistance of superior Deities, join and mix together in a close and bloody Engagement, without any remarkable Advantage on either side. To image to us this State of Things, the Poet represents *Jupiter* and *Neptune* holding the two Armies close bound by a mighty Chain, which he calls the Knot of Contention and War, and of which the two Gods draw the Extremities

tremities, whereby the enclos'd Armies are compell'd together, without any Possibility on either side to separate or to conquer; there is not perhaps in *Homer* any Image at once so exact and so bold. Madam *Dacier* acknowledges, that despairing to make this Passage shine in her Language, she purposely omitted it in her Translation: But from what she says in her Annotations, it seems that she did not rightly apprehend the Propriety and Beauty of it. *Hobbes* too was not very sensible of it, when he translated it so oddly.

*And thus the Saw from Brother unto Brother
Of cruel War was drawn alternately,
And many slain on one side and the other.*

XXX.

VERSE 451.] It will be necessary, for the better understanding the Conduct of *Homer* in every Battel he describes, to reflect on the particular kind of Fight, and the Circumstances that distinguish each. In this View therefore we ought to remember thro' this whole Book, that the Battel describ'd in it, is a fix'd close Fight, wherein the Armies engage in a gross compact Body, without any of those Skirmishes or Feats of Activity so often mention'd in the foregoing Engagements. We see at the beginning of it the *Grecians* form a Phalanx, V. 126. which continues unbroken at the very end, V. 806. The chief Weapon made use of is a Spear, being most proper for this manner of Combat; nor do we see any other use of a Chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the Instance of *Harpalion* and *Deiphobus*.)

From hence we may observe, with what Judgment and Propriety *Homer* introduces *Idomeneus* as the chief in Action on this occasion: For this Hero being declined from his Prime, and somewhat stiff with Years, was only fit for this kind of Engagement, as *Homer* expressly says in the 512th Verse of the present Book.

Οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γῆα ποδῶν ἦν ὀρμηθέντι,
 Οὐτ' ἄρ' ἐπαίξαι μεθ' ἑὸν βέλος, ἄτ' ἀλέασθαι
 Τῷ ῥα καὶ ἐν σαδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἡμᾶρ.

XXXI.

VERSE 471. *The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead:*

And thus (he cries)—]

It seems (says *Eustathius* on this Place) that the *Iliad* being an heroick Poem, is of too serious a Nature to admit of Rail- lery: Yet *Homer* has found the secret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this Piece of Rail- lery is so far from raising Laughter, that it becomes a Hero, and is capable to enflame the Courage of all who hear it. It also elevates the Character of *Idomeneus*, who notwithstanding he is in the midst of imminent Dangers, preserves his usual Gaiety of Temper, which is the greatest Evidence of an uncommon Courage. *Id.* p. 935.

I confess I am of an Opinion very different from this of *Eustathius*, which is also adopted by *M. Dacier*. So severe and bloody an Irony to a dying Person is a fault in Morals, if not in Poetry itself. It should not have place at all, or if it should, is ill placed here. *Idomeneus* is represented a brave Man, nay a Man of a compassionate Nature, in the Circum- stance he was introduc'd in, of assisting a wounded Soldier. What Provocation could such an one have, to insult so bar- barously an unfortunate Prince, being neither his Rival nor particular Enemy? True Courage is inseparable from Huma- nity, and all generous Warriors regret the very Victories they gain, when they reflect what a Price of Blood they cost. I know it may be answer'd, that these were not the Manners of *Homer's* Time, a Spirit of Violence and Devastation then reigned, even among the chosen People of God, as may be seen from the Actions of *Joshua*, &c. However, if one would forgive the Cruelty, one cannot forgive the Gaiety on such an occasion. These inhuman Jests the Poet was so far from being oblig'd to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break through the general serious Air of his Poem

to introduce them. Would it not raise a Suspicion, that (whatever we see of his superior Genius in other respects) his own Views of Morality were not elevated above the Barbarity of his Age? I think indeed the thing by far the most shocking in this Author, is that Spirit of Cruelty which appears too manifestly in the *Iliad*.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate *Homer* in these Licences, and is much more reserv'd in his Sarcasms and Insults. There are not above four or five in the whole *Æneid*. That of *Pyrrhus* to *Priam* in the second Book, tho' barbarous in itself, may be accounted for as intended to raise a Character of Horror, and render the Action of *Pyrrhus* odious; whereas *Homer* stains his most Favourite Characters with these Barbarities. That of *Ascanius* over *Numanus* in the ninth, was a fair Opportunity where *Virgil* might have indulg'd the Humour of a cruel Raillery, and have been excus'd by the Youth and Gaiety of the Speaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate Answer to the Insolences with which he had just been provok'd by his Enemy, only retorting two of his own Words upon him.

—*I, verbis virtutem illude superbis!*

Bis capti Phryges hæc Rutulis responsa remittunt.

He never suffers his *Æneas* to fall into this Practice, but while he is on fire with Indignation after the Death of his Friend *Pallas*: That short one to *Mezentius* is the least that could be said to such a Tyrant.

—*Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, & illa*

Effera vis animi?—

The worst-natur'd one I remember (which yet is more excusable than *Homer's*) is that of *Turnus* to *Eumedes* in the 12th Book.

*En, agros, & quam bello, Trojane, petisti,
Hesperiam metire jacens: hæc præmia, qui me
Ferro ausi tentare, ferunt: sic moenia condunt.*

XXXII.

VERSE 474. *And such the Contract of the Phrygian King, &c.]* It was but natural to raise a Question, on occasion of these and other Passages in *Homer*, how it comes to pass that the Heroes of different Nations are so well acquainted with the Stories and Circumstances of each other? *Eustathius's* Solution is no ill one, that the Warriors on both sides might learn the Story of their Enemies from the Captives they took, during the Course of so long a War.

XXXIII.

VERSE 513. *The Cretan saw, and stooping, &c.]* Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole Action, and every Circumstance of it, than the following Lines. There is the Posture of *Idomeneus* upon seeing the Lance flying toward him; the lifting the Shield obliquely to turn it aside; the Arm discover'd in that Position; the Form, Composition, Materials, and Ornaments of the Shield distinctly specify'd; the Flight of the Dart over it, the Sound of it first as it flew, then as it fell; and the Decay of that Sound on the Edge of the Buckler, which being thinner than the other Parts rather tinkled than rung, especially when the first Force of the Stroke was spent on the Orb of it. All this in the Compass of so few Lines, in which every word is an Image, is something more beautifully particular, than I remember to have met with in any Poet.

XXXIV.

VERSE 543. *He, once of Ilion's Youth the loveliest Boy.]* Some Manuscripts, after these Words ὤριτος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρέει, insert the three following Verses,

Πρὶν Ἀθηνορίδας τραφόμεν ἢ Πανθόον υἱας
 Πριαμίδας θ' οἱ τρωσὶ μετάπρεπον ἵπποδάμοισιν
 Ἔως ἔθ' ἤβην εἶκεν, ὄφελλε δὲ κρείον ἄνθος;

which

which I have not translated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. *Barnes* is of the same Opinion.

XXXV.

VERSE 554. *His lab'ring Heart, heaves, with so strong a bound,
The long Lance shakes, and vibrates in the Wound.*]

We cannot read *Homer* without observing a wonderful Variety in the Wounds and Manner of dying. Some of these Wounds are painted with very singular Circumstances, and those of uncommon Art and Beauty. This Passage is a Masterpiece in that way; *Alcathous* is pierced into the Heart, which throbs with so strong a Pulse, that the Motion is communicated even to the distant End of the Spear, which is vibrated thereby. This Circumstance might appear too bold, and the Effect beyond Nature, were we not inform'd by the most skilful Anatomists of the wonderful Force of this Muscle, which some of them have computed to be equal to the Weight of several thousand Pounds. *Lower de Corde. Borellus.*

XXXVI.

VERSE 578. *Incens'd at partial Priam, &c.]* *Homer* here gives the reason why *Æneas* did not fight in the foremost Ranks. It was against his Inclination that he serv'd *Priam*, and he was rather engag'd by Honour and Reputation to assist his Country, than by any Disposition to aid that Prince. This Passage is purely historical, and the Ancients have preserv'd to us a Tradition which serves to explain it. They say, that *Æneas* became suspected by *Priam*, on account of an Oracle which prophesied he should in Process of Time rule over the *Trojans*. The King therefore shew'd him no great Degree of Esteem or Consideration, with Design to discredit, and render him despicable to the People. *Eustathius.* This Envy of *Priam*, and this Report of the Oracle, are mention'd by *Achilles* to *Æneas* in the 20th Book, *W.* 179.

— ἢ σέ γε θυμὸς ἔμοι μασχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,
Ἐλπόμενον Τρῶεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδάμοισι,

Τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμῃ; ἀτὰρ εἶκέν ἑμ' ἐξαναβέβηκε,
 Οὔτοι τ' ἔνεκά γε Πριάμος γέρας ἐν χερσὶ θήσει.
 Εἰσὶ γὰρ οἱ παῖδες.—

And *Neptune* in the 306th Verse of the same Book,

Ἦδη γὰρ Πριάμῃ γενεὴν ἤχθησε Κρονίων.
 Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,
 Καὶ παῖδες παιδῶν, τοὶ κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.

I shall conclude this Note with the Character of *Æneas*, as it is drawn by *Philostratus*, wherein he makes mention of the same Tradition. “ *Æneas* (says this Author) was inferior to “ *Hector* in Battel only, in all else equal, and in Prudence “ superior. He was likewise skilful in whatever related to “ the Gods, and conscious of what Destiny had reserv'd for “ him after the taking of *Troy*. Incapable of Fear, never “ discompos'd, and particularly possessing himself in the Ar- “ ticle of Danger. *Hector* is reported to have been call'd “ the Hand, and *Æneas* the Head of the *Trojans*; and the “ latter more advantag'd their Affairs by his Caution, than “ the former by his Fury. These two Heroes were much of “ the same Age, and the same Stature: The Air of *Æneas* “ had something in it less bold and forward, but at the same “ time more fix'd and constant. *Philostat. Heroic.*

XXXVII.

VERSE 621. *Like Ida's Flocks, &c.*] *Homer*, whether he treats of the Customs of Men or Beasts, is always a faithful Interpreter of Nature. When Sheep leave the Pasture and drink freely, it is a certain Sign, that they have found good Pasturage, and that they are all sound; 'tis therefore upon this Account, that *Homer* says the Shepherd rejoices. *Ho-mer*, we find, well understood what *Aristotle* many Ages after him remark'd, viz. that Sheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reason, why Shepherds are accusom'd to give their Flocks a certain Quantity of Salt every five Days in

in the Summer, that they may by this means drink the more abundantly. *Eustathius.*

XXXVIII.

VERSE 655. *And, fir'd with Hate.]* Homer does not tell us the occasion of this Hatred; but since his Days, *Simonides* and *Ibycus* write, that *Idomeneus* and *Deiphobus* were Rivals, and both in love with *Helen*. This very well agrees with the ancient Tradition which *Eurypides* and *Virgil* have follow'd: For after the Death of *Paris*, they tell us she was espous'd to *Deiphobus*. *Eustathius.*

XXXIX.

VERSE 721. *Bending he fell, and doubled to the Ground, Lay panting.—]* The Original is,

—ὄδ' ἐσπόμενος περὶ δαδί,
ἦσπαιε'.—

The Versification represents the short broken Pantings of the dying Warrior, in the short sudden Break at the second Syllable of the second Line. And this beauty is, as it happens, precisely copied in the *English*. It is not often that a Translator can do this Justice to *Homer*, but he must be content to imitate these Graces and Proprieties at more distance, by endeavouring at something parallel, tho' not the same.

XL.

VERSE 728. *King Helenus.]* The Appellation of King was not anciently confin'd to those only who bore the sovereign Dignity, but apply'd also to others. There was in the Island of *Cyprus* a whole Order of Officers call'd Kings, whose Business it was to receive the Relations of Informers, concerning all that happen'd in the Island, and to regulate Affairs accordingly. *Eustathius.*

XLI.

XLI.

VERSE 739. *As on some ample Barn's well-harden'd Floor.]*
 We ought not to be shock'd at the Frequency of these Similes taken from the Ideas of a rural Life. In early Times, before Politeness had rais'd the Esteem of Arts subservient to Luxury, above those necessary to the Subsistence of Mankind, Agriculture was the Employment of Persons of the greatest Esteem and Distinction: We see in sacred History Princes busy at Sheep-shearing; and in the middle Times of the Roman Common-wealth, a Dictator taken from the Plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wonder'd that Allusions and Comparisons of this kind are frequently used by ancient heroic Writers, as well to raise, as illustrate their Descriptions. But since these Arts are fallen from their ancient Dignity, and become the Drudgery of the lowest People, the Images of them are likewise sunk into Meanness, and without this Consideration, must appear to common Readers unworthy to have place in Epic Poems. It was perhaps thro' too much Deference to such Tastes, that *Chapman* omitted this Simile in his Translation.

XLII.

VERSE 751. *A Sling's soft Wool, snatch'd from a Soldier's side,
 At once the Tent and Ligature supply'd.]*

The Words of the Original are these,

Ἄυτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν εὐσερόφω οἶδ' ἁώτῳ
 Σφενδόνη, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

This Passage, by the Commentators ancient and modern, seems rightly understood in the Sense express'd in this Translation: The word σφενδόνη properly signifying a *Sling*; which (as *Eustathius* observes from an old Scholiast) was anciently made of woollen Strings. *Chapman* alone dissents from the common Interpretation, boldly pronouncing that Slings are no where mention'd in the *Iliad*, without giving any reason
 for

for his Opinion. He therefore translates the word *σφαδών*, a *Skarffe*, by no other Authority but that he says, *it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded Arm in, than a Sling*; and very prettily whettles his Reader into this Opinion by a most gallant Imagination, that his *Squire* might carry this *Skarffe* about him as a *Favour* of his own or of his *Master's* *Mispress*. But for the use he has found for this *Skarffe*, there is not any Pretence from the Original; where it is only said the Wound was bound up, without any mention of hanging the Arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his Translation; for being resolv'd to have a *Scarf*, and oblig'd to mention *Wool*, we are left entirely at a loss to know from whence he got the latter.

A like Passage occurs near the end of this Book, where the Poet says the *Locrians* went to War without Shield or Spear, only armed,

Τόξα καὶ ἔνσπονδον αἰὶς ἄλστα.

Which last Expression, as all the Commentators agree, signifies a *Sling*, tho' the word *σφαδών* is not used. *Chapman* here likewise, without any Colour of Authority, dissents from the common Opinion; but very inconstant in his Errors, varies his Mistake, and assures us, *this Expression is the true Periphrasis of a light kind of Armour, call'd a Jack, by which all our Archers used to serve in of old, and which were over quilted with Wool*.

XLIII.

VERSE 766. *The cover'd Pole-Axe.*] *Homer* never ascribes this Weapon to any but the *Barbarians*, for the *Battel-Axe* was not used in War by the politer Nations. It was the favourite Weapon of the *Amazons*. *Eustathius*.

XLIV.

VERSE 779. *The Speech of Menelaus.*] This Speech of *Menelaus* over his dying *Hector*, is very different from those
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with which *Homer* frequently makes his Heroes insult the vanquish'd, and answers very well the Character of this good-natur'd Prince. Here are no insulting Taunts, no cruel Sarcasms, nor any sporting with the particular Misfortunes of the dead: The Invectives he makes are general, arising naturally from a Remembrance of his Wrongs, and being almost nothing else but a Recapitulation of them. These Reproaches come most justly from this Prince, as being the only Person among the *Greeks* who had receiv'd any personal Injury from the *Trojans*. The Apostrophe he makes to *Jupiter*, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked People, has given occasion to censure *Homer* as guilty of Impiety, in making his Heroes tax the Gods with Injustice: But since, in the former Part of this Speech, it is expressly said, that *Jupiter* will certainly punish the *Trojans* by the Destruction of their City for violating the Laws of Hospitality, the latter Part ought only to be consider'd as a Complaint to *Jupiter* for delaying that Vengeance: This Reflection being no more than what a pious suffering Mind, griev'd at the flourishing Condition of prosperous Wickedness, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the Complaint of the Prophet *Jeremiah*, Ch. 12. V. 1. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously?*

Nothing can more fully represent the Cruelty and Injustice of the *Trojans*, than the Observation with which *Menelaus* finishes their Character, by saying, that they have a more strong, constant, and insatiable Appetite after Blood-shed and Rapine, than others have to satisfy the most agreeable Pleasures and natural Desires.

XLV.

VERSE 795. *The best of things beyond their Measure cloy.]* These Words comprehend a very natural Sentiment, which perfectly shews the wonderful Folly of Men: They are soon weary'd with the most agreeable things, when they are innocent,

nocent, but never with the most toilsome things in the World, when unjust and criminal. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

XLVI.

VERSE 797. *The Dance.*] In the Original it is call'd ἀμύμων, *the blameless Dance*; to distinguish (says *Eustathius*) what sort of Dancing it is that *Homer* commends. For there were two kinds of Dancing practis'd among the Ancients, the one reputable, invented by *Minerva*, or by *Castor* and *Pol-lux*; the other dishonest, of which *Pan*, or *Bacchus*, was the Author. They were distinguish'd by the Name of the Tra-gic, and the Comic or Satyric Dance. But those which prob-ably our Author commends were certain military Dances us'd by the greatest Heroes. One of this sort was known to the *Macedonians* and *Persians*, practis'd by *Antiochus* the Great, and the famous *Polyperchon*. There was another which was danc'd in compleat Armour, call'd the *Pyrrhick*, from *Pyrrhicus* the *Spartan* its Inventor, which continu'd in fashion among the *Lacedæmonians*. *Scaliger* the Father re-marks, that this Dance was too laborious to remain long in use even among the Ancients; however it seems that Labour could not discourage this bold Critick from reviving that lau-dable kind of Dance in the Presence of the Emperor *Maxi-milian* and his whole Court. It is not to be doubted but the Performance rais'd their Admiration; nor much to be won-der'd at, if they desir'd to see more than once so extraordi-nary a Spectacle, as we have it in his own Words. *Poëtices, lib. 1. cap. 18. Hanc saltationem [Pyrrhicam] nos & sæpe, & diu, coram Drvo Maximiliano, jussu Bonifacii patruī, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus.*

XLVII.

VERSE 819. *Like some vile Worm extended on the Ground.*] I cannot be of *Eustathius's* Opinion, that this Simile was de-sign'd to debase the Character of *Harpalion*; and to represent him in a mean and disgraceful View, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the Character he gives of

of this young Man, whose Piety carry'd him to the Wars to attend his Father, and from the Air of this whole Passage, which is tender and pathetick, that he intended this humble Comparison only as a mortifying Picture of human Misery and Mortality. As to the Verses which *Eustathius* alledges for a Proof of the Cowardice of *Harpalion*,

Ἄψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο καὶ ὀλεείνων
Πάντοσε πατρίωνων.—

The Retreat described in the first Verse is common to the greatest Heroes in *Homer*; the same Words are apply'd to *Deiphobus* and *Meriones* in this Book, and to *Patroclus* in the 16th, V. 817. The same thing in other Words is said even of the great *Ajax*, Il. 15. V. 728. And we have *Ulysses* describ'd in the 4th, V. 497. with the same Circumspection and Fear of the Darts: tho' none of those Warriors have the same reason as *Harpalion* for their Retreat or Caution, he alone being unarm'd, which Circumstance takes away all Imputation of Cowardice.

XLVIII.

VERSE 823. *The pensive Father.*] We have seen in the 5th Iliad the Death of *Pylamenes* General of the *Paphlagonians*: How comes he then in this Place to be introduced as following the Funeral of his Son? *Eustathius* informs us of a most ridiculous Solution of some Criticks, who thought it might be the Ghost of this unhappy Father, who not being yet interr'd, according to the Opinion of the Ancients, wander'd upon the Earth. *Zenodotus* not satisfy'd with this, (as indeed he had little reason to be) chang'd the Name of *Pylamenes* into *Kylamenes*. *Didymus* thinks there were two of the same Name; as there are in *Homer* two *Schedius's*. two *Eurymedon's*, and three *Adrastus's*. And others correct the Verse by adding a Negative, μετὰ δ' ἄσφι πατρὸς κτε; his Father did not follow his Chariot with his Face back'd in Tears. Which last, if not of more Weight than the rest, is yet more ingenious. *Eustathius*. *Dacier*.

Ncr

*Nor did his valiant Father (now no more)
Pursue the mournful Pomp along the Shore,
No Sire surviv'd, to grace th' untimely Bier,
Or sprinkle the cold Ashes with a Tear.*

XLIX.

VERSE 840. *And chose the certain, glorious Path to Death.]* Thus we see *Euchenor* is like *Achilles*, who sail'd to *Troy*, tho' he knew he should fall before it: This might somewhat have prejudic'd the Character of *Achilles*, every Branch of which ought to be single, and superior to all others, as he ought to be without a Rival in every thing that speaks a Hero: Therefore we find two essential Differences between *Euchenor* and *Achilles*, which preserve the Superiority of the Hero of the Poem. *Achilles*, if he had not sail'd to *Troy*, had enjoy'd a long Life; but *Euchenor* had been soon cut off by some cruel Disease. *Achilles* being independent, and as a King, could have liv'd at ease at home, without being obnoxious to any Disgrace; but *Euchenor* being but a private Man, must either have gone to the War, or been expos'd to an ignominious Penalty. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

L.

VERSE 845. *Nor knew great Hector, &c.]* Most part of this Book being employ'd to describe the brave Resistance the *Greeks* made on their left under *Idomeneus* and *Meriones*; the Poet now shifts the Scene, and returns to *Hector*, whom he left in the Centre of the Army, after he had pass'd the Wall, endeavouring in vain to break the Phalanx where *Ajax* commanded. And that the Reader might take notice of this Change of Place, and carry distinctly in his Mind each Scene of Action, *Homer* is very careful in the following Lines to let us know that *Hector* still continues in the Place where he had first pass'd the Wall, at that part of it which was lowest, (as appears from *Sarpedon's* having pull'd down one of its Battlements on foot, *lib. 12.*) and which was nearest the

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the Station where the Ships of *Ajax* were lay'd, because that Hero was probably thought a sufficient Guard for that Part. As the Poet is so very exact in describing each Scene as in a Chart or Plan, the Reader ought to be careful to trace each Action in it; otherwise he will see nothing but Confusion in things which are in themselves very regular and distinct. This Observation is the more necessary, because even in this Place, where the Poet intended to prevent any such Mistake, *Dacier* and other Interpreters have apply'd to the present Action what is only a Recapitulation of the Time and Place describ'd in the former Book,

LI.

VERSE 858. *Pthians.*] These *Pthians* are not the Troops of *Achilles*, for those were call'd *Pthiotes*; but they were the Troops of *Protesilaus* and *Philoctetes*. *Eustathius*.

LII.

VERSE 875. *So when two lordly Bulls, &c.*] The Image here given of the *Ajaces* is very lively and exact; there being no Circumstance of their present Condition that is not to be found in the Comparison, and no Particular in the Comparison that does not resemble the Action of the Heroes. Their Strength and Labour, their Unanimity and Nearness to each other, the Difficulties they struggle against, and the Sweat occasion'd by this Struggling, perfectly corresponding with the Simile.

LIII.

VERSE 933. *Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder Decks, and yet o'erlooks the Plains,*] There never was a nobler Encomium than this of *Achilles*. It seems enough to so wise a Counsellor as *Polydamas*, to convince so intrepid a Warrior as *Hector*, in how great Danger the *Trojans* stood; to say, *Achilles sees us*. "Tho' he abstains from the Fight, he still casts his Eye on the Battel; it
" is

“ is true, we are a brave Army, and yet keep our Ground, but
 “ still *Achilles* sees us, and we are not safe.” This Reflection
 makes him a God, a single Regard of whom can turn the
 Fate of Armies, and determine the Destiny of a whole Peo-
 ple. And how nobly is this Thought extended in the Pro-
 gress of the Poem, where we shall see in the 16th Book the
Trojans fly at the first Sight of his Armour, worn by *Parro-*
clus; and in the 18th their Defeat compleated by his sole Ap-
 pearance, unarm’d, on his Ship.

LIV.

VERSE 939. *Hector, with a bound, Leapt from his Chariot.*]
Hector having in the last Book alighted, and caused the *Tro-*
jans to leave their Chariots behind them, when they pass’d
 the Trench, and no mention of any Chariot but that of
Astus since occurring in the Battel; we must necessarily infer,
 either that *Homer* has neglected to mention the Advance of
 the Chariots, (a Circumstance which should not have been
 omitted), or else that he is guilty here of a great Mistake in
 making *Hector* leap from his Chariot. I think it evident,
 that this is really a Slip of the Poet’s Memory: For in this
 very Book, V. 533. we see *Polites* leads off his wounded Bro-
 ther to the Place where his Chariot remain’d behind the Ar-
 my. And again in the next Book, *Hector* being wounded,
 is carried out of the Battel in his Soldier’s Arms to the Place
 where his Horses and Chariot waited at a distance from
 the Battel,

—τὸν δ’ ἄρ’ ἑταῖροι
 Χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὃφρ’ ἴμεθ’ ἵππους
 Ωκέας οἱ δ’ ὀπίσθε μάχης ἢ δὲ πολέμοιο
 ἔβαισαν.— Lib. 14. V. 428.

But what puts it beyond Dispute, that the Chariots continued
 all this time in the Place where they first quitted them, is a Passage
 in the beginning of the fifteenth Book, where the *Trojans*
 being overpower’d by the *Greeks*, fly back over the Wall and
 Trench

Trench till they came to the Place where their Chariots stood,

Οἱ μὲν δὴ παρ' ὅχεσφι ἐρητύοντο μένοντες. *Lib. 15. V. 3.*

Neither *Eustathius* nor *Dacier* have taken any notice of this Incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuse. I must honestly own my Opinion, that there are several other Negligences of this kind in *Homer*. I cannot think otherwise of the Passage in the present Book concerning *Pylæmenes*; notwithstanding the Excuses of the Commentators which are there given. The very using the same Name in different Places for different Persons, confounds the Reader in the Story, and is what certainly would be better avoided: So that 'tis to no purpose to say, there might as well be two *Pylæmenes*'s as two *Schedius*'s, two *Eurymedons*, two *Ophelestes*'s, &c. since it is more blameable to be negligent in many Instances than in one. *Virgil* is not free from this, as *Macrobius* has observ'd. *Sat. l. 5. c. 15.* But the abovemention'd Names are Proofs of that Critick's being greatly mistaken in affirming that *Homer* is not guilty of the same. It is one of those many Errors he was led into, by his Partiality to *Homer* above *Virgil*.

LV.

VERSE 948. *And seem'd a moving Mountain topt with Snow.*] This Simile is very short in the Original, and requires to be open'd a little to discover its full Beauty. I am not of Mad. *Dacier*'s Opinion, that the Lustre of *Hector*'s Armour was that which furnish'd *Homer* with this Image; it seems rather to allude to the Plume upon his Helmet, in the Action of shaking which, this Hero is so frequently painted by our Author, and from thence distinguish'd by the remarkable Epithet κορυθαίολος. This is a very pleasing Image, and very much what the Painters call *Picturesque*. I fancy it gave the Hint for a very fine one in *Spenser*, where he represents the
Person

Person of *Contemplation* in the Figure of a venerable old Man almost consum'd with Study.

*His snowy Locks adown his Shoulders spread,
As hoary Frost with Spangles doth attire
The mossy Branches of an Oak half dead.*

LVI.

VERSE 965. *Ill-fated Paris.*] The Reproaches which *Hector* here casts on *Paris*, give us the Character of this Hero, who in many things resembles *Achilles*; being (like him) unjust, violent, and impetuous, and making no Distinction between the innocent and criminal. 'Tis he who is obstinate in attacking the Entrenchments, yet asks an Account of those who were slain in the Attack from *Paris*; and tho' he ought to blame himself for their Deaths, yet he speaks to *Paris*, as if thro' his Cowardice he had suffer'd these to be slain, whom he might have preserv'd if he had fought courageously. *Enstathius*.

LVII.

VERSE 1005. *Wide-rowling, foaming high, and tumbling to the Shore.*] I have endeavour'd in this Verse to imitate the Confusion, and broken Sound of the Original, which images the Tumult and roaring of many Waters.

Κύμα'α παφλάζον'α πολυφλοίσβοιο Θαλάσσης
Κυρῆ, φαληρίων'α.—

LVIII.

VERSE 1037. *Clouds of rolling Dust.*] A Critick might take occasion from hence, to speak of the exact time of the Year in which the Actions of the *Iliad* are suppos'd to have happen'd. And (according to the grave manner of a learned Dissertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it must be the Summer-Season, from the frequent mention made of Clouds of Dust: Tho' what he discovers might be

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full

full as well inferr'd from common Sense, the Summer being the natural Season for a Campaign. However he should quote all those Passages at large; and adding to the Article of *Dust* as much as he can find of the *Sweat* of the Heroes, it might fill three Pages very much to his own Satisfaction. It would look well to observe farther, that the Fields are describ'd flowery, *Il.* 2. *V.* 467. that the Branches of a Tamarisk Tree are flourishing, *Il.* 10. *V.* 767. that the Warriors sometimes wash themselves in the Sea, *Il.* 10. *V.* 572. and sometimes refresh themselves by cool Breezes from the Sea, *Il.* 11. *V.* 626. that *Diomed* sleeps out of his Tent on the Ground, *Il.* 10. *V.* 150. that the Flies are very busy about the dead Body of *Patroclus*, *Il.* 19. *V.* 23. that *Apollo* covers the Body of *Hector* with a Cloud to prevent its being scorcht, *Il.* 23. *V.* 190. All this would prove the very thing which was said at first, that it was Summer. He might next proceed to enquire, what precise critical Time of Summer? And here the mention of new-made Honey in *Il.* 11. *V.* 630. might be of great Service in the Investigation of this important Matter: He would conjecture from hence, that it must be near the end of Summer, Honey being seldom taken till that time; to which having added the Plague which rages in Book 1. and remark'd, that Infections of that kind generally proceed from the extremest Heats, which Heats are not till near the Autumn; the learned Enquirer might hug himself in this Discovery, and conclude with Triumph.

If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put in Practice, he may see what *Bossu* has done to determine the precise Season of the *Aeneid*, *lib.* 3. *ch.* 12. The Memory of that learned Critick fail'd him, when he produc'd as one of the Proofs that it was Autumn, a Passage in the 6th Book, where the Fall of the Leaf is only mention'd in a *Simile*. He has also found out a Beauty in *Homer*, which few even of his greatest Admirers can believe he intended; which is, that to the *Violence* and *Fury* of the *Iliad* he artfully adapted the *Heat* of *Summer*, but to the *Odysses* the cooler and maturer Season of *Autumn*, to correspond with the *Sedateness* and *Prudence* of *Ulysses*.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

NEstor sitting at the Table with Machaon, is alarm'd with the encreasing Clamour of the War, and hastens to Agamemnon: On his way he meets that Prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the Extremity of the Danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their Escape by Night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his Advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the Army with their Presence; which Advice is pursued. Juno seeing the Partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a Design to over-reach him; she sets off her Charms with the utmost Care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the Magick Girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and with some Difficulty, persuades him to seal the Eyes of Jupiter; this done she goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravish'd with her Beauty, sinks in her Embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes Advantage of his Slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the Ground with a prodigious Stone by Ajax, and carry'd off from the Battel: Several Actions succeed; till the Trojans much distress'd, are obliged to give way: The lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

T H E

T H E
FOURTEENTH BOOK
O F T H E
I L I A D.

BUT nor the genial Feast, nor flowing Bowl,
 Could charm the Cares of *Nestor's* watchful Soul;
 His startled Ears th' encreasing Cries attend;
 Then thus, impatient, to his wounded Friend.

What new Alarm, divine *Machaon* say, 5
 What mixt Events attend this mighty Day?
 Hark! how the Shouts divide, and how they meet,
 And now come full, and thicken to the Fleet!
 Here, with the cordial Draught, dispel thy Care,
 Let *Hecamede* the strength'ning Bath prepare, 10
 Refresh thy Wound, and cleanse the clotted Gore;
 While I th' Adventures of the Day explore.

B b

He

He said: and seizing *Thrasimedes'* Shield,
 (His valiant Offspring) hasten'd to the Field;
 15 (That Day, the Son his Father's Buckler bore)
 Then snatch'd a Lance, and issu'd from the Door.
 Soon as the Prospect open'd to his View,
 His wounded Eyes the Scene of Sorrow knew;
 Dire Difarray! the Tumult of the Fight,
 20 The Wall in Ruins, and the *Greeks* in Flight.
 As when old Ocean's silent Surface sleeps,
 The Waves just heaving on the purple Deep;
 While yet th' expected Tempest hangs on high,
 Weighs down the Cloud, and blackens in the Sky,
 25 The Masses of Waters will no Wind obey;
 Jove sends one Gust, and bids them roll away.
 While wav'ring Counsels thus his Mind engage,
 Fluctuates, in doubtful Thought, the *Pylian* Sage;
 To join the Host, or to the Gen'ral haste,
 30 Debating long, he fixes on the last:
 Yet, as he moves, the Fight his Bosom warms;
 The Field rings dreadful with the Clang of Arms;
 The gleaming Faulchions flash, the Javelins fly;
 Blows echo Blows, and all, or kill, or die.

Him,

Him, in his March, the wounded Princes meet, 35
 By tardy Steps ascending from the Fleet.
 The King of Men, *Ulysses* the divine,
 And who to *Tydens* owes his noble Line.
 (Their Ships at distance from the Battel stand,
 In Lines advanc'd along the shelving Strand; 40
 Whose Bay, the Fleet unable to contain
 At length, beside the Margin of the Main,
 Rank above Rank, the crowded Ships they moor;
 Who landed first lay highest on the Shore.)
 Supported on their Spears, they took their way, 45
 Unfit to fight, but anxious for the Day.
Nestor's Approach alarm'd each *Grecian* Breast,
 Whom thus the Gen'ral of the Host addrest.

O Grace and Glory of th' *Achaian* Name!
 What drives thee, *Nestor*, from the Field of Fame? 50
 Shall then proud *Hector* see his Boast fulfill'd,
 Our Fleets in Ashes, and our Heroes kill'd?
 Such was his Threat, ah now too soon made good,
 On many a *Grecian* Bosom writ in Blood.
 Is ev'ry Heart inflam'd with equal Rage 55
 Against your King, nor will one Chief engage?

And

And have I liv'd to see with mournful Eyes
In ev'ry *Greek* a new *Achilles* rise?

Gerenian Nestor then. So Fate has will'd ;
60 And all-confirming Time has Fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aerial Bow'r,
Not *Jove* himself, upon the Past has pow'r.
The Wall, our late inviolable Bound,
And best Defence, lies smoaking on the Ground :
65 Ev'n to the Ships their conqu'ring Arms extend,
And Groans of slaughter'd *Greeks* to Heav'n ascend.
On speedy Measures then employ your Thought ;
In such Distress if Counsel profit ought ;
Arms cannot much : Tho' *Mars* our Souls incite,
70 These gaping Wounds withhold us from the Fight.
To him the Monarch. That our Army bends,
That *Troy* triumphant our high Fleet ascends,
And that the Rampart, late our surest Trust,
And best Defence, lies smoaking in the Dust ;
75 All this from *Jove's* afflictive Hand we bear :
Who, far from *Argos*, wills our Ruin here.
Past are the Days when happier *Greece* was blest,
And all his Favour, all his Aid confest ;

Now

Now Heav'n averse, our Hands from Battel ties,
And lifts the *Trojan* Glory to the Skies. 80

Cease we at length to waste our Blood in vain,
And launch what Ships lie nearest to the Main;
Leave these at Anchor till the coming Night:
Then if impetuous *Troy* forbear the Fight,
Bring all to Sea, and hoist each Sail for flight. } 85
Better from Evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the Danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage *Ulysses* thus replies,
While Anger flash'd from his disdainful Eyes.
What shameful Words, (unkingly as thou art) 90
Fall from that trembling Tongue, and tim'rous Heart?
Oh were thy Sway the Curse of meaner Pow'rs,
And thou the Shame of any Host but ours!
A Host, by *Jove* endu'd with martial Might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in Fight: 95
Advent'rous Combats and bold Wars to wage,
Employ'd our Youth, and yet employs our Age.
And wilt thou thus desert the *Trojan* Plain?
And have whole Streams of Blood been spilt in vain?

100 In such base Sentence if thou couch thy Fear,
Speak it in Whispers, lest a *Greek* should hear.

Lives there a Man so dead to Fame, who dares
To think such Meanness, or the Thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him, whose sov'reign Sway

105 The banded Legions of all *Greece* obey?

Is this a Gen'ral's Voice, that calls to flight,
While War hangs doubtful, while his Soldiers fight?
What more could *Troy*? What yet their Fate denies
Thou giv'st the Foe: all *Greece* becomes their Prize.

110 No more the Troops, our hoisted Sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd, shall the Fight pursue,
Thy Ships first flying with Despair shall see,
And owe Destruction to a Prince like thee.

Thy just Reproofs (*Atrides* calm replies)

115 Like Arrows pierce me, for thy Words are wise.

Unwilling as I am to lose the Host,
I force not *Greece* to quit this hateful Coast.
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Ought, more conducive to our Weal, unfold.

120 *Tydidēs* cut him short, and thus began.

Such Counsel if you seek, behold the Man

Who

Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
 Young tho' he be, disdain not to obey:
 A Youth, who from the mighty *Tydeus* springs,
 May speak to Councils and assembled Kings. 125
 Hear then in me the great *Oenides'* Son,
 Whose honour'd Dust (his Race of Glory run)
 Lies whelm'd in Ruins of the *Theban* Wall,
 Brave in his Life, and glorious in his Fall.
 With three bold Sons was gen'rous *Prothous* blest, 130
 Who *Pleuron's* Walls and *Calydon* possess;
Melas and *Agrius*, but (who surpass
 The rest in Courage) *Oeneus* was the last.
 From him, my Sire: from *Calydon* expell'd,
 He fled to *Argos*, and in Exile dwell'd; 135
 The Monarch's Daughter there (so *Jove* ordain'd)
 He won, and flourish'd where *Adrastus* reign'd:
 There rich in Fortune's Gifts, his Acres till'd,
 Beheld his Vines their liquid Harvest yield,
 And num'rous Flocks, that whiten'd all the Field. 140
 Such *Tydeus* was, the foremost once in Fame!
 Nor lives in *Greece* a Stranger to his Name.

Then,

Then, what for common Good my Thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the Son, respect the Sire.

145 Tho' fore of Battel, tho' with Wounds oppress'd,
Let each go forth, and animate the rest,
Advance the Glory which he cannot share,
Tho' not Partaker, Witness of the War.

But lest new Wounds on Wounds o'erpower us quite,
150 Beyond the missile Javelin's sounding Flight,
Safe let us stand ; and from the Tumult far,
Inspire the Ranks, and rule the distant War.

He added not : The list'ning Kings obey,
Slow moving on ; *Atrides* leads the way.

155 The God of Ocean (to inflame their Rage)
Appears a Hero furrow'd o'er with Age ;
Prest in his own, the Gen'ral's Hand he took,
And thus the venerable Warrior spoke.

Atrides, lo ! with what disdainful Eye
160 *Achilles* sees his Country's Forces fly :

Blind impious Man ! whose Anger is his Guide,
Who glories in inutterable Pride !

So may he perish, so may *Jove* disclaim
The Wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with Shame !

But

But Heav'n forsakes not thee : O'er yonder Sands 165
 Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd *Trojan* Bands
 Fly diverse ; while proud Kings, and Chiefs renown'd
 Driv'n Heaps on Heaps, with Clouds involv'd around
 Of rolling Dust, their winged Wheels employ,
 To hide their ignominious Heads in *Troy*. 170

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warring Crew ;
 And sent his Voice before him as he flew,
 Loud, as the Shout encountring Armies yield,
 When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring Field ;
 Such was the Voice, and such the thund'ring Sound 175
 Of him, whose Trident rends the solid Ground.
 Each *Argive* Bosom beats to meet the Fight,
 And grizly War appears a pleasing Sight.

Meantime *Saturnia* from *Olympus'* Brow,
 High-thron'd in Gold, beheld the Fields below ; 180
 With Joy the glorious Conflict she survey'd,
 Where her great Brother gave the *Grecians* Aid.
 But plac'd aloft, on *Ida's* shady Height
 She sees her *Jove*, and trembles at the Sight.
Jove to deceive, what Methods shall she try, 185
 What Arts, to blind his all-beholding Eye?

At length she trusts her Pow'r ; resolv'd to prove
‘ The old, yet still successful, Cheat of Love ;
Against his Wisdom to oppose her Charms,
90 And lull the Lord of Thunders in her Arms.
Swift to her bright Apartment she repairs,
Sacred to Dress, and Beauty's pleasing Cares :
With Skill divine had *Vulcan* form'd the Bow'r,
Safe from Access of each intruding Pow'r.
195 Touch'd with her secret Key, the Doors unfold ;
Self-clos'd behind her shut the Valves of Gold.
Here first she bathes ; and round her Body pours
Soft Oils of Fragrance, and ambrosial Show'rs :
The Winds perfum'd, the balmy Gale convey
200 Thro' Heav'n, thro' Earth, and all th'aerial Way ;
Spirit divine ! whose Exhalation greets
The Sense of Gods with more than mortal Sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of Heav'n, with decent Pride
Her artful Hands the radiant Tresses ty'd ;
205 Part on her Head in shining Ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her Shoulders wav'd like melted Gold.
Around her next a heav'nly Mantle flow'd,
That rich with *Pallas'* labour'd Colours glow'd ;

Large

Large Clasps of Gold the Foldings gather'd round,
A golden Zone her swelling Bosom bound. 210
Far-beaming Pendants tremble in her Ear,
Each Gemm illumin'd with a triple Star.
Then o'er her Head she casts a Veil more white
Than new fal'n Snow, and dazling as the Light.
Last her fair Feet celestial Sandals grace. 215
Thus issuing radiant, with majestic Pace,
Forth from the Dome th'Imperial Goddess moves,
And calls the Mother of the *Smiles* and *Loves*.

How long (to *Venus* thus apart she cry'd)
Shall human Strifes celestial Minds divide? 220
Ah yet, will *Venus* aid *Saturnia's* Joy,
And set aside the Cause of *Greece* and *Troy*?

Let Heav'n's dread Empress (*Cytheræa* said)
Speak her Request, and deem her Will obey'd.
Then grant me (said the Queen) those conqu'ring 225
Charms,
That Pow'r, which Mortals and Immortals warms,
That Love, which melts Mankind in fierce Desires,
And burns the Sons of Heav'n with sacred Fires!

For

For lo! I haste to those remote Abodes,
 230 Where the great Parents (sacred Source of Gods!)
Ocean and *Tethys* their old Empire keep,
 On the last Limits of the Land and Deep.
 In their kind Arms my tender Years were past;
 What-time old *Saturn*, from *Olympus* cast,
 235 Of upper Heav'n to *Jove* resign'd the Reign,
 Whelm'd under the huge Mass of Earth and Main.
 For Strife, I hear, has made the Union cease,
 Which held so long that ancient Pair in Peace.
 What Honour, and what Love shall I obtain,
 240 If I compose those fatal Feuds again?
 Once more their Minds in mutual Ties engage,
 And what my Youth has ow'd, repay their Age.

She said. With Awe divine the Queen of Love
 Obey'd the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*:
 245 And from her fragrant Breast the Zone unbrac'd,
 With various Skill and high Embroid'ry grac'd.
 In this was ev'ry Art, and ev'ry Charm,
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
 Fond Love, the gentle Vow, the gay Desire,
 250 The kind Deceit, the still-reviving Fire,

2
 Persuasive

Persuasive Speech, and more persuasive Sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and Eloquence of Eyes.
 This on her Hand the *Cyprian* Goddess lay'd ;
 Take this, and with it all thy Wish, she said:
 With Smiles she took the Charm ; and smiling prest ²⁵⁵
 The pow'rful *Cestus* to her snowy Breast.

Then *Venus* to the Courts of *Jove* withdrew ;
 Whilst from *Olympus* pleas'd *Saturnia* flew.
 O'er high *Pieria* thence her Course she bore,
 O'er fair *Emathia's* ever pleasing Shore, ²⁶⁰
 O'er *Hæmus'* Hills with Snows eternal crown'd ;
 Nor once her flying Foot approach'd the Ground.
 Then taking wing from *Athos'* lofty Steep,
 She speeds to *Lemnos* o'er the rowling Deep,
 And seeks the Cave of Death's half-Brother, *Sleep*. ²⁶⁵

Sweet pleasing Sleep ! (*Saturnia* thus began)
 Who spread'st thy Empire o'er each God and Man ;
 If e'er obsequious to thy *Juno's* Will,
 O Pow'r of Slumbers ! hear, and favour still.
 Shed thy soft Dews on *Jove's* immortal Eyes, ²⁷⁰
 While sunk in Love's entrancing Joys he lies.

A splendid Footstool, and a Throne, that shine
 With Gold unfading, *Somnus*, shall be thine;
 The Work of *Vulcan*; to indulge thy Ease,
 275 When Wine and Feasts thy golden Humours please.
 Imperial Dame (the balmy Pow'r replies)
 Great *Saturn's* Heir, and Empress of the Skies!
 O'er other Gods I spread my easy Chain;
 The Sire of all, old *Ocean*, owns my Reign,
 280 And his hush'd Waves lie silent on the Main.
 But how, unbidden, shall I dare to sleep
Jove's awful Temples in the Dew of Sleep?
 Long since too vent'rous, at thy bold Command,
 On those eternal Lids I laid my Hand;
 285 What-time, deserting *Elion's* wasted Plain,
 His conqu'ring Son, *Alcides*, plow'd the Main:
 When lo! the Deeps arise, the Tempests roar,
 And drive the Hero to the *Cean* Shore:
 Great *Jove* awaking, shook the blest Abodes,
 290 With rising Wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
 Me chief he fought, and from the Realms on high
 Had hurl'd indignant to the nether Sky,

— A

— A

But

But gentle *Night*, to whom I fled for Aid,
(The Friend of Earth and Heav'n) her Wings display'd;
Impow'r'd the Wrath of Gods and Men to tame, 295
Ev'n *Jove* rever'd the Venerable Dame.

Vain are thy Fears (the Queen of Heav'n replies,
And speaking rolls her large, majestic Eyes)
Think'st thou that *Troy* has *Jove's* high Favour won,
Like great *Alcides*, his all-conqu'ring Son? 300
Hear, and obey the Mistress of the Skies,
Nor for the Deed expect a vulgar Prize;
For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
The youngest *Grace*, *Pasithee* the divine.

Swear then (he said) by those tremendous Floods 305
That roar thro' Hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great Parent Earth one Hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred Main.
Call the black Gods that round *Saturnus* dwell,
To hear, and witness from the Depths of Hell; 310
That, she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest *Grace*, *Pasithee* the divine.

The Queen assents, and from th' infernal Bow'rs
Invokes the fable Subtartarean Pow'rs,

And

315 And those who rule th' inviolable Floods,
Whom Mortals name the dread *Titanian* Gods.

Then swift as Wind, o'er *Lemnos* smoaky Isle,
They wing their way, and *Imbrus'* Sea-beat Soil,
Thro' Air unseen involv'd in Darkness glide,

320 And light on *Lectos*, on the Point of *Ida*.
(Mother of Savages, whose echoing Hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred Rills)
Fair *Ida* trembles underneath the God;
Hush'd are her Mountains, and her Forests nod.

325 There on a Fir, whose spiry Branches rise
To join its Summit to the neighb'ring Skies,
Dark in embow'ring Shade, conceal'd from Sight,
Sate *Sleep*, in Likeness of the Bird of Night,
(*Chalcis* his Name with those of heav'nly Birth,
330 But call'd *Cymindis* by the Race of Earth.)

To *Ida's* Top successful *Juno* flies:

Great *Jove* surveys her with desiring Eyes:

The God, whose Light'ning sets the Heav'ns on fire,
Thro' all his Bosom feels the fierce Desire;

335 Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her Charms,
Mix'd with her Soul, and melted in her Arms.

Fix'd

Fix'd on her Eyes he fed his eager Look,
Then prefs'd her Hand, and thus with Transport spoke.

Why comes my Goddess from th' æthereal Sky,
And not her Steeds and flaming Chariot nigh? 340

Then she----I haste to those remote Abodes,
Where the great Parents of the deathless Gods,
The rev'rend *Ocean* and grey *Tethys* reign,
On the last Limits of the Land and Main.

I visit these, to whose indulgent Cares 345
I owe the nursing of my tender Years.

For Strife, I hear, has made that Union cease
Which held so long this ancient Pair in Peace.

The Steeds, prepar'd my Chariot to convey 350
O'er Earth and Seas, and thro' th' aerial way,

Wait under *Idæ*: Of thy superior Pow'r
To ask Consent, I leave th' *Olympian* Bow'r;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred Cells
Deep under Seas, where hoary *Ocean* dwells.

For that (said *Jove*) suffice another Day; 355
But eager Love denies the least Delay.
Let softer Cares the present Hour employ,
And be these Moments sacred all to Joy.

Hail!

F f

Ne'er

Ne'er did my Soul so strong a Passion prove,
 360 Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly Love:
 Not when I press'd *Ixion's* matchless Dame,
 Whence rose *Perithous* like the Gods in Fame.
 Not when fair *Danaë* felt the Show'r of Gold
 Stream into Life, whence *Perseus* brave and bold.
 365 Not thus I burn'd for either *Theban* Dame,
 (*Bacchus* from this, from that *Alcides* came)
 Not *Phoenix'* Daughter, beautiful and young,
 Whence godlike *Rhadamanth* and *Minos* sprung.
 Not thus I burn'd for fair *Latona's* Fate,
 370 Nor comelier *Ceres'* more majestic Grace.
 Not thus ev'n for thy self I felt Desire,
 As now my Veins receive the pleasing Fire.
 He spoke; the Goddess with the charming Eyes
 Glows with celestial Red; and thus replies.
 375 Is this a Scene for Love? On *Ida's* Height,
 Expos'd to mortal and immortal Sight;
 Our Joys prophan'd by each familiar Eye;
 The Sport of Heav'n, and Fable of the Sky;
 How shall I e'er review the blest Abodes,
 380 Or mix among the Senate of the Gods?

Shall

Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd Charms,
 All Heav'n beholds me recent from thy Arms?
 With Skill divine has *Vulcan* form'd thy Bow'r,
 Sacred to Love and to the genial Hour;
 If such thy Will, to that Recess retire, 385
 And secret there indulge thy soft Desire.

She ceas'd, and smiling with superior Love,
 Thus answer'd mild the Cloud-compelling *Jove*.
 Nor God, nor Mortal shall our Joys behold,
 Shaded with Clouds, and circumfus'd in Gold, 390
 Not ev'n the Sun, who darts thro' Heav'n his Rays,
 And whose broad Eye th' extended Earth surveys.

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
 His eager Arms around the Goddess threw.
 Glad Earth perceives, and from her Bosom pours 395
 Unbidden Herbs, and voluntary Flow'rs;
 Thick new-born Violets a soft Carpet spread,
 And clust'ring *Lotos* swell'd the rising Bed,
 And sudden Hyacinths the Turf bestrow,
 And flamy *Crocus* made the Mountain glow. 400
 There golden Clouds conceal the heavenly Pair,
 Steep'd in soft Joys, and circumfus'd with Air;

Cele-

Celestial Dews, descending o'er the Ground,
 Perfume the Mount, and breathe *Ambrosia* round.

405 At length with Love and Sleep's soft Pow'r oppress'd,
 The panting Thund'rer nods, and sinks to Rest.

Now to the Navy born on silent Wings,
 To *Neptune*'s Ear soft *Sleep* his Message brings;
 Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
 410 And thus with gentle Words address'd the God.

Now, *Neptune*! now, th'important Hour employ,
 To check a while the haughty Hopes of *Troy*:
 While *Jove* yet rests, while yet my Vapours shed
 The golden Vision round his sacred Head;
 415 For *Juno*'s Love, and *Somnus*' pleasing Ties,
 Have clos'd those awful and eternal Eyes.

Thus having said, the Pow'r of Slumber flew,
 On human Lids to drop the balmy Dew.
Neptune, with Zeal encreas'd, renews his Care,
 420 And tow'ring in the foremost Ranks of War,
 Indignant thus---Oh once of martial Fame!
 O *Greeks*! if yet ye can deserve the Name!
 This half-recover'd Day shall *Troy* obtain?
 Shall *Hector* thunder at your Ships again?

Lo

Lo still he vaunts, and threats the Fleet with Fires, 425
While stern *Achilles* in his Wrath retires.

One Hero's Loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still your selves, and we shall need no more.

Oh yet, if Glory any Bosom warms,

Brace on your firmest Helms, and stand to Arms! 430

His strongest Spear each valiant *Grecian* wield,

Each valiant *Grecian* seize his broadest Shield;

Let, to the weak, the lighter Arms belong,

The pond'rous Targe be wielded by the strong.

(Thus arm'd) not *Hector* shall our Presence stay; 435

My self, ye *Greeks*! my self will lead the way.

The Troops assent; their martial Arms they change,

The busy Chiefs their banded Legions range.

The Kings, tho' wounded, and oppress'd with Pain,

With helpful Hands themselves assist the Train. 440

The strong and cumb'rous Arms the valiant wield,

The weaker Warrior takes a lighter Shield.

Thus sheath'd in shining Brass, in bright Array,

The Legions march, and *Neptune* leads the way:

His brandish'd Faulchion flames before their Eyes, 445

Like Light'ning flashing thro' the frightened Skies.

G g

Clad

Clad in his Might th' Earth-shaking Pow'r appears;
Pale Mortals tremble, and confess their Fears.

Troy's great Defender stands alone unaw'd,

450 Arms his proud Host, and dares oppose a God:

And lo! the God, and wond'rous Man appear;

The Sea's great Ruler there, and *Hector* here.

The roaring Main, at her great Master's Call,

Rose in huge Ranks, and form'd a watry Wall

455 Around the Ships: Seas hanging o'er the Shores,

Both Armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.

Not half so loud the bellowing Deeps resound,

When stormy Winds disclose the dark Profound;

Less loud the Winds, that from th' *Æolian* Hall

460 Roar thro' the Woods, and make whole Forests fall;

Less loud the Woods, when Flames in Torrents pour,

Catch the dry Mountain, and its Shades devour.

With such a Rage the meeting Hosts are driv'n,

And such a Clamour shakes the sounding Heav'n.

465 The first bold Javelin urg'd by *Hector*'s Force,

Direct at *Ajax*' Bosom wing'd its Course;

But there no Pass the crossing Belts afford,

(One brac'd his Shield, and one sustain'd his Sword.)

Then

Then back the disappointed Trojan drew, and I saw
 And curs'd the Lance that unavailing flew : 470
 But 'scap'd not Ajax ; His tempestuous Hand hurl'd
 A ponderous Stone upheaving from the Sand,
 (Where Heaps lay'd loose beneath the Warrior's Feet,
 Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the Fleet)
 Toss'd round and round, the massive Marble flings ; 475
 On the raz'd Shield the falling Ruin rings ;
 Full on his Breast and Throat with Force descends ;
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy Fury spends ;
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
 Smoaks in the Dust, and ploughs into the Ground. 480
 As when the Bolt, red-hissing from above,
 Darts on the consecrated Plant of Jove,
 The Mountain-Oak in flaming Ruin lies,
 Black from the Blow, and Smoaks of Sulphur rise ;
 Stiff with Amaze the pale Beholders stand, 485
 And own the Terrors of th' Almighty Hand !
 So lies great Hector prostrate on the Shore ;
 His slacken'd Hand deserts the Lance it bore ;
 His following Shield the fallen Chief o'erspread ;
 Beneath his Helmet drop'd his fainting Head ; 490

His

His Load of Armour, sinking to the Ground,
 Clanks on the Field; a dead, and hollow Sound. A
 Loud Shouts of Triumph fill the crowded Plain; &
 Greece fees, in hope, Troy's great Defender slain: A
 495 All spring to seize him; Storms of Arrows fly;
 And thicker Javelins intercept the Sky.
 In vain an Iron Tempest hisses round;
 He lies protected, and without a Wound.
Polydamus, *Agenor* the divine,
 500 The pious Warrior of *Anchises*' Line,
 And each bold Leader of the *Lycian* Band;
 With cov'ring Shields (a friendly Circle) stand.
 His mournful Followers with assistant Care,
 The groaning Hero to his Chariot bear;
 505 His foaming Coursers, swifter than the Wind,
 Speed to the Town, and leave the War behind.

When now they touch'd the Mead's enamel'd Side,
 Where gentle *Xanthus* rolls his easy Tyde,
 With watry Drops the Chief they sprinkle round,
 510 Plac'd on the Margin of the flow'ry Ground.
 Rais'd on his Knees, he now ejects the Gore;
 Now faints anew, low-sinking on the Shore;

By

By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting Skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming Eyes.

Soon as the *Greeks* the Chief's Retreat beheld, 515
With double Fury each invades the Field.

Oilean Ajax first his Javelin sped,
Pierc'd by whose Point, the Son of *Enops* bled;
(*Satnius* the brave, whom beauteous *Neis* bore
Amidst her Flocks on *Satnio's* silver Shore) 520
Struck thro' the Belly's Rim, the Warrior lies
Supine, and Shades eternal veil his Eyes.

An arduous Battel rose around the dead;
By turns the *Greeks*, by turns the *Trojans* bled.
Fir'd with Revenge, *Polydamas* drew near, 525
And at *Prothænor* shook the trembling Spear;
The driving Javelin thro' his Shoulder thrust,
He sinks to Earth, and grasps the bloody Dust.

Lo thus (the Victor cries) we rule the Field,
And thus their Arms the Race of *Panthus* wield: 530
From this unerring Hand there flies no Dart
But bathes its Point within a *Grecian* Heart.

Propt on that Spear to which thou ow'st thy Fall,
Go, guide thy darksome Steps, to *Pluto's* dreary Hall!

H h

He

535 He said, and Sorrow touch'd each *Argive* Breast :

The Soul of *Ajax* burn'd above the rest.

As by his side the groaning Warrior fell,

At the fierce Foe he launch'd his piercing Steel ;

The Foe reclining, shunn'd the flying Death ;

540 But Fate, *Archelochus*, demands thy Breath :

Thy lofty Birth no Succour could impart,

The Wings of Death o'ertook thee on the Dart,

Swift to perform Heav'n's fatal Will it fled,

Full on the Juncture of the Neck and Head,

545 And took the Joint, and cut the Nerves in twain :

The dropping Head first tumbled to the Plain.

So just the Stroke, that yet the Body stood

Erect, then roll'd along the Sands in Blood.

Here, proud *Polydamas*, here turn thy Eyes !

550 (The tow'ring *Ajax* loud-insulting cries)

Say, is this Chief, extended on the Plain,

A worthy Vengeance for *Prothænor* slain ?

Mark well his Port ! his Figure and his Face

Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar Race ;

555 Some Lines, methinks, may make his Lineage known,

Antenor's Brother, or perhaps his Son.

He

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding Youth: *Troy* sadden'd at the View.
But furious *Acamas* aveng'd his Cause;
As *Promachus* his slaughter'd Brother draws, 560
He pierc'd his Heart---Such Fate attends you all,
Proud *Argives*! destin'd by our Arms to fall.
Not *Troy* alone, but haughty *Greece* shall share
The Toils, the Sorrows, and the Wounds of War.
Behold your *Promachus* depriv'd of Breath, 565
A Victim ow'd to my brave Brother's Death.
Not unappeas'd, He enters *Pluto's* Gate,
Who leaves a Brother to revenge his Fate.

Heart-piercing Anguish struck the *Grecian* Host,
But touch'd the Breast of bold *Peneleus* most: 570
At the proud Boaster he directs his Course;
The Boaster flies, and shuns superior Force.
But young *Ilioneus* receiv'd the Spear,
Ilioneus, his Father's only Care:
(*Phorbas* the rich, of all the *Trojan* Train 575
Whom *Hermes* lov'd, and taught the Arts of Gain)
Full in his Eye the Weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the Fibres scoop'd the rooted Ball,
Drove

Drove thro' the Neck, and hurl'd him to the Plain;
580 He lifts his miserable Arms in vain!

Swift his broad Faulchion fierce *Peneleus* spread,
And from the spouting Shoulders struck his Head;
To Earth at once the Head and Helmét fly;
The Lance, yet sticking thro' the bleeding Eye,
585 The Victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
The goary Visage, thus insulting spoke.

Trojans! your great *Ilioneus* behold!

Haste, to his Father let the Tale be told:
Let his high Roofs resound with frantic Woe,
590 Such, as the House of *Promachus* must know;
Let doleful Tidings greet his Mother's Ear,
Such, as to *Promachus'* sad Spouse we bear;
When we, victorious, shall to *Greece* return,
And the pale Matron in our Triumphs mouth.

595 Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the Head on high;
The *Trojans* hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze, around the Fleet and Wall,
And dread the Ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of *Jove!* that on *Olympus* shine,
600 Ye all-beholding, all-recording *Nine!*

O say,

O say, when *Neptune* made proud *Ilion* yield,
What Chief, what Hero first embu'd the Field?
Of all the *Grecians*, what immortal Name,
And whose blest Trophies, will ye raise to Fame?

Thou first, great *Ajax*! on th' enfanguin'd Plain ⁶⁰⁵
Laid *Hyrtius*, Leader of the *Myſian* Train.
Phalces and *Mermer*, *Nestor's* Son o'erthrew,
Bold *Merion*, *Morys* and *Hippotion* flew.
Strong *Periphætēs* and *Prothoön* bled,
By *Teucer's* Arrows mingled with the dead. ⁶¹⁰
Pierc'd in the Flank by *Menelaus'* Steel,
His People's Paſtor, *Hyperenor* fell;
Eternal Darkneſs wrapt the Warrior round,
And the fierce Soul came ruſhing thro' the Wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before *Oileus'* Son, ⁶¹⁵
Fall mighty Numbers; mighty Numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the *Grecian* Race
Skill'd in Purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the Chace.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Fourteenth Book.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK.

I.

THE Poet, to advance the Character of *Nestor*, and give us a due Esteem for his Conduct and Circumspection, represents him as deeply solicitous for the common Good: In the very Article of Mirth or Relaxation from the Toils of War, he is all Attention to learn the Fate and Issue of the Battel: And through his long Use and Skill in martial Events, he judges from the Quality of the Uproar still encreasing, that the Fortune of the Day is held no longer in suspense, but inclines to one side. *Eu-
stathius.*

II.

VERSE I. *But nor the Genial Feast.*] At the end of the 11th Book we left *Nestor* at the Table with *Machaon*. The Attack of the Entrenchments, describ'd thro' the 12th and 13th Books, happen'd while *Nestor* and *Machaon* sat at the Table; nor is there any Improbability herein, since there is nothing perform'd in those two Books, but what might naturally happen in the Space of two Hours. *Homer* constantly

ly follows the Thread of his Narration, and never suffers his Reader to forget the Train of Action, or the time it employs. *Dacier.*

III.

[VERSE 10. *Let Hecamede the Bath prepare.*] The Custom of Women officiating to Men in the Bath was usual in ancient Times. Examples are frequent in the *Odyssæis*. And it is not at all more odd, or to be sneer'd at, than the Custom now us'd in *France*, of *Valets de Chambres* dressing and undressing Ladies.

IV.

VERSE 21. *As when old Ocean's silent Surface sleeps.*] There are no where more finish'd Pictures of Nature, than those which *Homer* draws in several of his Comparisons. The Beauty however of some of these will be lost to many, who cannot perceive the Resemblance, having never had Opportunity to observe the things themselves. The Life of this Description will be most sensible to those who have been at Sea in a Calm: In this Condition the Water is not entirely motionless, but swells gently in smooth Waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing Motion: This State continues till a rising Wind gives a Determination to the Waves, and rolls 'em one certain way. There is scarce any thing in the whole Compass of Nature that can more exactly represent the State of an irresolute Mind, wavering between two different Designs, sometimes inclining to the one, sometimes to the other, and then moving to the Point to which its Resolution is at last determin'd. Every Circumstance of this Comparison is both beautiful and just; and it is the more to be admir'd, because it is very difficult to find sensible Images proper to represent the Motions of the Mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with such Comparisons even in the best Poets. There is one of great Beauty in *Virgil*, upon a Subject very like this, where he compares his Hero's Mind, agitated with a great Variety and quick Succession

sion of Thoughts, to a dancing Light reflected from a Vessel of Water in Motion.

*Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æstu,
Atque animum, nunc huc, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partesq; rapit varias, perque omnia versat.
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen abenis
Sole percussum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
Omnia pervolat latè loca; jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.*

Æn. l. 8. V. 19.

V.

VERSE 30. *He fixes on the last.*] Nestor appears in this Place a great Friend to his Prince; for upon deliberating whether he should go through the Body of the Grecian Host, or else repair to Agamemnon's Tent; he determines at last, and judges it the best way to go to the latter. Now because it had been ill concerted to have made a Man of his Age walk a great way round about in quest of his Commander, Homer has order'd it so that he should meet Agamemnon in his way thither. And nothing could be better imagin'd than the reason, why the wounded Princes left their Tents; they were impatient to behold the Battel, anxious for its Success, and desirous to inspirit the Soldiers by their Presence. The Poet was obliged to give a reason; for in Epic Poetry, as well as in Dramatic, no Person ought to be introduced without some Necessity, or at least some Probability, for his Appearance. *Eustathius.*

VI.

VERSE 39. *Their Ships at distance, &c.*] Homer being always careful to distinguish each Scene of Action, gives a very particular Description of the Station of the Ships, shewing in what manner they lay drawn up on the Land. This he had only hinted at before; but here taking occasion on the wounded Heroes coming from their Ships, which were at a

L I

distance

distance from the Fight (while others were engag'd in the Defence of those Ships where the Wall was broke down) he tells us, that the Shore of the Bay (comprehended between the *Rhætan* and *Sigæan* Promontories) was not sufficient to contain the Ships in one Line; which they were therefore obliged to draw up in Ranks, ranged in parallel Lines along the Shore. How many of these Lines there were, the Poet does not determine. *M. Dacier*, without giving any reason for her Opinion, says they were but two; one advanced near the Wall, the other on the Verge of the Sea. But it is more than probable, that there were several intermediate Lines; since the Order in which the Vessels lay is here describ'd by a Metaphor taken from the Steps of a *Scaling-Ladder*; which had been no way proper to give an Image only of two Ranks, but very fit to represent a greater, tho' undetermin'd Number. That there were more than two Lines, may likewise be inferr'd from what we find in the beginning of the 11th Book; where it is said, that the Voice of *Discord*, standing on the Ship of *Ulysses*, in the middle of the Fleet, was heard as far as the Stations of *Achilles* and *Ajax*, whose Ships were drawn up in the two Extremities: Those of *Ajax* were nearest the Wall (as is expressly said in the 68th Verse of the 13th Book) and those of *Achilles* nearest the Sea, as appears from many Passages scatter'd thro' the *Iliad*.

It must be suppos'd, that those Ships were drawn highest upon Land, which first approached the Shore; the first Line therefore consisted of those who first disembark'd, which were the Ships of *Ajax* and *Protesilaus*; the latter of whom seems mention'd in the Verse above cited of the 13th Book, only to give occasion to observe this, for he was slain as he landed first of the *Greeks*. And accordingly we shall see in the 15th Book, it is his Ship that is first attack'd by the *Trojans*, as it lay the nearest to them.

We may likewise guess how it happens, that the Ships of *Achilles* were plac'd nearest to the Sea; for in the Answer of *Achilles* to *Ulysses* in the 9th Book, V. 328. he mentions a Naval Expedition he had made while *Agamemnon* lay safe in the Camp: So that his Ships at their Return did naturally lie next the Sea; which, without this Consideration, might

might appear a Station not so becoming this Hero's Courage.

VII.

VERSE 47. *Nestor's Approach alarm'd.*] That so laborious a Person as *Nestor* has been described, so indefatigable, so little indulgent of his extreme Age, and one that never receded from the Battel, should approach to meet them; this it was that struck the Princes with Amazement, when they saw he had left the Field. *Enstathius.*

VIII.

VERSE 81. *Cease we at length, &c.*] *Agamemnon* either does not know what Course to take in this Distress, or only sounds the Sentiments of his Nobles (as he did in the second Book of the whole Army.) He delivers himself first after *Nestor's* Speech, as it became a Counsellor to do. But knowing this Advice to be dishonourable, and unsuitable to the Character he assumes elsewhere, ἰδρώσει μὲν τοὶ Τελαμῶν, &c. and considering that he should do no better than abandon his Post, when before he had threaten'd the Deserters with Death; he reduces his Counsel into the Form of a Proverb, disguising it as handsomely as he can under a Sentence. *It is better to avoid an Evil, &c.* It is observable too how he has qualify'd the Expression: He does not say, to shun the Battel, for that had been unsoldierly, but he softens the Phrase, and calls it, to shun *Evil*: And this word *Evil* he applies twice together, in advising them to leave the Engagement.

It is farther remark'd, that this was the noblest Opportunity for a General to try the Temper of his Officers; for he knew that in a Calm of Affairs, it was common with most People either out of Flattery or Respect to submit to their Leaders: But in imminent Danger, Fear does not bribe them, but every one discovers his very Soul, valuing all other Considerations, in regard to his Safety, but in the second Place. He knew the Men he spoke to were prudent Persons, and not easy to cast them-

themselves into a precipitate Flight. He might likewise have a mind to recommend himself to his Army by the means of his Officers; which he was not very able to do of himself, angry as they were at him, for the Affront he had offer'd *Achilles*, and by Consequence thinking him the Author of all their present Calamities. *Eustathius*.

IX.

VERSE 92. *Oh were thy Sway the Curse of meaner Pow'rs,
And thou the Shame of any Host but ours.]*

This is a noble Complement to his Country and to the *Grecian* Army, to shew that it was an Impossibility for them to follow even their General in any thing that was cowardly, or shameful; tho' the Lives and Safeties of 'em all were concern'd in it.

X.

VERSE 104. *And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign Sway
The banded Legions of all Greece obey?]*

As who should say, that another Man might indeed have utter'd the same Advice, but it could not be a Person of Prudence; or if he had Prudence, he could not be a Governour, but a private Man; or if a Governour, yet one who had not a well-disciplin'd and obedient Army; or lastly, if he had an Army so condition'd, yet it could not be so large and numerous an one as that of *Agamemnon*. This is a fine Climax, and of a wonderful Strength. *Eustathius*.

XI.

VERSE 118. *Whoe'er, or young, or old, &c.]* This nearly resembles an ancient Custom at *Athens*, where in Times of Trouble and Distress, every one, of what Age or Quality soever, was invited to give in his Opinion with Freedom by the publick Cryer. *Eustathius*.

XII.

XII.

VERSE 120.] This Speech of *Diomed* is naturally introduced, beginning with an Answer, as if he had been call'd upon to give his Advice. The Counsel he proposes was that alone which could be of any real Service in their present Exigency: However since he ventures to advise where *Ulysses* is at a Loss, and *Nestor* himself silent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this Liberty by reminding them of his Birth and Descent, hoping thence to add to his Counsel a Weight and Authority which he could not from his Years and Experience. It can't indeed be deny'd that this historical Digression seems more out of Season than any of the same kind which we so frequently meet with in *Homer*, since his Birth and Parentage must have been sufficiently known to all at the Siege, as he here tells them. This must be own'd a Defect not altogether to be excus'd in the Poet, but which may receive some Alleviation, if consider'd as a Fault of Temperament. For he had certainly a strong Inclination to genealogical Stories, and too frequently takes occasion to gratify this Humour.

XIII.

VERSE 135. *He fled to Argos.*] This is a very artful Colour: He calls the Flight of his Father for killing one of his Brothers, *travelling and dwelling at Argos*, without mentioning the Cause and Occasion of his Retreat. What immediately follows (*so Jove ordain'd*) does not only contain in it a Disguise of his Crime, but is a just Motive likewise for our Compassion. *Eustathius.*

XIV.

VERSE 146. *Let each go forth and animate the rest.*] It is worth a Remark, with what Management and Discretion the Poet has brought these four Kings, and no more, towards
M m the

the Engagement, since these are sufficient alone to perform all that he requires. For *Nestor* proposes to them to enquire, if there be any way or means which Prudence can direct for their Security. *Agamemnon* attempts to discover that Method. *Ulysses* refutes him as one whose Method was dishonourable, but proposes no other Project. *Diomed* supplies that Deficiency, and shews what must be done: That wounded as they are, they should go forth to the Battel; for tho' they were not able to engage, yet their Presence would re-establish their Affairs by detaining in Arms those who might otherwise quit the Field. This Counsel is embrac'd, and readily obey'd by the rest. *Eustathius*.

XV.

VERSE 179. *The Story of Jupiter and Juno.*] I don't know a bolder Fiction in all Antiquity, than this of *Jupiter's* being deceiv'd and laid asleep, or that has a greater Air of Impiety and Absurdity. 'Tis an Observation of *Monf. de St. Evremond* upon the ancient Poets, which every one will agree to; “ that it is surprizing enough to find them so scrupulous to “ preserve Probability, in Actions purely human; and so “ ready to violate it, in representing the Actions of the Gods. “ Even those who have spoken more sagely than the rest, of “ their Nature, could not forbear to speak extravagantly of “ their Conduct. When they establish their Being and their “ Attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, “ perfectly wise, and perfectly good: But the Moment they “ represent them acting, there's no Weakness to which they “ do not make 'em stoop, and no Folly or Wickedness they “ do not make 'em commit.” The same Author answers this in another Place by remarking, “ that Truth was not “ the Inclination of the first Ages: A foolish Lye or a lucky “ Falshood gave Reputation to Impostors, and Pleasure to “ the credulous. 'Twas the whole Secret of the great and the “ wise to govern the simple and ignorant Herd. The vulgar, who pay a profound Reverence to mysterious Errors, “ would have despised plain Truth, and it was thought a “ piece of Prudence to deceive them. All the Discourses of “ the

“ the Ancients were fitted to so advantageous a Design.
 “ There was nothing to be seen but Fictions, Allegories,
 “ and Similitudes, and nothing was to appear as it was in
 “ itself.”

I must needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the Morality of this Fable; but what Colour of Excuse for it *Homer* might have from ancient Tradition, or what mystical or allegorical Sense might atone for the appearing Impiety, is hard to be ascertain'd at this distant Period of Time. That there had been before his Age a Tradition of *Jupiter's* being laid asleep, appears from the Story of *Hercules* at *Coos*, refer'd to by our Author, W. 285. There is also a Passage in *Diodorus*, lib. 1. c. 7. which gives some small Light to this Fiction. Among other Reasons which that Historian lays down to prove that *Homer* travell'd into *Egypt*, he alledges this Passage of the Interview of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, which he says was grounded upon an *Egyptian* Festival, *whereon the nuptial Ceremonies of these two Deities were celebrated, at which time both their Tabernacles, adorned with all sorts of Flowers, are carry'd by the Priests to the top of a high Mountain.* Indeed as the greatest Part of the Ceremonies of the ancient Religions consisted in some symbolical Representations of certain Actions of their Gods, or rather deify'd Mortals, so a great part of ancient Poetry consisted in the Description of the Actions exhibited in these Ceremonies. The Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* are a remarkable Instance of this kind, which, tho' under different Names, were celebrated by annual Representations, as well in *Egypt* as in several Nations of *Greece* and *Asia*: and to the Images which were carry'd in these Festivals, several ancient Poets were indebted for their most happy Descriptions. If the Truth of this Observation of *Diodorus* be admitted, the present Passage will appear with more Dignity, being grounded on Religion; and the Conduct of the Poet will be more justifiable, if that, which has been generally accounted an indecent wanton Fiction, should prove to be the Representation of a religious Solemnity. Considering the great Ignorance we are in of many ancient superstitious Ceremonies, there may be probably in *Homer* many Incidents entirely of this Nature; wherefore we ought to
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be reserv'd in our Censures, lest what we decry as wrong in the Poet, should prove only a Fault in his Religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any People, or any Age whatever, with Grossness in general, purely from the gross or absurd Ideas or Practices that are to be found in their Religions.

In the next Place, if we have recourse to Allegory, (which softens and reconciles every thing) it may be imagin'd that by the Congress of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, is meant the mingling of the *Æther* and the *Air* (which are generally said to be signify'd by these two Deities.) The Ancients believ'd the *Æther* to be Igneous, and that by its kind Influence upon the *Air* it was the Cause of all Vegetation: To which nothing more exactly corresponds, than the Fiction of the Earth putting forth her Flowers immediately upon this Congress. *Virgil* has some Lines in the second *Georgic*, that seem a perfect Explanation of the Fable into this Sense. In describing the Spring, he hints as if something of a vivifying Influence was at that time spread from the upper Heavens into the *Air*. He calls *Jupiter* expressly *Æther*, and represents him operating upon his Spouse for the Production of all things.

*Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus æther
Conjugis in gremio latæ descendit, & omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, foetus.
Parturit omnis ager, &c.*

But, be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this Fable in a theological or philosophical View, it is one of the most beautiful Pieces that ever was produc'd by Poetry. Neither does it want its Moral; an ingenious modern Writer (whom I am pleas'd to take any occasion of quoting) has given it us in these Words.

“ This Passage of *Homer* may suggest abundance of Instruction to a Woman who has a mind to preserve or recall the Affection of her Husband. The Care of her Person and Dress, with the particular Blandishments woven in the *Cestus*, are so plainly recommended by this Fable,

“ ble, and so indispensably necessary in every Female who de-
 “ fires to please, that they need no farther Explanation. The
 “ Discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial Quarrels
 “ from the Knowledge of others, is taught in the pretend-
 “ ed Visit to *Tethys*, in the Speech where *Juno* addresses her-
 “ self to *Venus*; as the chaste and prudent Management of
 “ a Wife’s Charms is intimated by the same Pretence for her
 “ appearing before *Jupiter*, and by the Concealment of the
 “ *Cestus* in her Bosom. I shall leave this Tale to the Consi-
 “ deration of such good Housewives who are never well dress’d
 “ but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to ap-
 “ pear more agreeable to all Men living than their Husbands:
 “ As also to those prudent Ladies, who, to avoid the Ap-
 “ pearance of being over-fond, entertain their Husbands
 “ with Indifference, Aversion, sullen Silence, or exasperating
 “ Language.”

XVI.

VERSE 191. *Swift to her bright Apartment she repairs, &c.*]
 This Passage may be of Consideration to the Ladies, and,
 for their sakes, I take a little Pains to observe upon it. *Ho-*
mer tells us that the very Goddesses, who are all over Charms,
 never dress in Sight of any one: The Queen of Heaven
 adorns herself in private, and the Doors lock after her. In
Homer there are no *Dieux des Ruelles*, no Gods are admitted
 to the Toilette.

I am afraid there are some earthly Goddesses of less Pru-
 dence, who have lost much of the Adoration of Mankind by
 the contrary Practice. *Lucretius* (a very good Judge in Gal-
 lantry) prescribes as a Cure to a desperate Lover, the frequent
 Sight of his Mistress undress’d. *Juno* herself has suffer’d a lit-
 tle by the very *Muse*’s peeping into her Chamber, since some
 nice Criticks are shock’d in this Place of *Homer* to find that
 the Goddess washes herself, which presents some Idea as if
 she was dirty. Those who have Delicacy will profit by this
 Remark.

XVII.

VERSE 198. *Soft Oils of Fragrance.*] The Practice of *Juno* in anointing her Body with perfumed Oils was a remarkable part of ancient *Cosmeticks*, tho' entirely disused in the modern Arts of Dress. It may possibly offend the Niceness of modern Ladies; but they who paint so artificially ought to consider that this Practice might, without much greater Difficulty, be reconciled to Cleanliness. This Passage is a clear Instance of the Antiquity of this Custom, and clearly determines against *Pliny*, who is of Opinion that it was not so ancient as those times, where, speaking of perfum'd Unguents, he says, *Quis primus invenerit non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant.* lib. 13. c. 1. Besides the Custom of anointing Kings among the *Jews*, which the Christians have borrow'd, there are several Allusions in the Old Testament which shew that this Practice was thought ornamental among them. The Psalmist, speaking of the Gifts of God, mentions Wine and Oil, the former to make glad the Heart of Man, and the latter to give him a chearful Countenance. It seems most probable that this was an Eastern Invention, agreeable to the Luxury of the *Asiatics*, among whom the most proper Ingredients for these Unguents were produc'd; from them this Custom was propagated among the *Romans*, by whom it was esteem'd a Pleasure of a very refin'd Nature. Whoever is curious to see Instances of their Expence and Delicacy therein, may be satisfy'd in the three first Chapters of the thirteenth Book of *Pliny's* Natural History.

XVIII.

VERSE 203. *Thus while she breath'd of Heav'n, &c.*] We have here a compleat Picture from Head to Foot of the Dress of the Fair Sex, and of the Mode between two and three thousand Years ago. May I have leave to observe the great Simplicity of *Juno's* Dress, in Comparison with the innumerable

numerable Equipage of a modern Toilette? The Goddess, even when she is setting herself out on the greatest Occasion, has only her own Locks to tie, a white Veil to cast over them, a Mantle to dress her whole Body, her Pendants, and her Sandals. This the Poet expressly says was *all her Dress*, [*πάντα κόσμον* ;] and one may reasonably conclude it was all that was used by the greatest Princesses and finest Beauties of those Times. The good *Eustathius* is ravish'd to find, that here are no Washes for the Face, no Dies for the Hair, and none of those artificial Embellishments since in Practice; he also rejoices not a little, that *Juno* has no Looking-Glass, Tire-Woman, or waiting Maid. One may preach till Doomsday on this Subject, but all the Commentators in the World will never prevail upon a Lady to stick one Pin the less in her Gown, except she can be convinced, that the ancient Dress will better set off her Person.

As the *Asiatics* always surpass'd the *Grecians* in whatever regarded Magnificence and Luxury, so we find their Women far gone in the contrary Extreme of Dress. There is a Passage in *Isaiab*, Ch. 3. that gives us a Particular of their Wardrobe, with the Number and Uselessness of their Ornaments; and which I think appears very well in Contrast to this of *Homer*. *The Bravery of their tinkling Ornaments about their Feet, and their Cauls, and their round Tires like the Moon: The Chains, and the Bracelets, and the Mufflers, the Bonnets, and the Ornaments of the Legs, and the Headbands, and the Tablets, and the Ear-rings, the Rings and Nose-jewels, the changeable Suits of Apparel, and the Mantles, and the Wimples, and the Crisping-Pins, the Glasses, and the fine Linnen, and the Hoods, and the Veils.*

I could be glad to ask the Ladies, which they should like best to imitate, the *Greeks*, or the *Asiatics*? I would desire those that are handsome and well-made, to consider, that the Dress of *Juno* (which is the same they see in *Statues*) has manifestly the Advantage of the present, in displaying whatever is beautiful: That the Charms of the *Neck* and *Breast* are not less laid open, than by the modern Stays; and that those of the *Leg* are more gracefully discover'd, than even by the Hoop-petticoat: That the fine Turn of the *Arms* is better observ'd:

serv'd: and that several natural Graces of the *Shape* and *Body* appear much more conspicuous. It is not to be deny'd but the *Asiatic* and our present Modes were better contriv'd to conceal some People's *Defects*, but I don't speak to such People: I speak only to Ladies of that Beauty, who can make any Fashion prevail by their being seen in it; and who put others of their Sex under the wretched Necessity of being like them in their Habits, or not being like them at all. As for the rest, let 'em follow the Mode of *Judea*, and be content with the Name of *Asiatics*.

XIX.

VERSE 216. *Thus issuing radiant, &c.*] Thus the Goddess comes from her Apartment against her Spouse in compleat Armour. The Pleasures of Women mostly prevail upon us by pure cunning, and the artful Management of their Persons; against which a wise Man ought to be upon his guard: For there is but one way for the weak to subdue the mighty, and that is by Pleasure. The Poet shews at the same time, that Men of Understanding are not master'd, without a great deal of Artifice and Address. There are but three ways, whereby to overcome another, by Violence, by Persuasion, or by Craft: *Jupiter* was invincible by main Force; to think of persuading was as fruitless, after he had pass'd his Nod to *Achilles*; therefore *Juno* was obliged of necessity to turn her Thoughts entirely upon Craft; and by the Force of Pleasure it is, that she insnares and manages the God. *Eustathius*.

XX.

VERSE 218. *And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.*] Notwithstanding all the Pains *Juno* has been at, to adorn herself, she is still conscious that neither the natural Beauty of her Person, nor the artificial one of her Dress, will be sufficient to work upon a Husband. She therefore has Recourse to the *Cestus* of *Venus*, as a kind of Love-charm, not doubting to enflame his Mind by magical Enchantment; a Folly which

which in all Ages has possess'd her Sex. To procure this, she applies to the Goddess of Love; from whom hiding her real Design under a feign'd Story, (another Propriety in the Character of the Fair) she obtains the invaluable Present of this wonder-working Girdle. The Allegory of the *Cestus* lies very open, tho' the Impertinences of *Eustathius* on this Head are unspeakable. In it are compriz'd the most powerful *Incentives* to Love, as well as the strongest *Effects* of the Passion. The just Admiration of this Passage has been always so great and universal, that the *Cestus* of *Venus* is become proverbial. The Beauty of the Lines which in a few Words comprehend this agreeable Fiction, can scarce be equal'd. So beautiful an Original has produc'd very fine Imitations, wherein we may observe a few additional Figures, expressing some of the Improvements which the Affectation, or Artifice, of the Fair Sex have introduc'd into the Art of Love since *Homer's* Days. *Tasso* has finely imitated this Description in the magical Girdle of *Armida*. *Gierusalemme liberata*, Cant. 16.

*Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,
Sorrisi, parrolette, e dolci stille
Di pianto, e sospir tronchi, e molli baci.*

MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE'S Imitation of this Fiction is likewise wonderfully beautiful.

*Ce tissu, le symbole, & la cause à la fois,
Du pouvoir d'l'Amour, du charme de ses loix.
Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet Ardeur qui touche;
D'un sourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche;
Passionne la voix, en adoucit les sons,
Prête ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raisons;
Inspire, pour toucher, ces tendres stratagèmes,
Ces refus attirans, l'accueil des sages mêmes.
Et la nature enfin, y veut tout renfermer,
Tout ce qui persuade, & ce qui fait aimer.*

*En prenant ce tissu, que Venus lui presente,
 Junon n'étoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
 Les graces, & les ris, les plaisirs, & les jeux,
 Surpris cherchent Venus, doutent qui l'est des deux.
 L'Amour même trompé, trouve Junon plus belle ;
 Et son Arc à la main, déjà vole après elle.*

Spencer, in his 4th Book, Canto 5. describes a Girdle of *Venus* of a very different Nature ; for as this had the Power to raise up loose Desires in others, that had a more wonderful Faculty to suppress them in the Person that wore it : But it had a most dreadful Quality, to burst asunder whenever tied about any but a chaste Bosom. Such a Girdle, 'tis to be fear'd, would produce Effects very different from the other : *Homer's Cestus* would be a Peace-maker to reconcile Man and Wife ; but *Spencer's Cestus* would probably destroy the good Agreement of many a happy Couple.

XXI.

VERSE 255.—*And prest The pow'rful Cestus to her snowy Breast.*] *Eustathius* takes notice, that the word *Cestus* is not the Name, but Epithet only, of *Venus's* Girdle ; tho' the Epithet has prevail'd so far as to become the proper Name in common use. This has happen'd to others of our Author's Epithets ; the word *Pygmy* is of the same Nature. *Venus* wore this Girdle below her Neck, and in open Sight, but *Juno* hides it in her Bosom, to shew the difference of the two Characters : It suits well with *Venus* to make a Shew of whatever is engaging in her ; but *Juno*, who is a Matron of Prudence and Gravity, ought to be more modest.

XXII.

VERSE 263. *She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling Deep,
 And seeks the Cave of Death's Half-brother, Sleep.*] In this Fiction *Homer* introduces a new divine Personage : It does not appear whether this God of *Sleep* was a God of *Homer's*

mer's Creation, or whether his Pretensions to Divinity were of more ancient Date. The Poet indeed speaks of him as of one formerly active in some heavenly Transactions. Be this as it will, succeeding Poets have always acknowledg'd his Title. *Virgil* would not let his *Æneid* be without a Person so proper for poetical Machinery; tho' he has employ'd him with much less Art than his great Master, since he appears in the 5th Book without Provocation or Commission, only to destroy the *Trojan* Pilot. The Criticks, who cannot see all the Allegories which the Commentators pretend to find in *Homer's* Divinities, must be obliged to acknowledge the Reality and Propriety of this; since every thing that is here said of this imaginary Deity is justly applicable to Sleep. He is called the *Brother* of *Death*; is said to be protected by *Night*; and is employed very naturally to lull a Husband to Rest in the Embraces of his Wife; which Effect of this *Conjugal Opiate* even the modest *Virgil* has remark'd in the Persons of *Vulcan* and *Venus*, probably with an Eye to this Passage of *Homer*.

—*Placidumque petivit*
Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.

XXIII.

VERSE 263. *To Lemnos.*] The Commentators are hard put to it, to give a Reason why *Juno* seeks for *Sleep* in *Lemnos*. Some finding out that *Lemnos* anciently abounded with Wine, inform us that it was a proper Place of Residence for him, Wine being naturally a great Provoker of Sleep. Others will have it, that this God being in love with *Pasitheaë*, who resided with her Sister the Wife of *Vulcan*, in *Lemnos*, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his Mistress. Other Commentators perceiving the Weakness of these Conjectures, will have it that *Juno* met *Sleep* here by mere Accident; but this is contradictory to the whole Thread of the Narration. But who knows whether *Homer* might not design this Fiction as a Piece of Raillery upon the Sluggishness of the *Lemnians*; tho' this Character of them does not appear?

pear? A kind of Satyr like that of *Aristo*, who makes the Angel find *Discord* in a Monastery: Or like that of *Boileau* in his *Latrin*, where he places *Mollesse* in a Dormitory of the Monks of St. *Bernard*?

XXIV.

VERSE 266. *Sweet-pleasing Sleep, &c.*] *Virgil* has copied some part of this Conversation between *Juno* and *Sleep*, where he introduces the same Goddess making a Request to *Æolus*. *Scaliger*, who is always eager to depreciate *Homer*, and zealous to praise his favourite Author, has highly censured this Passage: But notwithstanding this Critick's Judgment, an impartial Reader will find, I don't doubt, much more Art and Beauty in the Original than the Copy. In the former, *Juno* endeavours to engage *Sleep* in her Design by the Promise of a proper and valuable Present; but having formerly run a great Hazard in a like Attempt, he is not prevail'd upon. Hereupon the Goddess, knowing his Passion for one of the *Graces*, engages to give her to his Desires: This Hope brings the Lover to Consent, but not before he obliges *Juno* to confirm her Promise by an Oath in a most solemn manner, the very Words and Ceremony whereof he prescribes to her. These are all beautiful and poetical Circumstances, most whereof are untouch'd by *Virgil*, and which *Scaliger* therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes *Juno* demand a Favour from *Æolus*, which he had no reason to refuse; and promise him a Reward, which it does not appear he was fond of. The *Latin* Poet has indeed with great Judgment added one Circumstance concerning the Promise of Children,

—*Et pulchrâ faciat te prole parentem.*

And this is very conformable to the Religion of the *Romans*, among whom *Juno* was suppos'd to preside over human Births; but it does not appear she had any such Office in the *Greek* Theology.

XXV.

XXV.

VERSE 272. *A splendid Footstool.*] Notwithstanding the Cavils of *Scaliger*, it may be allow'd, that an easy Chair was no improper Present for *Sleep*. As to the Footstool, Mad. *Dacier's* Observation is a very just one; that besides its being a Conveniency, it was a Mark of Honour, and was far from presenting any low or trivial Idea. 'Tis upon that Account we find it so frequently mention'd in Scripture, where the Earth is call'd *the Footstool of the Throne of God*. In *Jeremiah*, *Judæa* is call'd (as a Mark of Distinction) the Footstool of the Feet of God. *Lament. 2. W. 1. And he remember'd not the Footstool of his Feet, in the Day of his Wrath.* We see here the same Image, founded no doubt upon the same Customs. *Dacier.*

XXVI.

VERSE 279. *The Sire of all, old Ocean.*] “ *Homer* (says “ *Plutarch*) calls the Sea *Father of All*, with a View to this “ Doctrine, that all things were generated from Water. “ *Thales the Milesian*, the Head of the *Ionick* Sect who “ seems to have been the first Author of Philosophy, affirm- “ ed Water to be the Principle from whence all things “ spring, and into which all things are resolv'd; because “ the prolific Seed of all Animals is a Moisture; all Plants “ are nourished by Moisture; the very Sun and Stars, which “ are Fire, are nourished by moist Vapours and Exhalations; “ and consequently he thought the World was produc'd from “ this Element.” *Plut. Opin. of Philos. lib. 1. c. 3.*

XXVII.

VERSE 281. *But how, unbidden, &c.*] This Particularity is worth remarking; *Sleep* tells *Juno* that he dares not approach *Jupiter* without his own Order; whereby he seems to intimate, that a Spirit of a superior kind may give itself up

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to

to a voluntary Cessation of Thought and Action, tho' it does not want this Relaxation from any Weakness or Necessity of its Nature.

XXVIII.

VERSE 285. *What-time deserting Ilion's wasted Plain, &c.]* One may observe from hence, that to make Falsity in Fables useful and subservient to our Designs, it is not enough to cause the Story to resemble Truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel Places; which Method the Poet uses elsewhere. Thus many have attempted great Difficulties, and surmounted 'em. So did *Hercules*, so did *Juno*, so did *Pluto*. Here therefore the Poet feigning that *Sleep* is going to practise insidiously upon *Jove*, prevents the Strangeness and Incredibility of the Tale, by squaring it to an ancient Story; which ancient Story was, that *Sleep* had once before got the mastery of *Jove* in the case of *Hercules*. *Eustathius*.

XXIX.

VERSE 296. *Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable Dame.]* *Jupiter* is represented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offensive or ungrateful to *Night*; the Poet (says *Eustathius*) instructs us by this, that a wise and honest Man will curb his Wrath before any awful and venerable Person: Such was *Night* in regard of *Jupiter*, feign'd as an Ancestor, and honourable on account of her Antiquity and Power. For the Greek Theology teaches that *Night* and *Chaos* were before all things. Wherefore it was held sacred to obey the *Night* in the Conflicts of War, as we find by the Admonitions of the Heralds to *Hector* and *Ajax* in the 7th Iliad.

Milton has made a fine Use of this ancient Opinion in relation to *Chaos* and *Night*, in the latter Part of his second Book, where he describes the Passage of *Satan* thro' their Empire. He calls them,

—Eldest Night
And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature;—

And

And alludes to the same, in those noble Verses,

—*Behold the Throne
Of Chaos, and his dark Pavillion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep: With him entron'd
Sate fable-vested Night, eldest of things
The Consort of his Reign.*—

That fine Apostrophe of Spenser has also the same Allusion, Book 1.

*O thou, most ancient Grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great House of Gods celestial;
Which was begot in Dæmogorgon's Hall,
And saw'st the Secrets of the World unmade.*

XXX.

VERSE 307. *Let the great Parent Earth one Hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred Main, &c.]*

There is something wonderfully solemn in this manner of Swearing propos'd by *Sleep* to *Juno*. How answerable is this Idea to the Dignity of the Queen of the Goddesses, where Earth, Ocean, and Hell itself, where the whole Creation, all things visible and invisible, are call'd to be Witnesses of the Oath of the Deity.

XXXI.

VERSE 311. *That she, my lov'd one, &c.]* *Sleep* is here made to repeat the Words of *Juno's* Promise, than which Repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The Lover fired with these Hopes; insists on the Promise, dwelling with Pleasure on each Circumstance that relates to his fair one. The Throne and Footstool, it seems, are quite out of his Head.

XXXII.

XXXII.

VERSE 323. *Fair Ida trembles.*] It is usually suppos'd at the Approach or Presence of any heavenly Being, that upon their Motion, all should shake that lies beneath 'em. Here the Poet giving a Description of the Descent of these Deities upon the Ground at *Lectos*, says that the loftiest of the Wood trembled under their Feet: Which Expression is to intimate the Lightness and Swiftmess of the Motions of heavenly Beings; the Wood does not shake under their Feet from any corporeal Weight, but from a certain awful Dread and Horror. *Eustathius.*

XXXIII.

VERSE 328. *In Likeness of a Bird of Night.*] This is a Bird of Night about the Size of a Hawk, entirely black; and that is the reason why *Homer* describes *Sleep* under its Form. Here (says *Eustathius*) *Homer* lets us know, as well as in many other Places, that he is no Stranger to the Language of the Gods. *Hobbes* has taken very much from the Dignity of this Supposition, in translating the present Lines in this manner.

*And there sate Sleep in Likeness of a Fowl,
Which Gods do Chalcis call, but Men an Owl.*

We find in *Plato's Cratylus* a Discourse of great Subtility, grounded chiefly on this Observation of *Homer*, that the Gods and Men call the same thing by different Names. The Philosopher supposes that in the original Language every thing was express'd by a word, whose Sound was naturally apt to mark the Nature of the thing signify'd. This great Work he ascribes to the Gods, since it required more Knowledge both in the Nature of Sounds and Things, than Man had attain'd to. This Resemblance he says was almost lost in modern Languages by the unskilful Alterations Men had made, and the great Licence they had taken in compounding
of

of Words. However, he observes there were yet among the *Greeks* some Remains of this original Language, of which he gives a few Instances, adding, that many more were to be found in some of the barbarous Languages, that had deviated less from the Original, which was still preserv'd entire among the Gods. This appears a Notion so uncommon, that I could not forbear to mention it.

XXXIV.

VERSE 345. — *To whose indulgent Cares I owe the Nursing, &c.*] The Allegory of this is very obvious. *Juno* is constantly understood to be the *Air*; and we are here told she was nourished by *Oceanus* and *Tethys*: That is to say, the *Air* is fed and nourished by the Vapours which rise from the *Ocean* and the *Earth*. For *Tethys* is the same with *Rhea*. *Eustathius*.

XXXV.

VERSE 359.] This Courtship of *Jupiter* to *Juno* may possibly be thought pretty singular. He endeavours to prove the Ardour of his Passion to her, by the Instances of its Warmth to other Women. A great many People will look upon this as no very likely Method to recommend himself to *Juno's* Favour. Yet, after all, something may be said in Defence of *Jupiter's* way of thinking, with respect to the Ladies. Perhaps a Man's Love to the Sex in general may be no ill Recommendation of him to a Particular. And to be known, or thought, to have been successful with a good many, is what some Moderns have found no unfortunate Qualification in gaining a Lady, even a most virtuous one like *Juno*, especially one who (like her) has had the Experience of a married State.

XXXVI.

VERSE 395. *Glad Earth perceives, &c.*] It is an Observation of *Aristotle* in the 25th Chapter of his Poeticks, that
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when *Homer* is obliged to describe any thing of itself absurd or too improbable, he constantly contrives to blind and dazle the Judgment of his Readers with some shining Description. This Passage is a remarkable Instance of that Artifice, for having imagined a Fiction of very great Absurdity, that the supreme Being should be laid asleep in a female Embrace, he immediately, as it were to divert his Reader from reflecting on his Boldness, pours forth a great Variety of poetical Ornaments; by describing the various Flowers the Earth shoots up to compose their Couch, the golden Clouds that encompass'd them, and the bright heavenly Dews that were shower'd round them. *Eustathius* observes it as an Instance of *Homer's* modest Conduct in so delicate an Affair, that he has purposely adorn'd the Bed of *Jupiter* with such a Variety of beautiful Flowers, that the Reader's Thoughts being entirely taken up with these Ornaments, might have no room for loose Imaginations. In the same manner an ancient Scholiast has observ'd, that the golden Cloud was contriv'd to lock up this Action from any farther Enquiry of the Reader.

XXXVII.

VERSE 395.] I cannot conclude the Notes on this Story of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, without observing with what particular Care *Milton* has imitated the several beautiful Parts of this Episode, introducing them upon different Occasions as the Subjects of his Poem would admit. The Circumstance of *Sleep's* sitting in Likeness of a Bird on the Fir-Tree upon Mount *Ida*, is alluded to in his 4th Book, where *Satan* sits in Likeness of a Cormorant on the Tree of Life. The Creation is made to give the same Tokens of Joy at the Performance of the nuptial Rites of our first Parents, as she does here at the Congress of *Jupiter* and *Juno*. *Lib. 8.*

—To the nuptial Bow'r
 I led her blushing like the Morn, all Heav'n
 And happy Constellations on that Hour
 Shed their selectest Influence; the Earth

Gave

*Gave sign of Gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Airs
Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from their Wings
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicy Shrub.*

Those Lines also in the 4th Book are manifestly from the same Original.

—*Roses and Jessamine*

*Rear'd high their flourish'd Heads between, and wrought
Mosaic, underfoot the Violet,
Crocus and Hyacinth with rich Inlay
Broider'd the Ground.—*

Where the very Turn of *Homer's* Verses is observed, and the Cadence, and almost the Words, finely translated.

But it is with wonderful Judgment and Decency he has used that exceptionable Passage of the Dalliance, Ardour, and Enjoyment: That which seems in *Homer* an impious Fiction, becomes a moral Lesson in *Milton*; since he makes that lascivious Rage of the Passion the immediate Effect of the Sin of our first Parents after the Fall. *Adam* expresses it in the Words of *Jupiter*.

*For never did thy Beauty since the Day
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all Perfections, so enflame my Sense;
With Ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever; Bounty of this virtuous Tree!
So said he, and forbore not Glance or Toy
Of amorous Intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her Hand he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank
Thick over-head with verdant Roof embow'r'd,
He led her, nothing loath: Flow'rs were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth; Earth's freshest, softest Lap.
There they their Fill of Love and Love's Disport
Took largely, of their mutual Guilt the Seal;*

The

*The Solace of their Sin, till dewy Sleep
Oppress'd them, weary of their amorous Play.*

Milton, l. 9.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 417. *The Pow'r of Slumbers flew.*] M. Dacier in her Translation of this Passage has thought fit to dissent from the common Interpretation, as well as obvious Sense of the Words. She restrains the general Expression ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φύλ' ἀνθρώπων, *the famous Nations of Men*, to signify only the Country of the *Lemnians*, who, she says, were much celebrated on account of *Vulcan*. But this strain'd Interpretation cannot be admitted, especially when the obvious Meaning of the Words express what is very proper and natural. The God of *Sleep* having hastily delivered his Message to *Neptune*, immediately leaves the Hurry of the Battel, (which was no proper Scene for him) and retires among the Tribes of Mankind. The word κλυτὰ, on which M. Dacier grounds her Criticism, is an expletive Epithet very common in *Homer*, and no way fit to point out one certain Nation, especially in an Author one of whose most distinguishing Characters is Particularity in Description.

XXXIX.

VERSE 444. *The Legions march, and Neptune leads the way.*] The chief Advantage the *Greeks* gain by the Sleep of *Jupiter* seems to be this: *Neptune* unwilling to offend *Jupiter*, has hitherto concealed himself in disguised Shapes; so that it does not appear that *Jupiter* knew of his being among the *Greeks*, since he takes no notice of it. This Precaution hinders him from assisting the *Greeks* otherwise than by his Advice. But upon the Intelligence receiv'd of what *Juno* had done, he assumes a Form that manifests his Divinity, inspiring Courage into the *Grecian* Chiefs, appearing at the Head of their Army, brandishing a Sword in his Hand, the Sight of which struck such a Terror into the *Trojans* that,

as

as *Homer* says, none durst approach it. And therefore it is not to be wonder'd, that the *Trojans* who are no longer sustain'd by *Jupiter*, immediately give way to the Enemy.

XL.

VERSE 442. *The weaker Warrior takes a lighter Shield.]* *Plutarch* seems to allude to this Passage in the beginning of the Life of *Pelopidas*. " *Homer*, says he, makes the bravest and stoutest of his Warriors march to Battel in the best Arms. " The *Grecian* Legislators punish'd those who cast away their Shields, but not those who lost their Spears or their Swords, " as an Intimation, that the Care of preserving and defending " our selves is preferable to the wounding our Enemy, especially in those who are Generals of Armies, or Governors " of States." *Eustathius* has observ'd, that the Poet here makes the best Warriors take the largest Shields and longest Spears, that they might be ready prepar'd, with proper Arms, both offensive and defensive, for a new kind of Fight, in which they are soon to be engaged when the Fleet is attack'd. Which indeed seems the most rational Account that can be given for *Neptune's* Advice in this Exigence.

Mr. Hobbes has committed a great Oversight in this Place; he makes the wounded Princes (who it is plain were unfit for the Battel, and do not engage in the ensuing Fight) put on Arms as well as the others; whereas they do no more in *Homer* than see their Orders obey'd by the rest as to this Change of Arms.

XLI.

VERSE 452. *And lo the God, and wondrous Man appear.]* What Magnificence and Nobleness is there in this Idea? where *Homer* opposes *Hector* to *Neptune*, and equalizes him in some degree to a God. *Eustathius*.

XLII.

VERSE 453. *The roaring Main, &c.*] This swelling and Inundation of the Sea towards the *Grecian* Camp, as if it had been agitated by a Storm, is meant for a Prodigy, intimating that the Waters had the same Resentments with their Commander *Neptune*, and seconded him in his Quarrel. *Eustathius*.

XLIII.

VERSE 457. *Not half so loud, &c.*] The Poet having ended the Episode of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, returns to the Battel, where the *Greeks* being animated and led on by *Neptune*, renew the Fight with Vigour. The Noise and Outcry of this fresh Onset, he endeavours to express by these three sounding Comparisons; as if he thought it necessary to awake the Reader's Attention, which by the preceding Descriptions might be lull'd into a Forgetfulness of the Fight. He might likewise design to shew how soundly *Jupiter* slept, since he is not awak'd by so terrible an Uproar.

This Passage cannot be thought justly liable to the Objections which have been made against heaping Comparisons one upon another, whereby the principal Object is lost amidst too great a Variety of different Images. In this Case the principal Image is more strongly impress'd on the Mind by a Multiplication of Similes, which are the natural Product of an Imagination labouring to express something very vast: But finding no single Idea sufficient to answer its Conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the Comparisons to supply this Defect: the different Sounds of Waters, Winds, and Flames being as it were united in one. We have several Instances of this sort even in so castigated and reserv'd a Writer as *Virgil*, who has joined together the Images of this Passage in the 4th *Georgic*, W. 261. and apply'd them, beautifully softened by a kind of Parody, to the buzzing of a Beehive.

*Frigidus ut quondam sylvis immurmurat Auster,
Ut mare sollicitum stridet refluentibus undis,
Æstuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis.*

Tasso has not only imitated this particular Passage of *Homer*, but likewise added to it. *Cant. 9. St. 22.*

*Rapido sì che torbida procella
De cavernosi monti esce piu tarda:
Fiume, ch' alberi insieme, e case suella:
Folgore, che le torri abbatta, & arda:
Terremoto, che'l mondo empia d'orrore,
Son picciole sembianze al suo furore.*

XLIV.

VERSE 480. *Smokes in the Dust, and ploughs into the Ground.]*

Στρέψεον δ' ὡς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, &c.

These Words are translated by several as if they signify'd, that *Hector* was turn'd round with the Blow, like a Whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful Greatness of *Ajax's* Strength. *Eustathius* rather inclines to refer the Words to the Stone itself, and the Violence of its Motion. *Chapman* I think is in the right to prefer the latter, but he should not have taken the Interpretation to himself. He says, it is above the Wit of Man to give a more fiery Illustration both of *Ajax's* Strength and *Hector's*; of *Ajax*, for giving such a Force to the Stone, that it could not spend itself on *Hector*, but afterwards turn'd upon the Earth with that Violence; and of *Hector*, for standing the Blow so solidly; for without that Consideration, the Stone could never have recoil'd so fiercely. This Image, together with the noble Simile following it, seem to have given *Spencer* the Hint of those sublime Verses.

*As when almighty Jove, in wrathful Mood,
To wreak the Guilt of mortal Sins is bent,*

Hurls

*Hurls forth his thund'ring Dart, with deadly Food
Enroll'd, of Flames, and smouldring Dreariment:
Thro' risen Clouds, and molten Firmament,
The fierce three-forked Engine making way,
Both lofty Tow'rs and highest Trees bath rent,
And all that might his dreadful Passage stay,
And shooting in the Earth, casts up a Mound of Clay.
His boist'rous Club so bury'd in the Ground,
He could not rear again, &c.—*

XLV.

VERSE 533. *Propt on that Spear, &c.*] The occasion of this Sarcaſm of *Polydamas* ſeems taken from the Attitude of his falling Enemy, who is tranſfixed with a Spear thro' his right Shoulder. This Poſture bearing ſome Reſemblance to that of a Man leaning on a Staff, might probably ſuggeſt this Conceit.

The Speech of *Polydamas* begins a long String of Sarcaſtick Raillery, in which *Euſtathius* pretends to obſerve very different Characters. This of *Polydamas*, he ſays, is *pleaſant*, that of *Ajax*, *heroic*; that of *Acamas*, *plain*; and that of *Peneleus*, *pathetick*.

XLVI.

VERSE 599. *Daughters of Jove! &c.*] Whenever we meet with theſe freſh Invocations in the miſt of Action, the Poets would ſeem to give their Readers to underſtand, that they are come to a Point where the Deſcription being above their own Strength, they have occaſion for ſupernatural Aſſiſtance; by this Artifice at once exciting the Reader's Attention, and gracefully varying the Narration. In the preſent caſe *Homer* ſeems to triumph in the Advantage the *Greeks* had gain'd in the Flight of the *Trojans*, by invoking the Muſes to ſnatch the brave Actions of his Heroes from Oblivion, and ſet them in the Light of Eternity. This Power is vindicated to them by the Poets on every occaſion, and it is to this Task they
are

are so solemnly and frequently summon'd by our Author. *Tasso* has, I think, introduced one of these Invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner; where, on occasion of a Battle by Night, he calls upon the Night to allow him to draw forth those mighty Deeds which were perform'd under the Concealment of her Shades, and to display their Glories, notwithstanding that Disadvantage, to all Posterity.

*Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno
Chiudesti, e ne l'oblio fatto sì grande;
Piacciati, ch'io nel tragga, e'n bel sereno
A la future età lo spieghi, e mande.
Viva la fame loro, e trà lor gloria
Splenda del fosco tuo l'alta memoria.*

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem. This involves gathering information about the situation and understanding the needs of the stakeholders involved.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to develop a plan. This involves setting goals and determining the steps that need to be taken to achieve those goals.

3. The third step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the plan into action and monitoring progress.

4. Finally, the fourth step is to evaluate the results. This involves assessing the effectiveness of the plan and making adjustments as needed.

THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battel, at the Ships ; and the Acts of *Ajax*.

Jupiter awaking, sees the Trojans repuls'd from the Trenches, Hector in a Swoon, and Neptune at the Head of the Greeks : He is highly incens'd at the Artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her Submissions ; She is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the Assembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary Address to incense them against Jupiter, in particular she touches Mars with a violent Resentment : He is ready to take Arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the Orders of Jupiter ; Iris commands Neptune to leave the Battel, to which, after much Reluctance and Passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with Vigour, brings him back to the Battel, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the Fortune of the Fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian Wall ; the Trojans rush in and attempt to fire the first Line of the Fleet, but are, as yet, repell'd by the greater Ajax with a prodigious Slaughter.

T H E

THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

[found,
NOW in swift Flight they past the Trench pro-
 And many a Chief lay gasping on the Ground;
 Then stopp'd, and panted, where the Chariots lie;
 Fear on their Cheek, and Horror in their Eye.
 Meanwhile awaken'd from his Dream of Love,
 On *Ida's* Summit fate imperial *Jove*:
 Round the wide Fields he cast a careful view,
 There saw the *Trojans* fly, the *Greeks* pursue,
 These proud in Arms, those scatter'd o'er the Plain;
 And, 'midst the War, the Monarch of the Main. 10
 Not far, great *Hector* on the Dust he spies,
 (His sad Associates round with weeping Eyes)

T t

Ejecting

Ejecting Blood, and panting yet for Breath,
His Senses wandring to the Verge of Death.

15 The God beheld him with a pitying Look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent *Juno* spoke.

O thou, still adverse to th' eternal Will,
For ever studious in promoting Ill!

Thy Arts have made the godlike *Hector* yield,
20 And driv'n his conqu'ring Squadrons from the Field.
Can'st thou, unhappy in thy Wiles! withstand
Our Pow'r immense, and brave th' Almighty Hand?
Hast thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast Concave of the spangled Sky,

25 I hung thee trembling, in a golden Chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' *Olympian* Hall,
Stunn'd in the Whirl, and breathless with the Fall.
For godlike *Hercules* these Deeds were done,

30 Nor seem'd the Vengeance worthy such a Son;
When by thy Wiles induc'd, fierce *Boreas* tost
The shipwrack'd Hero on the *Coan* Coast:
Him thro' a thousand Forms of Death I bore,
And sent to *Argos*, and his native Shore.

Hear

Hear this, remember, and our Fury dread, 35
Nor pull th' unwilling Vengeance on thy Head,
Lest Arts and Blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft Deceits, and well-dissembled Love.

The Thund'rer spoke : Imperial *Juno* mourn'd,
And trembling, these submissive Words return'd. 40

By ev'ry Oath that Pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful Earth, and all-infolding Skies,
By thy black Waves, tremendous *Styx* ! that flow
Thro' the drear Realms of gliding Ghosts below :
By the dread Honours of thy sacred Head, 45
And that unbroken Vow, our Virgin Bed !
Not by my Arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps *Troy* in Blood, and rages round the Plain ;
By his own Ardour, his own Pity sway'd
To help his *Greeks* ; he fought, and disobey'd : 50
Else had thy *Juno* better Counsels giv'n,
And taught Submission to the Sire of Heav'n.

Think'ft thou with me? fair Empress of the Skies!
(Th' immortal Father with a Smile replies!)
Then soon the haughty Sea-God shall obey, 55
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.

If

If Truth inspires thy Tongue, proclaim our Will
 To yon' bright Synod on th' *Olympian* Hill;
 Our high Decree let various *Iris* know,
 60 And call the God that bears the silver Bow.
 Let her descend, and from th' embattel'd Plain
 Command the Sea-God to his watry Reign:
 While *Phæbus* hastes, great *Hector* to prepare
 To rise afresh, and once more wake the War,
 65 His lab'ring Bosom re-inspires with Breath,
 And calls his Senses from the Verge of Death.
Greece chas'd by *Troy* ev'n to *Achilles'* Fleet,
 Shall fall by thousands at the Hero's Feet.
 He, not untouch'd with Pity, to the Plain
 70 Shall send *Patroclus*, but shall send in vain.
 What Youth he slaughters under *Ilion's* Walls?
 Ev'n my lov'd Son, divine *Sarpedon* falls!
 Vanquish'd at last by *Hector's* Lance he lies.
 Then, nor till then, shall great *Achilles* rise:
 75 And lo! that Instant, godlike *Hector* dies.
 From that great Hour the War's whole Fortune turns,
Pallas assists, and lofty *Ilion* burns.

Not till that Day shall *Jove* relax his Rage,
 Nor one of all the heav'nly Host engage
 In aid of *Greece*. The Promise of a God 80
 I gave, and seal'd it with th'Almighty Nod,
Achilles' Glory to the Stars to raise;
 Such was our Word, and Fate the Word obeys.

The trembling Queen (th'Almighty Order giv'n)
 Swift from th'*Idæan* Summit shot to Heav'n. 85
 As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
 In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
 Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
 Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:
 So swift flew *Juno* to the blest Abodes, 90
 If Thought of Man can match the Speed of Gods.
 There sat the Pow'rs in awful Synod plac'd;
 They bow'd, and made Obeysance as she pass'd,
 Thro' all the brazen Dome: With Goblets crown'd
 They hail her Queen; the *Nectar* streams around. 95
 Fair *Themis* first presents the golden Bowl,
 And anxious asks, what Cares disturb her Soul?

To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replies:
 Enough thou know'st the Tyrant of the Skies,

U u

Severely

100 Severely bent his Purpose to fulfill,
Unmov'd his Mind, and unrestrain'd his Will.
Go thou, the Feasts of Heav'n attend thy Call;
Bid the crown'd Nectar circle round the Hall;
But *Jove* shall thunder thro' th' Ethereal Dome,
105 Such stern Decrees, such threatned Woes to come,
As soon shall freeze Mankind with dire Surprise,
And damp th' eternal Banquets of the Skies.

The Goddess said, and fullen took her Place;
Blank Horror sadden'd each celestial Face.

110 To see the gath'ring Grudge in ev'ry Breast,
Smiles on her Lips a spleenful Joy exprest,
While on her wrinkled Front, and Eyebrow bent,
Sate steadfast Care, and low'ring Discontent.

Thus she proceeds----Attend ye Pow'rs above!

115 But know, 'tis Madness to contest with *Jove*:
Supreme he sits; and fees, in Pride of Sway,
Your Vassal Godheads grudgingly obey;
Fierce in the Majesty of Pow'r controuls,
Shakes all the Thrones of Heav'n, and bends the Poles.

120 Submiss, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou great *Mars*, begin and shew the way.

Behold

Behold *Ascalaphus* ! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a Sigh ;
Thy own lov'd boasted Offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted Offspring be thy own. 125

Stern *Mars*, with Anguish for his slaughter'd Son,
Smote his rebelling Breast, and fierce begun.
Thus then, Immortals ! thus shall *Mars* obey ;
Forgive me Gods, and yield my Vengeance way :
Descending first to yon' forbidden Plain, 130
The God of Battels dares avenge the slain ;
Dares, tho' the Thunder bursting o'er my Head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to *Fear* and *Flight*
To join his rapid Courfers for the Fight : 135
Then grim in Arms, with hasty Vengeance flies ;
Arms, that reflect a Radiance thro' the Skies.
And now had *Jove*, by bold Rebellion driv'n,
Discharg'd his Wrath on half the Host of Heav'n ;
But *Pallas* springing thro' the bright Abode, 140
Starts from her azure Throne to calm the God.
Struck, for th' immortal Race with timely Fear,
From frantic *Mars* she snatch'd the Shield and Spear ;
Then

Then the huge Helmet lifting from his Head,

145 Thus, to th' impetuous Homicide she said.

By what wild Passion, Furious ! art thou tost ?

Striv'st thou with *Jove* ? Thou art already lost.

Shall not the Thund'rer's dread Command restrain,

And was Imperial *Juno* heard in vain ?

150 Back to the Skies would'st thou with Shame be driv'n,

And in thy Guilt involve the Host of Heav'n ?

Ilium and *Greece* no more should *Jove* engage ;

The Skies would yield an ampler Scene of Rage,

Guilty and guiltless find an equal Fate,

155 And one vast Ruin whelm th' *Olympian* State.

Cease then thy Offspring's Death unjust to call ;

Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall.

Why should Heav'n's Law with foolish Man comply,

Exempted from the Race ordain'd to die ?

160 This Menace fix'd the Warrior to his Throne ;

Sullen he fate, and curb'd the rising Groan.

Then *Juno* call'd (*Jove's* Orders to obey)

The winged *Iris*, and the God of Day.

Go wait the Thund'rer's Will (*Saturnia* cry'd)

165 On yon' tall Summit of the fount-ful *Ide* :

4

There

There in the Father's awful Prefence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread Command.

She faid, and fate: the God that gilds the Day,
And various *Iris* wing their airy way.

Swift as the Wind, to *Ida's* Hills they came, 170

(Fair Nurse of Fountains and of savage Game.)

There fate th' Eternal; He, whose Nod controuls
The trembling World, and shakes the steady Poles.

Veil'd in a Mist of Fragrance him they found,
With Clouds of Gold and Purple circled round. 175

Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer saw their earnest care,
And prompt Obedience to the Queen of Air;

Then (while a Smile serene his awful Brow)
Commands the Goddess of the show'ry Bow.

Iris! descend, and what we here ordain 180

Report to yon' mad Tyrant of the Main.

Bid him from Fight to his own Deep repair,
Or breathe from Slaughter in the Fields of Air.

If he refuse, then let him timely weigh

Our elder Birthright, and superior Sway. 185

How shall his Rashness stand the dire Alarms,

If Heav'ns Omnipotence descend in Arms?

Strives he with me, by whom his Pow'r was giv'n,
And is there Equal to the Lord of Heav'n?

190 Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddess wing'd her Flight
To sacred *Ilion* from th' *Idæan* Height.

Swift as the rat'ling Hail, or fleecy Snows
Drive thro' the Skies, when *Boreas* fiercely blows;
So from the Clouds descending *Iris* falls;

195 And to blue *Neptune* thus the Goddess calls.

Attend the Mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the Messenger of *Jove*:
He bids thee from forbidden Wars repair
To thy own Deeps, or to the Fields of Air.

200 This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder Birthright, and superior Sway.

How shall thy Rashness stand the dire Alarms,
If Heav'n's Omnipotence descend in Arms?

Striv'st thou with him, by whom all Pow'r is giv'n?

205 And art thou Equal to the Lord of Heav'n?

What means the haughty Sov'reign of the Skies,
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd Realms on high;
No Vassal God, nor of his Train am I.

Three

Three Brother Deities from *Saturn* came, 210
 And ancient *Rhea*, Earth's immortal Dame :
 Assign'd by Lot, our triple Rule we know ;
 Infernal *Pluto* sways the Shades below ;
 O'er the wide Clouds, and o'er the starry Plain,
 Ethereal *Jove* extends his high Domain ; 215
 My Court beneath the hoary Waves I keep,
 And hush the Roarings of the sacred Deep :
Olympus, and this Earth, in common lie ;
 What Claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky ?
 Far in the distant Clouds let him controul, 220
 And awe the younger Brothers of the Pole ;
 There to his Children his Commands be giv'n,
 The trembling, servile, second Race of Heav'n.

And must I then (said she) O Sire of Floods !
 Bear this fierce Answer to the King of Gods ? 225
 Correct it yet, and change thy rash Intent ;
 A noble Mind disdains not to repent.
 To elder Brothers guardian Fiends are giv'n,
 To scourge the Wretch insulting them and Heav'n.

Great is the Profit (thus the God rejoin'd) 230
 When Ministers are blest with prudent Mind :

Warn'd

Warn'd by thy Words, to pow'rful *Jove* I yield,
 And quit, tho' angry, the contended Field.
 Not but his Threats with Justice I disclaim,
 235 The same our Honours, and our Birth the same.
 If yet, forgetful of his Promise giv'n
 To *Hermes*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Heav'n;
 To favour *Ilion*, that perfidious Place,
 He breaks his Faith with half th' ethereal Race;
 240 Give him to know, unless the *Grecian* Train
 Lay yon' proud Structures level with the Plain,
 Howe'er th' Offence by other Gods be past,
 The Wrath of *Neptune* shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the Field he strode,
 245 And plung'd into the Bosom of the Flood.
 The Lord of Thunders from his lofty Height
 Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of Light.

Behold! the God whose liquid Arms are hurl'd
 Around the Globe, whose Earthquakes rock the World;
 250 Desists at length his Rebel-war to wage,
 Seeks his own Seas, and trembles at our Rage!
 Else had my Wrath, Heav'n's Thrones all shaking round,
 Burn'd to the bottom of his Seas profound;

And

And all the Gods that round old *Saturn* dwell,
 Had heard the Thunders to the Deeps of Hell. 255
 Well was the Crime, and well the Vengeance spar'd;
 Ev'n Pow'r immense had found such Battel hard.
 Go thou my Son! the trembling *Greeks* alarm,
 Shake my broad *Ægis* on thy active Arm,
 Be godlike *Hector* thy peculiar Care, 260
 Swell his bold Heart, and urge his Strength to War:
 Let *Ilion* conquer, till th' *Achaian* Train
 Fly to their Ships and *Hellespont* again: [said;
 Then *Greece* shall breathe from Toils---The Godhead
 His Will divine the Son of *Jove* obey'd. 265
 Not half so swift the failing Falcon flies,
 That drives a Turtle thro' the liquid Skies;
 As *Phæbus* shooting from th' *Idæan* Brow,
 Glides down the Mountain to the Plain below.
 There *Hector* seated by the Stream he sees, 270
 His Sense returning with the coming Breeze;
 Again his Pulses beat, his Spirits rise;
 Again his lov'd Companions meet his Eyes;
Jove thinking of his Pains, they past away.
 To whom the God who gives the golden Day. 275

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Why

Why sits great *Hector* from the Field so far,
What grief, what wound, withholds him from the War?

The fainting Hero, as the Vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his Sight :

280 What blest Immortal, with commanding Breath,
Thus wakens *Hector* from the Sleep of Death?

Has Fame not told, how, while my trusty Sword
Bath'd *Greece* in Slaughter, and her Battel gor'd,
The mighty *Ajax* with a deadly Blow

285 Had almost sunk me to the Shades below?

Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding Ghosts I spy,
And Hell's black Horrors swim before my Eye.

To him *Apollo*. Be no more dismay'd ;
See, and be strong ! the Thund'rer sends thee Aid,

290 Behold ! thy *Phæbus* shall his Arms employ,
Phæbus, propitious still to thee, and *Troy*.

Inspire thy Warriors then with manly Force,
And to the Ships impell thy rapid Horse :

Ev'n I will make thy fiery Courfers way,
295 And drive the *Grecians* headlong to the Sea.

Thus to bold *Hector* spoke the Son of *Jove*,
And breath'd immortal Ardour from above.

As

As when the pamper'd Steed, with Reins unbound,
Breaks from his Stall, and pours along the Ground;
With ample Strokes he rushes to the Flood, 300
To bathe his Sides and cool his fiery Blood.
His Head now freed, he tosses to the Skies;
His Mane dishevel'd o'er his Shoulders flies;
He snuffs the Females in the well known Plain,
And springs, exulting, to his Fields again: 305
Urg'd by the Voice divine, thus *Hector* flew,
Full of the God; and all his Hofts pursue.
As when the Force of Men and Dogs combin'd
Invade the Mountain Goat, or branching Hind;
They gain th'impervious Rock, and safe retreat 310
(For *Fate* preserves them) from the Hunter's Threat.
When lo! a Lyon shoots across the way:
They fly; at once the Chafers and the Prey.
So *Greece*, that late in conq'ring Troops pursu'd,
And mark'd their Progress thro' the Ranks in Blood, 315
Soon as they see the furious Chief appear,
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoas with Grief observ'd his dreadful Course,
Thoas, the bravest of th'*Ætolian* Force:

Skill'd

320 Skill'd to direct the Javelin's distant Flight,
And bold to combate in the standing Fight;
Nor more in Councils fam'd for solid Sense,
Than winning Words and heav'nly Eloquence.
Gods! what Portent (he cry'd) these Eyes invades?

325 Lo! *Hector* rises from the *Stygian* Shades!
We saw him, late, by thund'ring *Ajax* kill'd;
What God restores him to the frightened Field;
And not content that half of *Greece* lie slain,
Pours new Destruction on her Sons again?

330 He comes not, *Jove*! without thy pow'ful Will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
Yet hear my Counsel, and his worst withstand;
The *Greek's* main Body to the Fleet command;
But let the few whom brisker Spirits warm,

335 Stand the first Onset, and provoke the Storm:
Thus point your Arms; and when such Foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let *Hector* learn to fear.

The Warrior spoke, the list'ning *Greeks* obey,
Thick'ning their Ranks, and form a deep Array.

340 Each *Ajax*, *Teucer*, *Merion*, gave command,
The valiant Leader of the *Cretan* Band,

And

And *Mars*-like *Meges* : These the Chiefs excite,
 Approach the Foe, and meet the coming Fight.
 Behind, unnumber'd Multitudes attend,
 To flank the Navy, and the Shores defend. 345
 Full on the Front the pressing *Trojans* bear,
 And *Hector* first came tow'ring to the War.
Phœbus himself the rushing Battel led ;
 A Veil of Clouds involv'd his radiant Head :
 High-held before him, *Jove's* enormous Shield 350
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the Field,
Vulcan to *Jove* th' immortal Gift consign'd,
 To scatter Hosts, and terrify Mankind.
 The *Greeks* expect the Shock ; the Clamours rise
 From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the Skies. 355
 Dire was the Hiss of Darts, by Heroes flung,
 And Arrows leaping from the Bowstring sung ;
 These drink the Life of gen'rous Warriors slain ;
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for Blood in vain.
 As long as *Phœbus* bore unmov'd the Shield, 360
 Sate doubtful Conquest hov'ring o'er the Field ;
 But when aloft he shakes it in the Skies,
 Shouts in their Ears, and lightens in their Eyes,

41

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Deep

Deep Horror seizes ev'ry *Grecian* Breast,
 365 Their Force is humbled, and their Fear confest.
 So flies a Herd of Oxen, scatter'd wide,
 No Swain to guard 'em, and no Day to guide,
 When two fell Lyons from the Mountain come,
 And spread the Carnage thro' the shady Gloom.
 370 Impending *Phæbus* pours around 'em Fear,
 And *Troy* and *Hector* thunder in the Rear.
 Heaps fall on Heaps: the Slaughter *Hector* leads;
 First great *Arcefilas*, then *Stichius* bleeds;
 One to the bold *Bæotians* ever dear,
 375 And one *Menestheus*' Friend, and fam'd Compeer.
Medon and *Iäsus*, *Æneas* sped;
 This sprung from *Phelus*, and th' *Athenians* led;
 But hapless *Medon* from *Oileus* came;
 Him *Ajax* honour'd with a Brother's Name,
 380 Tho' born of lawless Love: From home expell'd,
 A banish'd Man, in *Phylacæ* he dwell'd,
 Press'd by the Vengeance of an angry Wife;
Troy ends, at last, his Labours and his Life.
Mecistes next, *Polydamas* o'erthrew;
 385 And thee, brave *Clonius*! great *Agenor* flew.

By

By *Paris*, *Deiochus* inglorious dies,
Pierc'd thro' the Shoulder as he basely flies.
Polites' Arm laid *Echius* on the Plain ;
Stretch'd on one Heap, the Victors spoil the slain.
The *Greeks* dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall, 390
Some seek the Trench, some skulk behind the Wall,
While these fly trembling, others pant for Breath,
And o'er the Slaughter stalks gigantic Death.
On rush'd bold *Hector*, gloomy as the Night,
Forbids to plunder, animates the Fight, 395
Points to the Fleet: For by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this Hand he dies:
No weeping Sister his cold Eye shall close,
No friendly Hand his fun'ral Pyre compose.
Who stops to plunder, in this signal Hour, 400
The Birds shall tear him, and the Dogs devour.

Furious he said; the smarting Scourge resounds;
The Coursers fly; the smoking Chariot bounds:
The Hosts rush on; loud Clamours shake the Shore;
The Horses thunder, Earth and Ocean roar! 405
Apollo, planted at the Trench's Bound,
Push'd at the Bank: Down sunk th' enormous Mound:

Roll'd

Roll'd in the Ditch the heapy Ruin lay ;

A sudden Road ! a long and ample way.

410 O'er the dread Fosse (a late-impervious Space)

Now Steeds, and Men, and Cars, tumultuous pass.

The wond'ring Crowds the downward Level trod ;

Before them flam'd the Shield, and march'd the God.

Then with his Hand he shook the mighty Wall ;

415 And lo ! the Turrets nod, the Bulwarks fall.

Easy, as when ashore an Infant stands,

And draws imagin'd Houses in the Sands ;

The sportive Wanton, pleas'd with some new Play,

Sweeps the flight Works and fashion'd Domes away.

420 Thus vanish, at thy touch, the Tow'rs and Walls ;

The Toil of thousands in a Moment falls.

The *Grecians* gaze around with wild Despair,

Confus'd, and weary all the Pow'rs with Pray'r ;

Exhort their Men, with Praises, Threats, Commands ;

425 And urge the Gods, with Voices, Eyes, and Hands.

Experienc'd *Nestor* chief obtests the Skies,

And weeps his Country with a Father's Eyes.

O *Jove* ! if ever, on his native Shore,

One *Greek* enrich'd thy Shrine with offer'd Gore ;

If

If e'er, in hope our Country to behold,
 We paid the fattest Firstlings of the Fold;
 If e'er thou sign'ft our Wishes with thy Nod,
 Perform the Promise of a gracious God:
 This Day, preserve our Navies from the Flame,
 And fave the Reliques of the *Grecian* Name.

Thus pray'd the Sage: Th' Eternal gave consent,
 And Peals of Thunder shook the Firmament:
 Presumptuous *Troy* mistook th' accepting Sign,
 And catch'd new Fury at the Voice divine.
 As, when black Tempests mix the Seas and Skies,
 The roaring Deeps in watry Mountains rise,
 Above the sides of some tall Ship ascend,
 Its Womb they deluge, and its Ribs they rend:
 Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpow'ring all,
 Mount the thick *Trojans* up the *Grecian* Wall;
 Legions on Legions from each side arise;
 Thick found the Keels; the Storm of Arrows flies.
 Fierce on the Ships above, the Cars below,
 These wield the Mace, and those the Javelin throw.

While thus the Thunder of the Battel rag'd,
 And lab'ring Armies round the Works engag'd;

A a a

Still

Still in the Tent *Patroclus* fate, to tend
 The good *Eurypylus*, his wounded Friend.
 He sprinkles healing Balmes, to Anguish kind,
 455 And adds Discourse, the Med'cine of the Mind.
 But when he saw, ascending up the Fleet,
 Victorious *Troy*: Then, starting from his Seat,
 With bitter Groans his Sorrows he exprest,
 He wrings his Hands, he beats his manly Breast.
 460 Tho' yet thy State require Redress (he cries)
 Depart I must: What Horrors strike my Eyes?
 Charg'd with *Achilles'* high Commands I go,
 A mournful Witness of this Scene of Woe:
 I haste to urge him, by his Country's Care,
 465 To rise in Arms, and shine again in War.
 Perhaps some fav'ring God his Soul may bend;
 The Voice is pow'rful of a faithful Friend.
 He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the Wind
 Sprung from the Tent, and left the War behind.
 470 Th' embody'd *Greeks* the fierce Attack sustain,
 But strive, tho' num'rous, to repulse in vain.
 Nor could the *Trojans*, thro' that firm Array,
 Force, to the Fleet and Tents, th' impervious way.

As

As when a Shipwright, with *Palladian* Art,
Smooths the rough Wood, and levels ev'ry Part ; 475
With equal Hand he guides his whole Design,
By the just Rule, and the directing Line.
The martial Leaders, with like Skill and Care,
Preserv'd their Line, and equal kept the War.
Brave Deeds of Arms thro' all the Ranks were try'd, 480
And ev'ry Ship sustain'd an equal Tyde.
At one proud Bark, high-tow'ring o'er the Fleet
Ajax the Great, and Godlike *Hector* meet :
For one bright Prize the matchless Chiefs contend ;
Nor this the Ships can fire, nor that defend ; 485
One kept the Shore, and one the Vessel trod ;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The Son of *Clytus*, in his daring Hand,
The Deck approaching, shakes a flaming Brand ;
But pierc'd by *Telamon's* huge Lance expires ; 490
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd Fires.
Great *Hector* view'd him with a sad Survey,
As stretch'd in Dust before the Stern he lay.
Oh ! all of *Trojan*, all of *Lycian* Race !
Stand to your Arms, maintain this arduous Space ! 495

Lo !

Lo! where the Son of Royal *Clytus* lies,
Ah save his Arms, secure his Obsequies!

This said, his eager Javelin sought the Foe;
But *Ajax* shunn'd the meditated Blow.
500 Not vainly yet the forceful Lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in Dust unhappy *Lycophron*,
An Exile long, sustain'd at *Ajax*'s Board,
A faithful Servant to a foreign Lord;
In Peace, in War, for ever at his side,
505 Near his lov'd Master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high Poop he tumbles on the Sand,
And lies, a lifeless Load, along the Land.

With Anguish *Ajax* views the piercing Sight,
And thus inflames his Brother to the Fight.

510 *Teucer*, behold! extended on the Shore
Our Friend, our lov'd Companion! now no more!
Dear as a Parent, with a Parent's Care,
To fight our Wars, he left his native Air.

This Death deplor'd to *Hector*'s Rage we owe;
15 Revenge, revenge it on the cruel Foe.

Where are those Darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the Bow, which *Phæbus* taught to bend?

Impatient

Impatient *Teucer*, hastening to his Aid,
 Before the Chief his ample Bow display'd;
 The well-stor'd Quiver on his Shoulders hung: 520
 Then his'd his Arrow, and the Bowstring fung.
Clytus, *Pisenor's* Son, renown'd in Fame,
 (To thee, *Polydamas*! an honour'd Name)
 Drove thro' the thickest of th' embattel'd Plains
 The startling Steeds, and shook his eager Reins. 525
 As all on Glory ran his ardent Mind,
 The pointed Death arrests him from behind:
 Thro' his fair Neck the thrilling Arrow flies;
 In Youth's first Bloom reluctantly he dies.
 Hurl'd from the lofty Seat, at distance far, 530
 The headlong Courfers spurn his empty Car;
 Till sad *Polydamas* the Steeds restrain'd,
 And gave, *Astynous*, to thy careful Hand;
 Then, fir'd to Vengeance, rush'd amidst the Foe;
 Rage edg'd his Sword, and strengthen'd ev'ry Blow. 535

Once more bold *Teucer*, in his Country's Cause,
 At *Hector's* Breast a chosen Arrow draws;
 And had the Weapon found the destin'd way,
 Thy Fall, great *Trojan*! had renown'd that Day.

540 But *Hector* was not doom'd to perish then :
Th' all-wise Disposer of the Fates of Men,
(Imperial *Jove*) his present Death withstands ;
Nor was such Glory due to *Teucer*'s Hands.
At his full Stretch, as the tough String he drew,
545 Struck by an Arm unseen, it burst in two ;
Down drop'd the Bow : the Shaft with brazen Head
Fell innocent, and on the Dust, lay dead.
Th' astonish'd Archer to great *Ajax* cries ;
Some God prevents our destin'd Enterprize :
550 Some God, propitious to the *Trojan* Foe,
Has, from my Arm unfailing, struck the Bow,
And broke the Nerve my Hands had twin'd with Art,
Strong to impell the Flight of many a Dart.
Since Heav'n commands it (*Ajax* made reply)
555 Dismiss the Bow, and lay thy Arrows by ;
Thy Arms no less suffice the Lance to wield,
And quit the Quiver for the pond'rous Shield.
In the first Ranks indulge thy Thirst of Fame,
Thy brave Example shall the rest enflame.
560 Fierce as they are, by long Successes vain ;
To force our Fleet, or ev'n a Ship to gain,

Asks

Asks Toil, and Sweat, and Blood: Their utmost Might
Shall find its Match---No more: 'Tis ours to fight.

Then *Teucer* laid his faithless Bow aside;
The fourfold Buckler o'er his Shoulder ty'd; 565
On his brave Head a crested Helm he plac'd,
With nodding Horfehair formidably grac'd;
A Dart, whose Point with Brass refulgent shines,
The Warrior wields; and his great Brother joins.

This *Hector* saw, and thus express'd his Joy. 570
Ye Troops of *Lycia*, *Dardamus*, and *Troy*!
Be mindful of your selves, your ancient Fame,
And spread your Glory with the Navy's Flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his Hand, but now,
From the proud Archer strike his vaunted Bow. 575
Indulgent *Jove*! how plain thy Favours shine,
When happy Nations bear the Marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking State
Of Realms accurs'd, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the Fate of *Greece*, and such is ours: 580
Behold, ye Warriors, and exert your Pow'rs.
Death is the worst; a Fate which all must try;
And, for our Country, 'tis a Bliss to die.

The

The gallant Man, 'tho' slain in Fight he be,
585 Yet leaves his Nation safe, his Children free ;
Entails a Debt on all the grateful State ;
His own brave Friends shall glory in his Fate ;
His Wife live honour'd, all his Race succeed ;
And late Posterity enjoy the Deed !

590 This rous'd the Soul in ev'ry *Trojan* Breast :
The godlike *Ajax* next his *Greeks* addrest.
How long, ye Warriors of the *Argive* Race,
(To gen'rous *Argos* what a dire Disgrace !)
How long, on these curs'd Confines will ye lie,
595 Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die !
What Hopes remain, what Methods to retire,
If once your Vessels catch the *Trojan* Fire ?
Mark how the Flames approach, how near they fall,
How *Hector* calls, and *Troy* obeys his Call !
600 Not to the Dance that dreadful Voice invites,
It calls to Death, and all the Rage of Fights.
'Tis now no time for Wisdom or Debates ;
To your own Hands are trusted all your Fates :
And better far, in one decisive Strife,
605 One Day should end our Labour, or our Life ;

Than

Than keep this hard-got Inch of barren Sands,
Still prefs'd, and prefs'd by such inglorious Hands.

The list'ning *Grecians* feel their Leader's Flame,
And ev'ry kindling Bosom pants for Fame.

Then mutual Slaughters spread on either side; 610

By *Hector* here the *Phocian Schedius* dy'd;

There pierc'd by *Ajax*, sunk *Ladamas*,

Chief of the Foot, of old *Antenor's* Race.

Polydamas laid *Otus* on the Sand,

The fierce Commander of th' *Epeian* Band. 615

His Lance bold *Meges* at the Victor threw;

The Victor stooping, from the Death withdrew:

(That valu'd Life, O *Phæbus*! was thy Care)

But *Cræsmus*' Bosom took the flying Spear;

His Corps fell bleeding on the flipp'ry Shore; 620

His radiant Arms triumphant *Meges* bore.

Dolops, the Son of *Lampus* rushes on,

Sprung from the Race of old *Laomedon*,

And fam'd for Prowess in a well-fought Field;

He pierc'd the Centre of his sounding Shield: 625

But *Meges*, *Phyleus*' ample Breastplate wore,

(Well known in Fight on *Selles*' winding Shore,

C c c

For

For King *Euphetes* gave the golden Mail,
 Compact, and firm with many a jointed Scale)
 630 Which oft, in Cities storm'd, and Battels won,
 Had fav'd the Father, and now faves the Son.
 Full at the *Trojan's* Head he urg'd his Lance,
 Where the high Plumes above the Helmet dance,
 New-ting'd with *Tyrian* Dye: In Dust below,
 635 Shorn from the Crest, the purple Honours glow.
 Meantime their Fight the *Spartan* King survey'd,
 And stood by *Meges'* side, a sudden Aid,
 Thro' *Dolops'* Shoulder urg'd his forceful Dart,
 Which held its Passage thro' the panting Heart,
 640 And issu'd at his Breast. With thund'ring Sound
 The Warrior falls, extended on the Ground.
 In rush the conqu'ring *Greeks* to spoil the slain;
 But *Hector's* Voice excites his kindred Train;
 The Hero most, from *Hicetaon* sprung,
 645 Fierce *Melanippus*, gallant, brave, and young.
 He (e'er to *Troy* the *Grecians* cross'd the Main)
 Fed his large Oxen on *Percote's* Plain;
 But when oppress'd, his Country claim'd his Care,
 Return'd to *Ilion*, and excell'd in War:

For

For this, in *Priam's* Court he held his Place, 650
Belov'd no less than *Priam's* Royal Race.
Him *Hector* singled, as his Troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the Dead.

Lo *Melanippus*! lo where *Dolops* lies;
And is it thus our Royal Kinsman dies? 655
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a Prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody Arms away!
Come on—a distant War no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy Country's Foes engage:
Till *Greece* at once, and all her Glory end; 660
Or *Ilion* from her tow'ry Height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest Stone; and bury All,
In one sad Sepulchre, one common Fall.

Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the Foes:
With equal Ardour *Melanippus* glows: 665
Then *Ajax* thus—Oh *Greeks*! respect your Fame,
Respect your selves, and learn an honest Shame:
Let mutual Reverence mutual Warmth inspire,
And catch from Breast to Breast the noble Fire.
On Valour's side the odds of Combate lie, 670
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;

The

The Wretch that trembles in the Field of Fame,
Meets Death, and worse than Death, eternal Shame.

His gen'rous Sense he not in vain imparts;

675 It sunk, and rooted in the *Grecian* Hearts.

They join, they throng, they thicken at his Call,
And flank the Navy with a brazen Wall;
Shields touching Shields in order blaze above,
And stop the *Trojans*, tho' impell'd by *Jove*.

680 The fiery *Spartan* first, with loud Applause,
Warms the bold Son of *Nestor* in his Cause.

Is there (he said) in Arms a Youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?

Why stand you distant, nor attempt a Deed?

685 Lift the bold Lance, and make some *Trojan* bleed.

He said, and backward to the Lines retir'd;
Forth rush'd the Youth, with martial Fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremost Ranks; his Lance he threw,
And round the black Battalions cast his View.

690 The Troops of *Troy* recede with sudden Fear,
While the swift Javelin his'd along in Air.

Advancing *Menalippus* met the Dart

With his bold Breast, and felt it in his Heart:

Thund'ring

Thund'ring he falls ; his falling Arms resound,
And his broad Buckler rings against the Ground. 695

The Victor leaps upon his prostrate Prize ;
Thus on a Roe the well-breath'd Beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the Dart
The distant Hunter sent into his Heart.

Observing *Hector* to the Rescue flew ; 700

Bold as he was, *Antilochus* withdrew :

So when a Savage, ranging o'er the Plain,
Has torn the Shepherd's Dog, or Shepherd Swain ;

While conscious of the Deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring Multitude resound, 705

Timely he flies the yet-untasted Food,
And gains the friendly Shelter of the Wood.

So fears the Youth ; all *Troy* with Shouts pursue,
While Stones and Darts in mingled Tempest flew ;

But enter'd in the *Grecian* Ranks, he turns 710
His manly Breast, and with new Fury burns.

Now on the Fleet the Tydes of *Trojans* drove,
Fierce to fulfill the stern Decrees of *Jove* :

The Sire of Gods, confirming *Thetis'* Pray'r,
The *Grecian* Ardour quench'd in deep Despair ; 715

D d d

But

But lifts to Glory *Troy's* prevailing Bands,
Swells all their Hearts, and strengthens all their Hands.
On *Ida's* Top he waits with longing Eyes,
To view the Navy blazing to the Skies ;
720 Then, nor till then, the Scale of War shall turn,
The *Trojans* fly, and conquer'd *Ilion* burn.
These Fates revolv'd in his almighty Mind,
He raises *Hector* to the Work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal Fury glow,
725 And drives him, like a Light'ning, on the Foe.
So *Mars*, when human Crimes for Vengeance call,
Shakes his huge Javelin, and whole Armies fall.
Not with more Rage a Conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast Mountains, and involves the Poles.
730 He foames with Wrath ; beneath his gloomy Brow
Like fiery Meteors his red Eyeballs glow :
The radiant Helmet on his Temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns :
For *Jove* his Splendour round the Chief had thrown,
735 And cast the Blaze of both the Hosts on one.
Unhappy Glories ! for his Fate was near,
Due to stern *Pallas*, and *Pelides'* Spear :

Yet

Yet *Jove* deferr'd the Death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the Honours of a Day!

Now all on fire for Fame; his Breast, his Eyes 740
Burn at each Foe, and single ev'ry Prize;
Still at the closest Ranks, the thickest Fight,
He points his Ardour, and exerts his Might.
The *Grecian* Phalanx moveless as a Tow'r,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his Pow'r: 745
So some tall Rock o'erhangs the hoary Main,
By Winds assail'd, by Billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the Tempest blow,
And sees the watry Mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding Flames, he seems to fall 750
Like Fire from *Jove*, and bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a Wave, that from the Clouds impends,
And swell'd with Tempests on the Ship descends;
White are the Decks with Foam; the Winds aloud
Howl o'er the Masts, and sing thro' ev'ry Shroud: 755
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the Sailors freeze with Fears;
And instant Death on ev'ry Wave appears.
So pale the *Greeks* the Eyes of *Hector* meet,
The Chief so thunders, and so shakes the Fleet.

As

- 760 As when a Lion, rushing from his Den,
Amidst the Plain of some wide-water'd Fen,
(Where num'rous Oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker Mead;)
Leaps on the Herds before the Herdsman's Eyes;
765 The trembling Herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly Bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the Rage of *Jove*-like *Hector*, flew
All *Greece* in Heaps; but one he seiz'd, and flew.
770 *Mycenian Periphes*, a mighty Name,
In Wisdom great, in Arms well known to Fame:
The Minister of stern *Euristheus'* Ire
Against *Alcides*, *Copreus*, was his Sire:
The Son redeem'd the Honours of the Race,
775 A Son as gen'rous as his Sire was base;
O'er all his Country's Youth conspicuous far,
In ev'ry Virtue, or of Peace or War:
But doom'd to *Hector's* stronger Force to yield!
Against the Margin of his ample Shield
780 He struck his hasty Foot: his Heels up-sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen Helmet rung.

On

On the fall'n Chief th' invading *Trojan* preſt,
And plung'd the pointed Javelin in his Breſt.
His circling Friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy Hero ; fled, or ſhar'd his Fate. 785

Chas'd from the foremoſt Line, the *Grecian* Train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the Main :
Wedg'd in one Body at the Tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with Sterns, a gloomy, deſp'rate Band.
Now manly Shame forbids th' inglorious Flight; 790
Now Fear itſelf confines them to the Fight :
Man Courage breathes in Man ; but *Neflor* moſt
(The ſage Preſerver of the *Grecian* Hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt Shores ;
And by their Parents, by themſelves, implores. 795

O Friends ! be Men : your gen'rous Breſts inflame
With mutual Honour, and with mutual Shame !
Think of your Hopes, your Fortunes ; all the Care
Your Wives, your Infants, and your Parents ſhare :
Think of each living Father's rev'rend Head ; 800
Think of each Anceſtor with Glory dead ;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue ;
They ask their Safety and their Fame from you :

E e e

The

The Gods their Fates on this one Action lay,
 805 And all are lost, if you desert the Day.

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic Fires ;
Minerva seconds what the Sage inspires.

The Mist of Darkness *Jove* around them threw,
 She clear'd, restoring all the War to view ;

810 A sudden Ray shot beaming o'er the Plain,
 And shew'd the Shores, the Navy, and the Main :

Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
 The Scene wide-opening to the Blaze of Light.

First of the Field, great *Ajax* strikes their Eyes,
 815 His Port majestick, and his ample Size :

A pond'rous Mace, with Studs of Iron crown'd,
 Full twenty Cubits long, he swings around.

Nor fights like others, fix'd to certain Stands,
 But looks a moving Tow'r above the Bands ;

820 High on the Decks, with vast gigantic Stride,
 The godlike Hero stalks from side to side.

So when a Horseman from the watry Mead
 (Skill'd in the Manage of the bounding Steed)

Drives four fair Coursers, practis'd to obey,
 825 To some great City thro' the publick way ;

Safe

Safe in his Art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his Seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring Numbers follow with their Eyes.
From Ship to Ship thus *Ajax* swiftly flew, 830
No less the Wonder of the warring Crew.
As furious, *Hector* thunder'd Threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the *Trojan* Croud:
Then swift invades the Ships, whose beaky Prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending Shores. 835
So the strong Eagle from his airy Height
Who marks the Swan's or Crane's embody'd Flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for Food,
And stooping, darkens with his Wings the Flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty Hand, 840
And breathes fierce Spirits in his following Band.
The warring Nations meet, the Battel roars,
Thick beats the Combate on the sounding Prores.
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their Fire
No Force could tame them, and no Toil could tire; 845
As if new Vigour from new Fights they won,
And the long Battel was but then begun.

Greece

Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the War,
Secure of Death, confiding in Despair ;

850 *Troy* in proud Hopes already view'd the Main
Bright with the Blaze, and red with Heroes slain :
Like Strength is felt, from Hope, and from Despair,
And each contends, as his were all the War.

'Twas thou, bold *Hector* ! whose resistless Hand
855 First seiz'd a Ship on that contested Strand ;
The same which dead *Protesilaus* bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy *Trojan* Shore :
For this in Arms the warring Nations stood,
And bath'd their gen'rous Breasts with mutual Blood.

860 No room to poize the Lance, or bend the Bow ;
But hand to hand, and Man to Man they grow.
Wounded, they wound ; and seek each others Hearts
With Faulchions, Axes, Swords, and shorten'd Darts.
The Faulchions ring, Shields rattle, Axes sound,
865 Swords flash in Air, or glitter on the Ground ;
With streaming Blood the flipp'ry Shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd Heroes swell the dreadful Tyde.

Still raging *Hector* with his ample Hand
Grasps the high Stern, and gives this loud Command.

Haste,

Haste, bring the Flames! the Toil of ten long Years 870
 Is finish'd; and the Day desir'd appears!
 This happy Day with Acclamations greet,
 Bright with Destruction of yon' hostile Fleet.
 The Coward-Counsels of a tim'rous Throng
 Of rev'rend Detards, check'd our Glory long: 875
 Too long ~~Jove~~ lull'd us with lethargic Charms,
 But now in Peals of Thunder calls to Arms;
 In this great Day he crowns our full Desires,
 Wakes all our Force, and seconds all our Fires.

He spoke---The Warriors, at his fierce Command, 880
 Pour a new Deluge on the *Grecian* Band.
 Ev'n *Ajax* paus'd (so thick the Javelins fly)
 Step'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
 Yet where the Oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
 What Chief approaching dares attempt his Fate; 885
 Ev'n to the last, his Naval Charge defends,
 Now shakes his Spear, now lifts, and now protends,
 Ev'n yet, the *Greeks* with piercing Shouts inspires,
 Amidst Attacks, and Deaths, and Darts, and Fires.

O Friends! O Heroes! Names for ever dear, 890
 Once Sons of *Mars*, and Thunderbolts of War!

F f f

Ah

Ah yet be mindful of your old Renown,

Your great Forefathers' Virtues, and your own.

What Aids expect you in this utmost Strait?

895 What Bulwarks rising between you and Fate?

No Aids, no Bulwarks your Retreat attend,

No Friends to help, no City to defend.

This Spot is all you have, to lose or keep:

There stand the *Trojans*, and here rolls the Deep:

900 'Tis hostile Ground you tread; your native Lands

Far, far from hence: your Fates are in your Hands.

Raging he spoke, nor farther wastes his Breath,

But turns his Javelin to the Work of Death,

Whate'er bold *Trojan* arm'd his daring Hands

905 Against the sable Ships with flaming Brands,

So well the Chief his Naval Weapon sped,

The luckless Warrior at his Stern lay dead:

Full twelve, the boldest, in a Moment fell,

Sent by great *Ajax* to the Shades of Hell.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Fifteenth Book.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK.

I.

ADAM, in *Paradise lost*, awakes from the Embrace of *Eve*, in much the same Humour with *Jupiter* in this Place. Their Circumstance is very parallel; and each of 'em, as soon as his Passion is over, full of that Resentment natural to a Superior, who is imposed upon by one of less Worth and Sense than himself, and imposed upon in the worst manner by Shews of Tenderneſs and Love.

II.

VERSE 23. *Haſt thou forgot, &c.*] It is in the Original to this Effect. *Have you forgot how you ſwung in the Air when I hung a Load of two Anvils at your Feet, and a Chain of Gold on your Hands?* “Tho’ it is not my Deſign, ſays M. Dacier, “to give a Reason for every Story in the Pagan Theology, “yet I can’t prevail upon my ſelf to paſs over this in Silence. “The phyſical Allegory ſeems very apparent to me: *Ho-* “*mer* myſteriouſly in this Place explains the Nature of the

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“ Air,

“ Air, which is *Juno*; the two Anvils which she had at her
 “ Feet are the two Elements, Earth and Water; and the
 “ Chains of Gold about her Hands are the *Æther*, or Fire,
 “ which fills the superior Region: The two grosser Elements
 “ are called Anvils, to shew us, that in these two Elements
 “ only, Arts are exercis’d. I don’t know but that a moral
 “ Allegory may here be found, as well as a physical one;
 “ the Poet by these Masses tied to the Feet of *Juno*, and by
 “ the Chain of Gold with which her Hands were bound,
 “ might signify, that on one side domestick Affairs should
 “ like Fetters detain the wife at home; and on the other,
 “ that proper and beautiful Works like Chains of Gold ought
 “ to employ her Hands.”

The physical part of this Note belongs to *Heraclides Pontius*, *Eustathius*, and the Scholiast: *M. Dacier* might have been contented with the Credit of the moral one, as it seems an Observation no less singular in a Lady.

III.

VERSE 13.] *Eustathius* tells us, that there were in some Manuscripts of *Homer* two Verses which are not to be found in any of the printed Editions, (which *Hen. Stephens* places here.)

Πρὶν γὰρ ὅτε δὴ σ’ ἀπέλυσα ποδῶν, μύδρας δ’ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ
 Κάβαλον ὄφρα πέλοιτο καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.

By these two Verses *Homer* shews us, that what he says of the Punishment of *Juno* was not an Invention of his own, but founded upon an ancient Tradition. There had probably been some Statue of *Juno* with Anvils at her Feet, and Chains on her Hands; and nothing but Chains and Anvils being left by Time, superstitious People rais’d this Story; so that *Homer* only follow’d common Report. What farther confirms it, is what *Eustathius* adds, that there were shewn near *Troy* certain Ruins, which were said to be the Remains of these Masses. *Dacier*.

IV.

IV.

VERSE 43. *And thy black Waves, tremendous Styx!*] The Epithet *Homer* here gives to *Styx* is καλειόμενον, *subterlabens*, which I take to refer to its Passage thro' the infernal Regions. But there is a Refinement upon it, as if it signify'd *ex alto stillans*, falling drop by drop from on high. *Herodotus* in his sixth Book, writes thus. "The *Arcadians* say, that "near the City *Nonacris* flows the Water of *Styx*, and "that it is a small Rill, which distilling from an exceeding high Rock, falls into a little Cavity or Bason, environ'd with a Hedge." *Pausanias*, who had seen the Place, gives Light to this Passage of *Herodotus*. "Going from "Phereus, says he, in the Country of the *Arcadians*, and "drawing towards the West, we find on the left the City "Clytornus, and on the right that of *Nonacris*, and the Fountain of *Styx*, which from the Height of a shaggy Precipice falls drop by drop upon an exceeding high Rock, "and before it has travers'd this Rock, flows into the River "Crathis; this Water is mortal both to Man and Beast, "and therefore it is said to be an infernal Fountain. *Homer* gives it a Place in his Poems, and by the Description "which he delivers, one would think he had seen it." This shews the wonderful Exactness of *Homer* in the Description of Places which he mentions. The Gods swore by *Styx*, and this was the strongest Oath they could take; but we likewise find that Men too swore by this fatal Water: for *Herodotus* tells us, that *Cleomenes* going to *Arcadia* to engage the *Arcadians* to follow him in a War against *Sparta*, had a design to assemble at the City *Nonacris*, and make them swear by the Water of this Fountain. *Dacier*. *Eustath.* in *Odyss.*

V.

VERSE 47. *Not by my Arts, &c.*] This Apology is well contriv'd; *Juno* could not swear that she had not deceiv'd *Jupiter*, for this had been entirely false, and *Homer* would be

be far from authorizing Perjury by so great an Example. *Juno*, we see, throws part of the Fault on *Neptune*, by shewing she had not acted in concert with him. *Eustathius*.

VI.

VERSE 67. Greece *chas'd* by Troy, &c.] In this Discourse of *Jupiter* the Poet opens his Design, by giving his Readers a Sketch of the principal Events he is to expect. As this Conduct of *Homer* may to many appear no way artful, and since it is a principal Article of the Charge brought against him by some late *French* Criticks, it will not be improper here to look a little into this Dispute. The Case will be best stated by translating the following Passage from Mr. *de la Motte's* *Reflexions sur la Critique*.

“ I could not forbear wishing that *Homer* had an Art,
 “ which he seems to have neglected, that of preparing
 “ Events without making them known beforehand, so that
 “ when they happen one might be surprized agreeably. I
 “ could not be quite satisfied to hear *Jupiter*, in the middle
 “ of the *Iliad*, give an exact Abridgment of the Remainder
 “ of the Action. Mad. *Dacier* alledges as an Excuse, that
 “ this pass'd only between *Jupiter* and *Juno*; as if the Reader
 “ was not let into the Secret, and had not as much share in
 “ the Confidence.

She adds, “ that as we are capable of a great deal of Pleasure at the Representation of a Tragedy which we have
 “ seen before, so the Surprizes which I require are no way
 “ necessary to our Entertainment. This I think a pure Piece
 “ of Sophistry: One may have two sorts of Pleasure at the
 “ Representation of a Tragedy; in the first place, that of
 “ taking part in an Action of Importance the first time it
 “ passes before our Eyes, of being agitated by Fear and Hope
 “ for the Persons one is most concern'd about, and in fine,
 “ of partaking their Felicity or Misfortune, as they happen
 “ to succeed, or be disappointed.

“ This therefore is the first Pleasure which the Poet should
 “ design to give his Auditors, to transport them by pathetic
 “ Surprizes

“ Surprizes which excite Terror or Pity. The second Pleasure must proceed from a View of that Art which the Author has shewn in raising the former.

“ 'Tis true, when we have seen a Piece already, we have no longer that first Pleasure of the Surprise, at least not in all its Vivacity; but there still remains the second, which could never have its turn, had not the Poet labour'd successfully to excite the first, it being upon that indispensable Obligation that we judge of his Art.

“ The Art therefore consists in telling the Hearer only what is necessary to be told him, and in telling him only as much as is requisite to the Design of pleasing him. And altho' we know this already when we read it a second time, we yet taste the Pleasure of that Order and Conduct which the Art required.

“ From hence it follows, that every Poem ought to be contrived for the first Impression it is to make. If it be otherwise, it gives us (instead of two Pleasures which we expected) two sorts of Disgusts; the one, that of being cool and untouch'd when we should be mov'd and transported; the other, that of perceiving the Defect which caus'd that Disgust.

“ This, in one word, is what I have found in the Iliad. I was not interested or touch'd by the Adventures, and I saw it was this cooling Preparation that prevented my being so.”

It appears clearly that M. *Dacier's* Defence no way excuses the Poet's Conduct; wherefore I shall add two or three Considerations which may chance to set it in a better Light. It must be own'd that a Surprise artfully managed, which arises from unexpected Revolutions of great Actions, affects the Mind with a peculiar Delight: In this consists the principal Pleasure of a Romance and well writ Tragedy. But besides this, there is in the Relation of great Events a different kind of Pleasure which arises from the artful unravelling a Knot of Actions, which we knew before in the gross. This is a Delight peculiar to History and Epic Poetry, which is founded on History. In these kinds of writing, a preceding summary Knowledge of the Events described, does no way

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damp

damp our Curiosity, but rather makes it more eager for the Detail. This is evident in a good History, where generally the Reader is affected with a greater Delight, in proportion to his preceding Knowledge of the Facts described: The Pleasure in this case is like that of an Architect first viewing some magnificent Building, who was before well acquainted with the Proportions of it. In an Epic Poem the case is of a like Nature; where, as if the historical Fore-knowledge were not sufficient, the most judicious Poets never fail to excite their Reader's Curiosity by some small Sketches of their Design; which like the Outlines of a fine Picture, will necessarily raise in us a greater desire to see it in its finish'd Colouring.

Had our Author been inclined to follow the Method of managing our Passions by Surprizes, he could not well have succeeded by this manner in the Subject he chose to write upon, which being a Story of great Importance, the principal Events of which were well known to the *Greeks*, it was not possible for him to alter the Ground-work of his Piece; and probably he was willing to mark by these Recapitulations how much of his Story was founded on historical Truths, and that what is superadded were the poetical Ornaments.

There is another Consideration worth remembering on this Head, to justify our Author's Conduct. It seems to have been an Opinion in these early times, deeply rooted in most Countries and Religions, that the Actions of Men were not only foreknown, but predestinated by a superior Being. This Sentiment is very frequent in the most ancient Writers both sacred and prophane, and seems a distinguishing Character of the Writings of the greatest Antiquity. *The Word of the Lord was fulfill'd*, is the principal Observation in the History of the Old Testament, and *Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βελή* is the declared and most obvious Moral of the *Iliad*. If this great Moral be fit to be represented in Poetry, what Means so proper to make it evident, as this introducing *Jupiter* foretelling the Events which he had decreed?

VII.

VERSE 86. *As some way-faring Man, &c.*] The Discourse of *Jupiter* to *Juno* being ended, she ascends to Heaven with wonderful Celerity, which the Poet explains by this Comparison. On other Occasions he has illustrated the Action of the Mind by sensible Images from the Motion of the Bodies; here he inverts the Case, and shews the great Velocity of *Juno's* Flight by comparing it to the Quickness of Thought. No other Comparison could have equall'd the Speed of an heavenly Being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the Poet describes a Traveller who revolves in his Mind the several Places which he has seen, and in an Instant passes in Imagination from one distant Part of the Earth to another. *Milton* seems to have had it in his Eye in that elevated Passage,

—*The Speed of Gods*
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest Minutes wing'd.

As the Sense in which we have explain'd this Passage is exactly literal, as well as truly sublime, one cannot but wonder what should induce both *Hobbes* and *Chapman* to ramble so wide from it in their Translations.

This said, went Juno to Olympus high.
As when a Man looks o'er an ample Plain,
To any distance quickly goes his Eye:
So swiftly Juno went with little Pain.

Chapman's is yet more foreign to the Subject,

But as the Mind of such a Man, that hath a great way gone,
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone
His purpos'd Journey; is distract, and in his vexed Mind
Resolves now not to go, now goes, still many ways inclin'd—

VIII.

VIII.

VERSE 102. *Go thou, the Feasts of Heav'n attend thy Call.*] This is a Passage worthy our Observation: *Homer* feigns, that *Themis*, that is Justice, presides over the Feasts of the Gods; to let us know, that she ought much more to preside over the Feasts of Men. *Eustathius*.

IX.

VERSE 114. *Juno's Speech to the Gods.*] It was no sort of Exaggeration what the Ancients have affirm'd of *Homer*, that the Examples of all kinds of Oratory are to be found in his Works. The present Speech of *Juno* is a Masterpiece in that sort, which seems to say one thing, and persuades another: For while she is only declaring to the Gods the Orders of *Jupiter*, at the time that she tells 'em they must obey, she fills them with a Reluctance to do it. By representing so strongly the Superiority of his Power, she makes them uneasy at it, and by particularly advising that God to submit, whose Temper could least brook it, she incites him to downright Rebellion. Nothing can be more sly and artfully provoking, than that Stroke on the Death of his darling Son. *Do thou, O Mars, teach Obedience to us all, for 'tis upon thee that Jupiter has put the severest Trial: Aescalaphus thy Son lies slain by his means: Bear it with so much Temper and Moderation, that the World may not think he was thy Son.*

X.

VERSE 134. *To Fear and Flight.*—] *Homer* does not say, that *Mars* commanded they should join his Horses to his Chariot, which Horses were call'd *Fear* and *Flight*. *Fear* and *Flight* are not the Names of the Horses of *Mars*, but the Names of two Furies in the Service of this God: It appears likewise by other Passages, that they were his Children,

Book

Book 13. V. 299. This is a very ancient Mistake; *Eustathius* mentions it as an Error of *Antimachus*, yet *Hobbes* and most others have fallen into it.

XI.

VERSE 164. *Go wait the Thund'rer's Will.*] 'Tis remarkable, that whereas it is familiar with the Poet to repeat his Errands and Messages, here he introduces *Juno* with very few Words, where she carries a Dispatch from *Jupiter* to *Iris* and *Apollo*. She only says, "*Jove* commands you to attend him on Mount *Ida*," and adds nothing of what had pass'd between herself and her Consort before. The reason of this Brevity is not only that she is highly disgusted with *Jupiter*, and so unwilling to tell her Tale from the Anguish of her Heart; but also because *Jupiter* had given her no Commission to relate fully the Subject of their Discourse; wherefore she is cautious of declaring what possibly he would have concealed. Neither does *Jupiter* himself in what follows reveal his Decrees: For he lets *Apollo* only so far into his Will, that he would have him discover and rout the *Greeks*: Their good Fortune, and the Success which was to ensue, he hides from him, as one who favour'd the Cause of *Troy*. One may remark in this Passage *Homer's* various Conduct and Discretion concerning what ought to be put in Practice, or left undone; whereby his Reader may be inform'd how to regulate his own Affairs. *Eustathius*.

XII.

VERSE 210. *Three Brother Deities, from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal Dame:
Assign'd by Lot, our Triple Rule we know, &c.*

Some have thought the *Platonic* Philosophers drew from hence the Notion of their *Triad* (which the Christian *Platonists* since imagined to be an obscure Hint of the *Sacred Trinity*.) The *Trias* of *Plato* is well known, τὸ αὐτὸ ἐν, ὁ νῆς ὁ δημιουργός, ἡ τὴ κόσμος

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ψυχή.

Ψυχή. In his *Gorgias* he tells us, τὸν Ὅμηρον (*autorem sc. fuisse*) τῆς τῶν ὁμηρικῶν Τριαδικῆς ὑποστάσεως. See *Proclus in Plat. Theol. lib. 1. c. 5. Lucian Philopatr. Aristotle de cælo, l. 1. c. 1.* speaking of the Ternarian Number from *Pythagoras*, has these Words; Τὰ τετρα πάντα, καὶ τὸ τρεῖς πάντα. Καθ' ὅπερ γὰρ φασι καὶ οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι, τὸ πᾶν καὶ τὰ πάντα τοῖς τρεῖσιν ὄρεται. Τελευτὴ γὰρ καὶ μέσον καὶ ἀρχὴ τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἔχει τὸν τῷ παντός· ταῦτα δὲ τὸν τῆς τριάδος. From which Passage *Trapezuntius* endeavour'd very seriously to prove, that *Aristotle* had a perfect Knowledge of the Trinity. *Duport* (who furnish'd me with this Note, and who seems to be sensible of the Folly of *Trapezuntius*) nevertheless in his *Gnomologia Homericæ*, or Comparison of our Author's Sentences with those of the Scripture, has placed opposite to this Verse that of *St. John*. *There are three who give Testimony in Heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost*. I think this the strongest Instance I ever met with of the manner of thinking of such Men, whose too much Learning has made them mad.

Lactantius, de Fals. Relig. lib. 1. cap. 11. takes this Fable to be a Remain of ancient History, importing, that the Empire of the then known World was divided among the three Brothers; to *Jupiter* the Oriental part, which was call'd Heaven, as the Region of Light, or the Sun: To *Pluto* the Occidental, or darker Regions: And to *Neptune* the Sovereignty of the Seas.

XIII.

VERSE 228. *To elder Brothers.*] *Iris*, that she may not seem to upbraid *Neptune* with Weakness of Judgment, out of Regard to the Greatness and Dignity of his Person, does not say that *Jupiter* is stronger or braver; but attacking him from a Motive not in the least invidious, Superiority of Age, she says sententiously, that the *Furies* wait upon our Elders. The *Furies* are said to wait upon Men in a double Sense: either for Evil, as they did upon *Orestes* after he had slain his Mother; or else for their good, as upon Elders when they are injur'd, to protect them and avenge their Wrongs. This

is an Instance that the Pagans look'd upon Birth-right as a Right divine. *Eustathius*.

XIV.

VERSE 252. *Else had our Wrath, &c.*] This Representation of the Terrors which must have attended the Conflict of two such mighty Powers as *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, whereby the Elements had been mix'd in Confusion, and the whole Frame of Nature endangered, is imaged in these few Lines with a Nobleness suitable to the Occasion. *Milton* has a Thought very like it in his fourth Book, where he represents what must have happen'd if *Satan* and *Gabriel* had encounter'd.

—Not only Paradise
In this Commotion, but the starry Cope
Of Heav'n, perhaps, and all the Elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With Violence of this Conflict, had not soon
Th' Almighty, to prevent such horrid Fray, &c.

XV.

VERSE 274. *Jove thinking of his Pains, they past away.*] *Eustathius* observes, that this is a very sublime Representation of the Power of *Jupiter*, to make *Hector's* Pains cease from the Moment wherein *Jupiter* first turn'd his Thoughts towards him. *Apollo* finds him so far recover'd, as to be able to sit up, and know his Friends. Thus much was the Work of *Jupiter*; the God of Health perfects the Cure.

XVI.

VERSE 298. *As when the pamper'd Steed.*] This Comparison is repeated from the sixth Book, and we are told that the ancient Criticks retain'd no more than the two first Verses and the four last in this Place, and that they gave the
Verses

Verſes two Marks; by the one (which was the Aſterifm) they intimated, that the four Lines were very beautiful; but by the other (which was the *Obelus*) that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial Reader who conſiders the two Places will be of the ſame Opinion.

Taſſo has improv'd the Juſtneſs of this Simile in his ſixteenth Book, where *Rinaldo* returning from the Arms of *Armida* to Battel, is compared to the Steed that is taken from his Paſtures and Mares to the Service of the War: The Reverse of the Circumſtance better agreeing with the Occaſion.

*Qual feroce deſtrier, ch'al faticoso
Honor de l'arme vincitor ſia tolto,
E laſcivo marito in vil ripoſo
Frà gli armenti, e ne' paſchi erri diſciolto;
Se'l deſta o ſuon di tromba, o luminoso
Acciar, colà toſto annittendo è volto;
Già già brama l'arringo, e l'huom ſul dorſo
Portando, urtato riurtar nel corſo.*

XVII.

VERSE 311. *For Fate preſerves them.*] *Dacier* has a pretty Remark on this Paſſage, that *Homer* extended Deſtiny (that is, the Care of Providence) even over the Beaſts of the Field; an Opinion that agrees perfectly with true Theology. In the Book of *Jonas*, the Regard of the Creator extending to the meanest Rank of his Creatures, is ſtrongly expreſs'd in thoſe Words of the Almighty, where he makes his Compaſſion to the Brute Beaſts one of the Reaſons againſt deſtroying *Nineveh*. *Shall I not ſpare the great City, in which there are more than ſixſcore thouſand Perſons, and alſo much Cattel?* And what is ſtill more parallel to this Paſſage, in *St. Matth. Ch. 10.* *Are not two Sparrows ſold for a Farthing? And yet one of them ſhall not fall to the Ground, without your Father.*

XVIII.

VERSE 363. *But when aloft he shakes.] Apollo* in this Passage by the mere shaking his *Ægis*, without acting offensively, annoys and puts the *Greeks* into Disorder. *Eustathius* thinks that such a Motion might possibly create the same Confusion, as hath been reported by Historians to proceed from *Panic Fears*: or that it might intimate some dreadful Confusion in the Air, and a Noise issuing from thence; a Notion which seems to be warranted by *Apollo's* Outcry, which presently follows in the same Verse. But perhaps we need not go so far to account for this Fiction of *Homer*: The Sight of a Hero's Armour often has the like Effect in an Epic Poem: The Shield of Prince *Arthur* in *Spencer* works the same Wonders with this *Ægis* of *Apollo*.

XIX.

VERSE 386. *By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd thro' the Shoulder as he basely flies.]*
Here is one that falls under the Spear of *Paris*, smitten in the Extremity of his Shoulder, as he was flying. This gives occasion to a pretty Observation in *Eustathius*, that this is the only *Greek* who falls by a Wound in the Back, so careful is *Homer* of the Honour of his Countrymen. And this Remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the Death of *Eioneus* in the beginning of *Lib. 6*.

XX.

VERSE 396. *For by the Gods, who flies, &c.]* It sometimes happens (says *Longinus*) that a Writer in speaking of some Person, all on a sudden puts himself in that other's Place, and acts his part; a Figure which marks the Impetuosity and Hurry of Passion. It is this which *Homer* practises in these Verses; the Poet stops his Narration, forgets his own Person, and instantly, without any Notice puts this precipitate

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Menace

Menace into the Mouth of his furious and transported Hero. How must his Discourse have languish'd, had he stay'd to tell us, Hector *then said these, or the like Words*. Instead of which by this unexpected Transition he prevents the Reader, and the Transition is made before the Poet himself seems sensible he had made it. The true and proper Place for this Figure is when the Time presses, and when the Occasion will not allow of any Delay: It is elegant then to pass from one Person to another, as in that of *Hecataeus*. *The Herald, extremely discontented at the Orders he had receiv'd, gave command to the Heraclidæ to withdraw.—It is no way in my Power to help you; if therefore you would not perish entirely, and if you would not involve me too in your Ruin, depart, and seek a Retreat among some other People.* Longinus, *ch. 23*.

XXI.

VERSE 416. *As when ashore an Infant stands.*] This Simile of the Sand is inimitable; it is not easy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to describe the tumbling and confus'd Heap of a Wall, in a Moment. Moreover the Comparison here taken from Sand is the juster, as it rises from the very Place and Scene before us. For the Wall here demolished, as it was founded on the Coast, must needs border on the Sand; wherefore the Similitude is borrowed immediately from the Subject Matter under View. *Eustathius*.

XXII.

VERSE 427, *O Jove! if ever, &c.*] The Form of *Nestor's* Prayer in this Place resembles that of *Chryses* in the first Book. And it is worth remarking, that the Poet well knew what Shame and Confusion the reminding one of past Benefits is apt to produce. From the same Topick *Achilles* talks with his Mother, and *Thetis* herself accosts *Jove*; and likewise *Phoenix* where he holds a Parley with *Achilles*. This righteous Prayer hath its wished Accomplishment. *Eustathius*.

XXIII.

XXIII.

VERSE 438. *Presumptuous Troy mistook the Sign.*] The Thunder of *Jupiter* is design'd as a Mark of his Acceptance of *Nestor's* Prayers, and a Sign of his Favour to the *Greeks*. However, there being nothing in the Prodigy particular to the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* expound it in their own Favour, as they seem warranted by their present Success. This Self-partiality of Men in appropriating to themselves the Protection of Heaven, has always been natural to them. In the same manner *Virgil* makes *Turnus* explain the Transformation of the *Trojan* Ships into Nymphs, as an ill Omen to the *Trojans*.

*Trojanos hæc monstra petunt, his Jupiter ipse
Auxilium solitum eripuit.*—

History furnishes many Instances of Oracles, which by reason of this partial Interpretation, have prov'd an occasion to lead Men into great Misfortunes: It was the Case of *Cræsus* in his Wars with *Cyrus*; and a like Mistake engaged *Pyrrhus* to make War upon the *Romans*.

XXIV.

VERSE 448. *On the Ships above, the Cars below.*] This is a new sort of Battel, which *Homer* has never before mention'd; the *Greeks* on their Ships, and the *Trojans* in their Chariots, fight as on a Plain. *Eustathius*.

XXV.

VERSE 472. *Nor could the Trojans—Force to the Fleet and Tents th' impervious way.*] *Homer* always marks distinctly the Place of Battel; he here shews us clearly, that the *Trojans* attack'd the first Line of the Fleet that stood next the Wall,

Wall, or the Vessels which were drawn foremost on the Land: These Vessels were a strong Rampart to the Tents, which were pitch'd behind, and to the other Line of the Navy which stood nearer to the Sea; to penetrate therefore to the Tents, they must necessarily force the first Line, and defeat the Troops which defended it. *Eustathius.*

XXVI.

VERSE 582. *Death is the worst, &c.*] 'Tis with very great Address, that to the Bitterness of Death, he adds the Advantages that were to accrue after it. And the Ancients are of Opinion, that 'twou'd be as advantageous for young Soldiers to read this Lesson, concise as it is, as all the Volumes of *Tyrtaeus*, wherein he endeavours to raise the Spirits of his Countrymen. *Homer* makes a noble Enumeration of the Parts wherein the Happiness of a City consists. For having told us in another Place, the three great Evils to which a Town, when taken, is subject; the Slaughter of the Men, the Destruction of the Place by Fire; the leading of their Wives and Children into Captivity: now he reckons up the Blessings that are contrary to those Calamities. To the Slaughter of the Men indeed he makes no Opposition; because it is not necessary to the Well-being of a City, that every Individual should be saved, and not a Man slain. *Eustathius.*

XXVII.

VERSE 590. *The godlike Ajax next.*] The Oration of *Hector* is more splendid and shining than that of *Ajax*, and also more solemn, from his Sentiments concerning the Favour and Assistance of *Jupiter*. But that of *Ajax* is the more politick, fuller of Management, and apter to persuade: For it abounds with no less than seven generous Arguments to inspire Resolution. He exhorts his People even to Death, from the Danger to which their Navy was exposed, which if once consumed, they were never like to get home. And as
the

the *Trojans* were bid to die, so he bids his Men dare to die likewise: and indeed with great Necessity, for the *Trojans* may recruit after the Engagement, but for the *Greeks*, they had no better way than to hazard their Lives; and if they should gain nothing else by it, yet at least they would have a speedy Dispatch, not a lingering and dilatory Destruction. *Eustathius*.

XXVIII.

VERSE 677. *And flank the Navy with a Brazen Wall.*] The Poet has built the *Grecians* a different sort of Wall from what they had before, out of their Arms; and perhaps one might say, that 'twas from this Passage *Apollo* borrow'd that Oracle which he gave to the *Athenians* about their Wall of Wood; in like manner, the *Spartans* were said to have a Wall of Bones: If so, we must allow the God not a little obliged to the Poet. *Eustathius*.

XXIX.

VERSE 723. *He raises Hector, &c.*] This Picture of *Hector*, impuls'd by *Jupiter*, is a very finish'd Piece, and excels all the Drawings of this Hero which *Homer* has given us in so various Attitudes. He is here represented as an Instrument in the Hand of *Jupiter*, to bring about those Designs the God had long projected: And as his fatal Hour now approaches, *Jove* is willing to recompence his hasty Death with this short-liv'd Glory. Accordingly this being the last Scene of Victory he is to appear in, the Poet introduces him with all imaginable Pomp, and adorns him with all the Terror of a Conqueror: His Eyes sparkle with Fire, his Mouth foams with Fury, his Figure is compared to the God of War, his Rage is equall'd to a Conflagration and a Storm, and the Destruction he causes is resembled to that which a Lyon makes among the Herds. The Poet, by this Heap of Comparisons, raises the Idea of the Hero higher than any single Description could reach.

XXX.

VERSE 736. — *His Fate was near—Due to stern Pallas.*] It may be ask'd, what *Pallas* has to do with the *Fates*, or what Power has she over them? *Homer* speaks thus, because *Minerva* has already resolv'd to succour *Achilles*, and deceive *Hector* in the Combate between these two Heroes, as we find in Book 22. Properly speaking, *Pallas* is nothing but the Knowledge and Wisdom of *Jove*, and it is Wisdom which presides over the Councils of his Providence; therefore she may be look'd upon as drawing all things to the fatal Term to which they are decreed. *Dacier.*

XXXI.

VERSE 752. *Bursts as a Wave, &c.*] *Longinus*, observing that oftentimes the principal Beauty of Writing consists in the judicious assembling together of the great Circumstances, and the Strength with which they are mark'd in the proper Place, chuses this Passage of *Homer* as a plain Instance of it. “Where (says that noble Critick) in describing the Terror of a Tempest, he takes care to express whatever are the Accidents of most Dread and Horror in such a Situation: He is not content to tell us that the Mariners were in danger, but he brings them before our Eyes, as in a Picture, upon the Point of being every Moment overwhelm'd by every Wave; nay the very Words and Syllables of the Description give us an Image of their Peril.” He shews, that a Poet of less Judgment would amuse himself in less important Circumstances, and spoil the whole Effect of the Image by minute, ill-chosen, or superfluous Particulars. Thus *Aratus* endeavouring to refine upon that Line,

And instant Death on ev'ry Wave appears!

He turn'd it thus,

A slender Plank preserves them from their Fate.

Which,

Which, by flourishing upon the Thought, has lost the Loftiness and Terror of it, and is so far from improving the Image, that it lessens and vanishes in his Management. By confining the Danger to a single Line, he has scarce left the Shadow of it; and indeed the word *preserves* takes away even that. The same Critick produces a Fragment of an old Poem on the *Arimaspians*, written in this false Taste, whose Author he doubts not imagin'd he had said something wonderful in the following affected Verses. I have done my best to give 'em the same turn, and believe there are those, who will not think 'em bad ones.

*Ye Pow'rs! what Madness! How, on Ships so frail,
(Tremendous Thought!) can thoughtless Mortals sail?
For stormy Seas they quit the pleasing Plain,
Plant Woods in Waves, and dwell amidst the Main.
Far o'er the Deep (a trackless Path) they goe,
And wander Oceans, in pursuit of Woe.
No Ease their Hearts, no Rest their Eyes can find,
On Heav'n their Looks, and on the Waves their Mind;
Sunk are their Spirits, while their Arms they rear;
And Gods are weary'd with their fruitless Pray'r.*

XXXII.

VERSE 796. Nestor's Speech.] This popular Harangue of *Nestor* is justly extoll'd as the strongest and most persuasive Piece of Oratory imaginable. It contains in it every Motive by which Men can be affected; the Preservation of their Wives and Children, the secure Possession of their Fortunes, the Respect of their living Parents, and the due Regard for the Memory of those that were departed: By these he diverts the *Grecians* from any Thoughts of Flight in the Article of extreme Peril. *Eustathius*.

This noble Exhortation is finely imitated by *Tasso*, *Jerusalem*. l. 20.

—O va-

—O valoroso, hor via con questa
 Faccia, a ritor la preda a noi rapita.
 L'immagine ad alcuno in mente desta,
 Glie la figura quasi, e glie l'addita
 De la pregante patria e de la mesta
 Supplice famigliuola sbigottita.
 Credi (dicea) che la tua patria spieghi
 Per la mia lingua in tai parole i preghi.
 Guarda tù le mie leggi, e i sacri Tempi
 Fà, ch'io del sangue mio non bagni, e lavi,
 Afficura le virgini da gli empi,
 E i sepolchri, e le cinere de gli avi.
 A te piangendo i lor passati tempi
 Mostran la bianca chioma i vecchi gravi:
 A tè la moglie, e le mammelle, e'l petto,
 Le cune, e i figli, e'l marital suo letto.

XXXIII.

VERSE 814. *First of the Field, great Ajax.*] In this very Book, *Homer*, to raise the Valour of *Hector*, gives him *Nep-tune* for an Antagonist; and to raise that of *Ajax*, he first opposed to him *Hector*, supported by *Apollo*, and now the same *Hector* impell'd and seconded by *Jupiter* himself. These are Strokes of a Master-hand. *Eustathius*.

XXXIV.

VERSE 824. *Drives four fair Coursers, &c.*] The Comparison which *Homer* here introduces, is a Demonstration, that the Art of mounting and managing Horses was brought to so great a Perfection in these early Times, that one Man could manage four at once, and leap from one to the other even when they run full speed. But some object, that the Custom of Riding was not known in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan War*: Besides, they say the Compa-

Comparison is not just, for the Horses are said to run full speed, whereas the Ships stand firm and unmov'd. Had *Homer* put the Comparison in the Mouth of one of his Heroes, the Objection had been just, and he guilty of an Inconsistency; but it is he himself who speaks: Saddle-Horses were in use in his Age, and any Poet may be allow'd to illustrate Pieces of Antiquity by Images familiar to his own Times. This I hope is sufficient for the first Objection; nor is the second more reasonable than this; for it is not absolutely necessary that Comparisons should correspond in every Particular; it suffices if there be a general Resemblance. This is only introduced to shew the Agility of *Ajax*, who passes swiftly from one Vessel to another, and is therefore entirely just. *Eustathius*.

XXXV.

VERSE 856. *The same that dead Protefilaus bore.*] *Homer* feigns that *Hector* laid hold on the Ship of the dead *Protefilaus*, rather than that of any other, that he might not disgrace any of his *Grecian* Generals. *Eustathius*.

XXXVI.

VERSE 874. *The Coward Counsels of a tim'rous Throng
Of rev'rend Dotards.*—]

Homer adds this with a great deal of Art and Prudence, to answer beforehand all the Objections which he well foresaw might be made, because *Hector* never till now once attacks the *Grecians* in their Camp, or endeavours to burn their Navy. He was retain'd by the Elders of *Troy*, who frozen with Fear at the Sight of *Achilles*, never suffer'd him to march from the Ramparts. Our Author forgets nothing that has the Resemblance of Truth; but he had yet a farther Reason for inserting this, as it exalts the Glory of his principal Hero: These Elders of *Troy* thought it less difficult to defeat the *Greeks*, tho' defended with strong Entrenchments, while *Achilles* was not with them; than to overcome them without

Entrenchments when he assisted them. And this is the reason that they prohibited *Heſtor* before, and permit him now, to ſally upon the Enemy. *Dacier.*

XXXVII.

VERSE 877. *But now Jove calls to Arms, &c.] Heſtor* ſeems to be ſenſible of an extraordinary Impulſe from Heaven, ſignified by theſe Words, *the moſt mighty Hand of Jove pushing him on.* 'Tis no more than any other Perſon would be ready to imagine, who ſhould riſe from a State of Diſtreſs or Indolence, into one of good Fortune, Vigour, and Activity. *Euſtathius.*

XXXVIII.

VERSE 890. *The Speech of Ajax.]* There is great Strength, Cloſeneſs, and Spirit in this Speech, and one might (like many Criticks) employ a whole Page in extolling and admiring it in general Terms. But ſure the perpetual Rapture of ſuch Commentators, who are always giving us Exclamations inſtead of Criticiſms, may be a Mark of great Admiration, but of little Judgment. Of what Uſe is this either to a Reader who has a Taſte, or to one who has not? To admire a fine Paſſage is what the former will do without us, and what the latter cannot be taught to do by us. However we ought gratefully to acknowledge the good Nature of moſt People, who are not only pleaſed with this ſuperficial Applauſe given to fine Paſſages, but are likewise inclined to transfer to the Critick, who only points at theſe Beauties, part of the Admiration juſtly due to the Poet. This is a cheap and eaſy way to Fame, which many Writers ancient and modern have purſued with great Succeſs. Formerly indeed this ſort of Authors had Modeſty, and were humbly content to call their Performances only *Florilegia* or *Poſies*: But ſome of late have paſſ'd ſuch Collections on the World for Criticiſms of great Depth and Learning, and ſeem to expect the ſame Flowers ſhould pleaſe us better, in theſe paltry

try Nosegays of their own making up, than in the native Gardens where they grew. As this Practice of extolling without giving Reasons, is very convenient for most Writers; so it excellently suits the Ignorance or Laziness of most Readers, who will come into any Sentiment rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the Complement is mutual: For as such Criticks do not tax their Readers with any thought to understand them, so their Readers in Return advance nothing in Opposition to such Criticks. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaiming in this manner; *What an exquisite Spirit of Poetry—How beautiful a Circumstance—What Delicacy of Sentiments—With what Art has the Poet—In how sublime and just a manner—How finely imagined—How wonderfully beautiful and poetical—*And so proceed, without one Reason to interrupt the Course of their Eloquence, most comfortably and ignorantly Apostrophising to the end of the Chapter.

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THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

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The ARGUMENT.

The sixth Battel : The Acts and Death of *Patroclus*.

Patroclus (*in Pursuance of the Request of Nestor in the eleventh Book*) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the Assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's Troops and Armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the Fleet, without farther Pursuit of the Enemy. The Armour, Horses, Soldiers, and Officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a Libation for the Success of his Friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to Battel. The Trojans at the Sight of Patroclus in Achilles's Armour, taking him for that Hero, are cast into the utmost Consternation: He beats them off from the Vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is kill'd, tho' Jupiter was averse to his Fate. Several other Particulars of the Battel are described; in the Heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the Orders of Achilles, pursues the Foe to the Walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him, which concludes the Book.

T H E

THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

SO warr'd both Armies on th' enfanguin'd Shore,
While the black Vessels smoak'd with human gore.
Meantime *Patroclus* to *Achilles* flies;

The streaming Tears fall copious from his Eyes;
Not faster, trickling to the Plains below, 5
From the tall Rock the fable Waters flow.

Divine *Pelides*, with Compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best belov'd.

Patroclus, say, what Grief thy Bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly Tears? 10

No Girl, no Infant whom the Mother keeps
From her lov'd Breast, with fonder Passion weeps;

Not

Not more the Mother's Soul that Infant warms,
Clung to her Knees, and reaching at her Arms,
15 Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting Sorrows thus pursue thy Friend?

Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial Band?
Or come sad Tidings from our native Land?
Our Fathers live, (our first, most tender Care)
20 Thy good *Menaëtius* breathes the vital Air,
And hoary *Peleus* yet extends his Days;
Pleas'd in their Age to hear their Children's Praise.

Or may some meaner Cause thy Pity claim?
Perhaps yon' Reliques of the *Grecian* Name,
25 Doom'd in their Ships to sink by Fire and Sword,
And pay the Forfeit of their haughty Lord?
Whate'er the Cause, reveal thy secret Care,
And speak those Sorrows which a Friend would share.

A Sigh, that instant, from his Bosom broke,
30 Another follow'd, and *Patroclus* spoke.

Let *Greece* at length with Pity touch thy Breast,
Thy self a *Greek*; and, once, of *Greeks* the best!
Lo! ev'ry Chief that might her Fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with Wounds; and bleeding in his Tent.

Eury-

Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' Son, } 35
 And wife *Ulysses*, at the Navy groan
 More for their Country's Wounds, than for their own.
 Their Pain, soft Arts of Pharmacy can ease,
 Thy Breast alone no Lenitives appease.

May never Rage like thine my Soul enslave, 40
 O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
 Thy Country slighted in her last Distress,
 What Friend, what Man, from thee shall hope redress?
 No—Men unborn, and Ages yet behind,
 Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving Mind. 45

O Man unpitying! if of Man thy Race;
 But sure thou spring'st not from a soft Embrace,
 Nor ever am'rous Hero caus'd thy Birth,
 Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.
 Some rugged Rock's hard Entrails gave thee Form, 50
 And raging Seas produc'd thee in a Storm,
 A Soul well-suited that tempestuous Kind,
 So rough thy Manners, so untam'd thy Mind,

If some dire Oracle thy Breast alarm,
 If ought from *Jove*, or *Thetis*, stop thy Arm, 55

And

O o o

Some

Some Beam of Comfort yet on *Greece* may shine,
If I but lead the *Myrmidonian* Line :

Clad in thy dreadful Arms if I appear,

Proud *Troy* shall tremble, and desert the War :

60 Without thy Person *Greece* shall win the Day,

And thy mere Image chase her Foes away.

Press'd by fresh Forces, her o'erlabour'd Train

Shall quit the Ships, and *Greece* respire again.

Thus, blind to Fate! with supplicating Breath,

65 Thou beg'st his Arms, and in his Arms, thy Death.

Unfortunately Good! a boding Sigh

Thy Friend return'd; and with it, this Reply.

Patroclus! thy *Achilles* knows no Fears;

Nor Words from *Jove*, nor *Oracles* he hears;

70 Nor ought a Mother's Caution can suggest;

The Tyrant's Pride lies rooted in my Breast.

My Wrongs, my Wrongs, my constant Thought engage,

Those, my sole Oracles, inspire my Rage :

I made him Tyrant; gave him Pow'r to wrong

75 Ev'n me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.

The Maid, my black-ey'd Maid, he forc'd away,

Due to the Toils of many a well-fought Day ;

Due

Due to my Conquest of her Father's Reign ;
 Due to the Votes of all the *Grecian* Train.
 From me he forc'd her ; me, the bold and brave ; 80
 Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest Slave.
 But bear we this---The Wrongs I grieve, are past ;
 'Tis time our Fury should relent at last :
 I fix'd its Date ; the Day I wish'd appears :
 Now *Hector* to my Ships his Battel bears, } 85
 The Flames my Eyes, the Shouts invade my Ears.
 Go then *Patroclus* ! court fair Honour's Charms
 In *Troy's* fam'd Fields, and in *Achilles'* Arms
 Lead forth my martial *Myrmidons* to fight,
 Go save the Fleets, and conquer in my right. 90
 See the thin Reliques of their baffled Band,
 At the last Edge of yon' deserted Land !
 Behold all *Ilion* on their Ships descends ;
 How the Cloud blackens, how the Storm impends !
 It was not thus, when, at my Sight amaz'd, 95
Troy saw and trembled, as this Helmet blaz'd :
 Had not th' injurious King our Friendship lost,
 Yon' ample Trench had bury'd half her Host.

No

No Camps, no Bulwarks now the *Trojans* fear,
 100 Those are not dreadful, no *Achilles* there:
 No longer flames the Lance of *Tydeus'* Son;
 No more your Gen'ral calls his Heroes on;
Hector, alone, I hear; His dreadful Breath
 Commands your Slaughter, or proclaims your Death.
 105 Yet now, *Patroclus*, issue to the Plain;
 Now save the Ships, the rising Fires restrain,
 And give the *Greeks* to visit *Greece* again. }
 But heed my Words, and mark a Friend's Command
 Who trusts his Fame and Honours in thy Hand,
 110 And from thy Deeds expects, th' *Achaian* Host
 Shall render back the beauteous Maid he lost:
 Rage uncontroul'd thro' all the hostile Crew,
 But touch not *Hector*; *Hector* is my due.
 Tho' *Jove* in Thunder should command the War,
 115 Be just, consult my Glory, and forbear.
 The Fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chace,
 Nor lead to *Ilion's* Walls the *Grecian* Race;
 Some adverse God thy Rashness may destroy;
 Some God, like *Phæbus*, ever kind to *Troy*.

Let

Let *Greece*, redeem'd from this destructive Strait, 120

Do her own Work, and leave the rest to Fate.

Oh ! would to all th' immortal Pow'rs above,

Apollo, *Pallas*, and almighty *Jove* !

That not one *Trojan* might be left alive,

And not a *Greek* of all the Race survive ; 125

Might only we the vast Destruction shun,

And only we destroy th' accursed Town !

Such Conf'rence held the Chiefs: while on the Strand,

Great *Jove* with Conquest crown'd the *Trojan* Band.

Ajax no more the founding Storm sustain'd, 130

So thick, the Darts an Iron Tempest rain'd :

On his tir'd Arm the weighty Buckler hung ;

His hollow Helm with falling Javelins rung ;

His Breath, in quick, short Pantings, comes, and goes ;

And painful Sweat from all his Members flows. 135

Spent and o'erpow'r'd, he barely breathes at most ;

Yet scarce an Army stirs him from his Post :

Dangers on Dangers all around him grow,

And Toil to Toil, and Woe succeeds to Woe.

Say, *Muses*, thron'd above the starry Frame, 140

How first the Navy blaz'd with *Trojan* Flame ?

Stern *Hector* wav'd his Sword; and standing near
 Where furious *Ajax* ply'd his Ashen Spear,
 Full on the Lance a Stroke so justly sped,
 145 That the broad Faulchion lopp'd its brazen Head:
 His pointless Spear the Warrior shakes in vain;
 The brazen Head falls founding on the Plain.
 Great *Ajax* saw, and own'd the Hand divine,
 Confessing *Jove*, and trembling at the Sign;
 150 Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
 The hissing Brands; thick streams the fiery Show'r;
 O'er the high Stern the curling Volumes rise,
 And Sheets of rolling Smoke involve the Skies.

Divine *Achilles* view'd the rising Flames,
 155 And smote his Thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
 Arm, arm, *Patroclus*! Lo, the Blaze aspires!
 The glowing Ocean reddens with the Fires.
 Arm, e'er our Vessels catch the spreading Flame;
 Arm, e'er the *Grecians* be no more a Name;
 160 I haste to bring the Troops.---The Hero said;
 The Friend with Ardour and with Joy obey'd.

He cas'd his Limbs in Brass, and first around,
 His manly Legs, with silver Buckles bound:

The

The clasping Greaves; then to his Breast applies
 The flamy Cuirass, of a thousand Dyes; 165
 Emblaz'd with Studs of Gold, his Faulchion shone,
 In the rich Belt, as in a starry Zone.

Achilles' Shield his ample Shoulders spread,
Achilles' Helmet nodded o'er his Head.

Adorn'd in all his terrible Array, 170
 He flash'd around intolerable Day.

Alone, untouch'd, *Pelides'* Javelin stands,
 Not to be pois'd but by *Pelides'* Hands:
 From *Pelion's* shady Brow the Plant entire
 Old *Chiron* rent, and shap'd it for his Sire; 175
 Whose Son's great Arm alone the Weapon wields,
 The Death of Heroes, and the dread of Fields.

Then brave *Automedon* (an honour'd Name,
 The second to his Lord in Love and Fame,
 In Peace his Friend, and Part'ner of the War) 180
 The winged Courfers harness'd to the Car.

Xanthus and *Balius*, of immortal Breed,
 Sprung from the Wind, and like the Wind in speed;
 Whom the wing'd *Harpye*, swift *Podarge*, bore,
 By *Zephyr* pregnant on the breezy Shore. 185

Swift

Swift *Pedafus* was added to their side,
 (Once great *Aëtion's*, now *Achilles' Pride*)
 Who, like in Strength, in Swiftnefs, and in Grace,
 A mortal Courfer match'd th' immortal Race.

190 *Achilles* speeds from Tent to Tent, and warms
 His hardy *Myrmidons* to Blood and Arms.

All breathing Death, around their Chief they stand,
 A grim, terrific, formidable Band:

Grim as voracious Wolves that seek the Springs

195 When scalding Thirst their burning Bowels wrings.

(When some tall Stag fresh-slaughter'd in the Wood

- Has drench'd their wide, infatiate Throats with Blood)

To the black Fount they rush a hideous Throng,

With Paunch distended, and with rolling Tongue,

200 Fire fills their Eyes, their black Jaws belch the Gore,

And gorg'd with Slaughter, still they thirst for more.

Like furious, rush'd the *Myrmidonian* Crew,

Such their dread Strength, and such their deathful View.

High in the midst the great *Achilles* stands,

205 Directs their Order, and the War commands.

He, lov'd of *Jove*, had launch'd for *Ilion's* Shores

} Full fifty Vessels, mann'd with fifty Oars:

Five chosen Leaders the fierce Bands obey,
Himself supreme in Valour, as in Sway.

First march'd *Menestheus*, of celestial Birth, 210
Deriv'd from thee whose Waters wash the Earth,
Divine *Sperchius*! Jove-descended Flood!

A mortal Mother mixing with a God,
Such was *Menestheus*, but mis-call'd by Fame
The Son of *Borus*, that espous'd the Dame. 215

Eudorus next; whom *Polymele* the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful Dance, produc'd to Day.
Her, fly *Cyllenius* lov'd; on her would gaze,
As with swift Step she form'd the running Maze:
To her high Chamber, from *Diana's* Quire, 220
The God pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his Fire.
The Son confess'd his Father's heav'nly Race,
And heir'd his Mother's Swiftness, in the Chace.

Strong *Echeclus*, blest in all those Charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her Arms; 225
Not conscious of her Love, long hid from Fame,
With Gifts of Price he sought and won the Dame;
Her secret Offspring to her Sire she bare;
Her Sire caress'd him with a Parent's Care.

230 *Pisander* follow'd ; matchless in his Art
 To wing the Spear, or aim the distant Dart ;
 No Hand so sure of all th' *Emathian* Line,
 Or if a surer, great *Patroclus* ! thine.

The fourth by *Phœnix*' grave Command was grac'd ;
 235 *Laercès*' valiant Offspring led the last.

Soon as *Achilles*, with superior Care,
 Had call'd the Chiefs, and order'd all the War,
 This stern Remembrance to his Troops he gave :
 Ye far-fam'd *Myrmidons*, ye fierce and brave !
 240 Think with what Threats you dar'd the *Trojan* Throng,
 Think what Reproach these Ears endur'd so long,
 " Stern Son of *Peleus* (thus ye us'd to say,
 While restless, raging, in your Ships you lay)
 " Oh nurs'd with Gall, unknowing how to yield !
 245 " Whose Rage defrauds us of so fam'd a Field.
 " If that dire Fury must for ever burn,
 " What make we here ? Return, ye Chiefs, return !
 Such were your words--Now Warriors grieve no more,
 Lo there the *Trojans* ! bath your Swords in Gore !
 250 This Day shall give you all your Soul demands ;
 Glut all your Hearts ! and weary all your Hands !

Thus

Thus while he rowz'd the Fire in ev'ry Breast,
Close, and more close, the list'ning Cohorts prest ;
Ranks wedg'd in Ranks ; of Arms a steely Ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the King. ²⁵⁵
As when a circling Wall the Builder forms,
Of Strength defensive against Winds and Storms,
Compacted Stones the thick'ning Work compose,
And round him wide the rising Structure grows.
So Helm to Helm, and Crest to Crest they throng, ²⁶⁰
Shield urg'd on Shield, and Man drove Man along :
Thick, undistinguish'd Plumes, together join'd,
Float in one Sea, and wave before the Wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glitt'ring Pomp appear,
There, bold *Automedon* ; *Patroclus* here ; ²⁶⁵
Brothers in Arms, with equal Fury fir'd ;
Two Friends, two Bodies with one Soul inspir'd.

But mindful of the Gods, *Achilles* went
To the rich Coffer, in his shady Tent :
There lay on Heaps his various Garments roll'd, ²⁷⁰
And costly Furs, and Carpets stiff with Gold.
(The Presents of the silver-footed Dame)
From thence he took a Bowl, of antique Frame,
Which

Which never Man had stain'd with ruddy Wine;
 275 Nor rais'd in Off'rings to the Pow'rs divine,
 But *Peleus'* Son; and *Peleus'* Son to none
 Had rais'd in Off'rings, but to *Jove* alone.

This ting'd with Sulphur, sacred first to Flame,
 He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running Stream.
 280 Then cleans'd his Hands; and fixing for a Space
 His Eyes on Heaven, his Feet upon the Place
 Of Sacrifice, the purple Draught he pour'd
 Forth in the midst; and thus the God implor'd.

Oh thou Supreme! high-thron'd, all Height above!
 285 Oh Great! *Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!*

Who 'midst furrounding Frosts, and Vapours chill,
 Preside on bleak *Dodona's* vocal Hill:
 (Whose Groves, the *Selli*, Race austere! surround,
 Their Feet unwash'd, their Slumbers on the Ground;
 290 Who hear, from rustling Oaks, their dark Decrees;
 And catch the Fates, low-whisper'd in the Breeze.)
 Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at *Thetis* Pray'r,
 Glory to me; and to the *Greeks* Despair:
 Lo to the Dangers of the fighting Field
 295 The best, the dearest of my Friends, I yield:

Tho'

Tho' still determin'd, to my Ships confin'd,
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.

Oh! be his Guard thy providential Care,
 Confirm his Heart, and string his Arm to War:

Prefs'd by his single Force; let *Hector* see, 300
 His Fame in Arms, not owing all to me.

But when the Fleets are sav'd from Foes and Fire,
 Let him with Conquest and Renown retire;

Preserve his Arms, preserve his social Train,
 And safe return him to these Eyes again! 305

Great *Jove* consents to half the Chief's Request,
 But Heav'n's eternal Doom denies the rest;

To free the Fleet was granted to his Pray'r;

His safe Return, the Winds dispers'd in Air.

Back to his Tent the stern *Achilles* flies, 310

And waits the Combate with impatient Eyes.

Meanwhile the Troops beneath *Patroclus'* Care,
 Invade the *Trojans*, and commence the War.

As Wasps, provok'd by Children in their Play,

Pour from their Mansions by the broad High-way, 315

In Swarms the guiltless Traveller engage,

Whet all their Stings, and call forth all their Rage;

240

R r r

All

All rife in Arms, and with a gen'ral Cry
Assert their waxen Domes, and buzzing Progeny.

320 Thus from the Tents the fervent Legion swarms,
So loud their Clamours, and so keen their Arms.
Their rising Rage *Patroclus*' Breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroick Fires.

Oh Warriors, Part'ners of *Achilles*' Praise!

325 Be mindful of your Deeds in ancient Days:
Your godlike Master let your Acts proclaim,
And add new Glories to his mighty Name.
Think, your *Achilles* sees you fight: Be brave,
And humble the proud Monarch whom you save.

330 Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke
Flew to the Fleet, involv'd in Fire and Smoke.
From Shore to Shore the doubling Shouts resound,
The hollow Ships return a deeper Sound.

The War stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
335 When great *Achilles*' shining Armour blaz'd:
Troy saw, and thought the dread *Achilles* nigh,
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy Spear, divine *Patroclus*! flew,
Where the War rag'd, and where the Tumult grew.

Clofe

Cloſe to the Stern of that fam'd Ship, which bore 340
Unbleſt *Proteſilaus* to *Ilion's* Shore,
The great *Pæonian*, bold *Pyrechmes*, ſtood ;
(Who led his Bands from *Axiuſ'* winding Flood)
His Shoulder-blade receives the fatal Wound ;
The groaning Warrior pants upon the Ground. 345
His Troops, that ſee their Country's Glory ſlain,
Fly diſperſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant Plain.
Patroclus' Arm forbids the ſpreading Fires,
And from the half-burn'd Ship proud *Troy* retires :
Clear'd from the Smoke the joyful Navy lies ; 350
In Heaps on Heaps the Foe tumultuous lies,
Triumphant *Greece* her reſcu'd Decks aſcends,
And loud Acclaim the ſtarry Region rends.
So when thick Clouds inwrap the Mountain's Head,
O'er Heav'n's Expanſe like one black Ceiling ſpread ; 355
Sudden, the Thund'rer, with a ſaſhing Ray,
Burſts thro' the Darkneſs, and lets down the Day :
The Hills ſhine out, the Rocks in Proſpect riſe,
And Streams, and Vales, and Foreſts ſtrike the Eyes,
The ſmiling Scene wide opens to the Sight, 360
And all th' unmeaſur'd *Æther* flames with Light.

But

But *Troy* repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the Plains,
Forc'd from the Navy, yet the Fight maintains.

Now ev'ry *Greek* some hostile Hero flew,

365 But still the foremost bold *Patroclus* flew :

As *Areilycus* had turn'd him round,

Sharp in his Thigh he felt the piercing Wound ;

The brazen-pointed Spear, with Vigour thrown,

The Thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle Bone :

370 Headlong he fell. Next *Thoas* was thy Chance,

Thy Breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the *Spartan* Lance.

Phylides' Dart, (as *Amphiclus* drew nigh)

His Blow prevented, and transpierc'd his Thigh,

Tore all the Brawn, and rent the Nerves away :

375 In Darkness, and in Death, the Warrior lay.

In equal Arms two Sons of *Nestor* stand,

And two bold Brothers of the *Lycian* Band :

By great *Antilochus*, *Atymnius* dies,

Pierc'd in the Flank, lamented Youth ! he lies.

380 Kind *Maris*, bleeding in his Brother's Wound,

Defends the breathless Carcase on the Ground ;

Furious he flies, his Murd'rér to engage,

But godlike *Thrasimed* prevents his Rage,

Between

Between his Arm and Shoulder aims a Blow,
 His Arm falls spouting on the Dust below : 385
 He sinks, with endless Darknefs cover'd o'er,
 And vents his Soul effus'd with gushing Gore.

Slain by two Brothers, thus two Brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's Friends, *Amisodarus'* Seed ;
Amisodarus, who by Furies led, 390
 The Bane of Men, abhorr'd *Chimæra* bred ;
 Skill'd in the Dart in vain, his Sons expire,
 And pay the Forfeit of their guilty Sire.

Stopp'd in the Tumult *Cleobulus* lies,
 Beneath *Oileus'* Arm, a living Prize ; 395
 A living Prize not long the *Trojan* stood ;
 The thirsty Faulchion drank his reeking Blood :
 Plung'd in his Throat the smoaking Weapon lies ;
 Black Death, and Fate unpitying, seal his Eyes.

Amid the Ranks, with mutual Thirst of Fame, 400
Lycon the brave, and fierce *Peneleus* came ;
 In vain their Javelins at each other flew,
 Now, met in Arms, their eager Swords they drew.
 On the plum'd Crest of his *Bæotian* Foe,
 The daring *Lycon* aim'd a noble Blow ; 405

S f f

The

The Sword broke short ; but his, *Peneleus* sped
 Full on the Junction of the Neck and Head :
 The Head, divided by a Stroke so just,
 Hung by the Skin : the Body sunk to Dust.

410 O'ertaken *Neamas* by *Merion* bleeds ;
 Pierc'd thro' the Shoulder as he mounts his Steeds ;
 Back from the Car he tumbles to the Ground ;
 His swimming Eyes eternal Shades furround.

Next *Erymas* was doom'd his Fate to feel,
 415 His open'd Mouth receiv'd the *Cretan* Steel :
 Beneath the Brain the Point a Passage tore,
 Crash'd the thin Bones, and drown'd the Teeth in Gore :
 His Mouth, his Eyes, his Nostrils pour a Flood ;
 He fobs his Soul out in the Gush of Blood.

420 As when the Flocks, neglected by the Swain
 (Or Kids, or Lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the Plain,
 A Troop of Wolves th' unguarded Charge survey,
 And rend the trembling, unresisting Prey.

Thus on the Foe the *Greeks* impetuous came ;
 425 *Troy* fled, unmindful of her former Fame.

But still at *Hector* godlike *Ajax* aim'd,
 Still, pointed at his Breast, his Javelin flam'd :

The

The *Trojan* Chief, experienc'd in the Field,
O'er his broad Shoulders spread the massy Shield;
Observ'd the Storm of Darts the *Grecians* pour, 430
And on his Buckler caught the ringing Show'r.
He fees for *Greece* the Scale of Conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd Allies.

As when the Hand of *Jove* a Tempest forms,
And rolls the Cloud to blacken Heav'n with Storms, 435
Dark o'er the Fields th' ascending Vapour flies,
And shades the Sun, and blots the golden Skies:
So from the Ships, along the dusky Plain,
Dire *Flight* and *Terror* drove the *Trojan* Train.
Ev'n *Hector* fled; thro' Heaps of Disarray 440

The fiery Coursers forc'd their Lord away:
While far behind, his *Trojans* fall confus'd,
Wedg'd in the Trench, in one vast Carnage bruis'd.
Chariots on Chariots rowl; the clashing Spokes
Shock; while the madding Steeds break short their 445
In vain they labour up the steepy Mound; [Yokes:
Their Charioteers lie foaming on the Ground.
Fierce on the Rear, with Shouts, *Patroclus* flies;
Tumultuous Clamour fills the Fields and Skies;

Thick

450 Thick Drifts of Dust involve their rapid Flight,
 Clouds rise on Clouds, and Heav'n is snatch'd from sight.
 Th' affrighted Steeds, their dying Lords cast down,
 Scour o'er the Fields, and stretch to reach the Town.
 Loud o'er the Rout was heard the Victor's Cry,
 455 Where the War bleeds, and where the thickest die.
 Where Horse and Arms, and Chariots lie o'erthrown,
 And bleeding Heroes under Axles groan.
 No Stop, no Check, the Steeds of *Peleus* knew;
 From Bank to Bank th' immortal Courfers flew,
 460 High-bounding o'er the Fosse: the whirling Car
 Smoaks thro' the Ranks, o'ertakes the flying War,
 And thunders after *Hector*; *Hector* flies,
Patroclus shakes his Lance; but Fate denies.
 Not with less Noise, with less impetuous force,
 465 The Tyde of *Trojans* urge their desp'rate Course,
 Than when in Autumn *Jove* his Fury pours,
 And Earth is loaden with incessant Show'rs,
 (When guilty Mortals break th' eternal Laws,
 And Judges brib'd, betray the righteous Cause)
 470 From their deep Beds he bids the Rivers rise,
 And opens all the Floodgates of the Skies:
 Th'im-

Th' impetuous Torrents from their Hills obey,
Whole Fields are drown'd, and Mountains swept away;
Loud roars the Deluge till it meets the Main;
And trembling Man fees all his Labours vain! 475

And now the Chief (the foremost Troops repell'd)
Back to the Ships his destin'd Progress held,
Bore down half *Troy*, in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed Ranks to stand the Day.
Between the Space where silver *Simois* flows, 480
Where lay the Fleets, and where the Rampires rose,
All grim in Dust and Blood, *Patroclus* stands,
And turns the Slaughter on the conqu'ring Bands.
First *Pronous* dy'd beneath his fiery Dart,
Which pierc'd below the Shield his valiant Heart. 485
Thestor was next; who saw the Chief appear,
And fell the Victim of his coward Fear;
Shrunk up he fate, with wild and haggard Eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had Force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the War, 490
And with unmanly Tremblings shook the Car,
And dropp'd the flowing Reins. Him 'twixt the Jaws
The Javelin sticks, and from the Chariot draws:

T t t

As

As on a Rock that overhangs the Main,
 495 An Angler, studious of the Line and Cane,
 Some mighty Fish draws panting to the Shore ;
 Not with less ease the barbed Javelin bore
 The gaping Dastard : As the Spear was shook ;
 He fell, and Life his heartless Breast forsook.

500 Next on *Eryalus* he flies ; a Stone
 Large as a Rock, was by his Fury thrown.
 Full on his Crown the pond'rous Fragment flew,
 And burst the Helm, and cleft the Head in two :
 Prone to the Ground the breathless Warrior fell,
 505 And Death involv'd him with the Shades of Hell.

Then low in Dust *Epaltēs*, *Echius*, lie ;
Ipheas, *Evippus*, *Polymelus*, die ;
Amphoterus, and *Erymas* succeed,
 And last, *Tlepolemus* and *Pyres* bleed.

510 Where'er he moves, the growing Slaughters spread
 In Heaps on Heaps ; a Monument of Dead.

When now *Sarpedon* his brave Friends beheld
 Grov'ling in Dust, and gasping on the Field,
 With this Reproach his flying Host he warms,
 515 Oh Stain to Honour ! oh Disgrace to Arms !

Forfake,

Forfake, inglorious, the contended Plain ;
This Hand, unaided, shall the War sustain :
The Task be mine this Hero's Strength to try,
Who mows whole Troops, and makes an Army fly.

He spake ; and speaking, leaps from off the Car ; 520
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the War.

As when two Vulturs on the Mountain's Height
Stoop with re-sounding Pinions to the Fight ;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming Cry ;
The Desert echoes, and the Rocks reply : 525

The Warriors thus oppos'd in Arms, engage
With equal Clamours, and with equal Rage,

Jove view'd the Combate, whose Event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen.

The Hour draws on ; the Destinies ordain, 530
My godlike Son shall press the *Phrygian* Plain :

Already on the Verge of Death he stands,
His Life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus'* Hands.

What Passions in a Parent's Breast debate !

Say, shall I snatch him from impending Fate, 535
And send him safe to *Lycia*, distant far
From all the Dangers and the Toils of War ;

Or

Or to his Doom my bravest Offspring yield,
And fatten, with celestial Blood, the Field?

540 Then thus the Goddess with the radiant Eyes:

What Words are these, O Sov'reign of the Skies?

Short is the Date prescrib'd to mortal Man;

Shall *Jove*, for one, extend the narrow Span,

Whose Bounds were fix'd before his Race began?

545 How many Sons of Gods, foredoom'd to Death,

Before proud *Iliou*, must resign their Breath!

Were thine exempt, Debate would rise above,

And murm'ring Pow'rs condemn their partial *Jove*.

Give the bold Chief a glorious Fate in fight;

550 And when th'ascending Soul has wing'd her flight,

Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy Command,

The breathless Body to his native Land.

His Friends and People, to his future Praise,

A marble Tomb and Pyramid shall raise,

555 And lasting Honours to his Ashes give;

His Fame ('tis all the Dead can have!) shall live.

She said; the Cloud-compeller overcome,

Assents to Fate, and ratifies the Doom.

Then

Then, touch'd with Grief, the weeping Heav'ns distill'd
A Show'r of Blood o'er all the fatal Field. 560

The God, his Eyes averting from the Plain,
Laments his Son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the *Lycian* Shores, his happy native Reign. }

Now met in Arms, the Combatants appear,
Each heav'd the Shield, and pois'd the lifted Spear : 565
From strong *Patroclus*' Hand the Javelin fled,
And pass'd the Groin of valiant *Thrasymed*,
The Nerves unbrac'd no more his Bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody Plain.

Two sounding Darts the *Lycian* Leader threw ; 570
The first aloof with erring Fury flew,
The next transpierc'd *Achilles*' mortal Steed,
The gen'rous *Pedafus*, of *Theban* Breed ;
Fix'd in the Shoulders Joint, he reel'd around ;
Rowl'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slip'ry ground. 575
His sudden Fall th' entangled Harnes broke ;
Each Axle crackled, and the Chariot shook :

When bold *Automedon*, to disengage
The starting Coursers, and restrain their Rage,

U u u

Divides

580 Divides the Traces with his Sword, and freed
 Th' incumber'd Chariot from the dying Steed:
 The rest move on, obedient to the Rein;
 The Car rows slowly o'er the dusty Plain.

The tow'ring Chiefs to fiercer Fight advance,
 585 And first *Sarpedon* whirl'd his weighty Lance,
 Which o'er the Warrior's Shoulder took its course,
 And spent in empty Air its dying Force.

Not so *Patroklos*' never erring Dart;
 Aim'd at his Breast, it pierc'd the mortal Part
 590 Where the strong Fibres bind the solid Heart.

Then, as the Mountain Oak, or Poplar tall,
 Or Pine (fit Mast for some great Admiral)
 Nods to the Axe, till with a groaning Sound
 It sinks, and spreads its Honours on the Ground;

595 Thus fell the King; and laid on Earth supine,
 Before his Chariot stretch'd his Form divine:
 He grasp'd the Dust distain'd with streaming Gore,
 And pale in Death, lay groaning on the Shore.

So lies a Bull beneath the Lion's Paws,
 600 While the grim Savage grinds with foamy Jaws

The

The trembling Limbs, and sucks the smoking Blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro' the Wood.

Then to the Leader of the *Lycian* Band
The dying Chief address'd his last Command.
Glaucus, be bold; thy Task be first to dare
The glorious Dangers of destructive War,
To lead my Troops, to combat at their Head,
Incite the Living, and supply the Dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest Breath
Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon's* Death.
What Grief, what Shame must *Glaucus* undergo,
If these spoil'd Arms adorn a *Grecian* Foe?
Then as a Friend, and as a Warrior, fight;
Defend my Corpse, and conquer in my Right;
That taught by great Examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the Fates suppress'd his lab'ring Breath,
And his Eyes darken'd with the Shades of Death:
Th' insulting Victor with Disdain bestrode
The prostrate Prince, and on his Bosom trod;
Then drew the Weapon from his panting Heart,
The teeking Fibres clinging to the Dart;

From

From the wide Wound gush'd out a Stream of Blood,
And the Soul issu'd in the purple Flood.

625 His flying Steeds the *Myrmidons* detain,
Unguided now, their mighty Master slain.
All-impotent of Aid, transfix'd with Grief,
Unhappy *Glaucus* heard the dying Chief.
His painful Arm, yet useless with the Smart
630 Inflicted late by *Teucer's* deadly Dart,
Supported on his better Hand he stay'd ;
To *Phæbus* then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.

All-seeing Monarch ! whether *Lycia's* Coast
Or sacred *Ilion*, thy bright Presence boast,
635 Pow'rful alike to ease the Wretche's Smart ;
Oh hear me ! God of ev'ry healing Art !
Lo ! stiff with clotted Blood, and pierc'd with Pain,
That thrills my Arm and shoots thro' ev'ry Vein,
I stand unable to sustain the Spear,
640 And sigh, at distance from the glorious War.
Low in the Dust is great *Sarpedon* laid,
Nor *Jove* vouchsaf'd his hapless Off'ring Aid.
But thou, O God of Health ! thy Succour lend,
To guard the Reliques of my slaughter'd Friend.

For

For thou, tho' distant, can'st restore my Might, 645
To head my *Lycians*, and support the Fight.

Apollo heard; and suppliant as he stood,
His heav'nly Hand restrain'd the Flux of Blood;
He drew the Dolours from the wounded Part,
And breath'd a Spirit in his rising Heart. 650

Renew'd by Art divine, the Hero stands,
And owns th' Assistance of immortal Hands.
First to the Fight his native Troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on *Troy's* vindictive Arms;
With ample Strides he stalks from Place to Place. 655

Now fires *Agenor*, now *Polydamas*;
Aeneas next, and *Hector* he accosts;
Inflaming thus the Rage of all their Hosts.

What Thoughts, regardless Chief! thy Breast employ?
Oh too forgetful of the Friends of *Troy*! 660

Those gen'rous Friends, who, from their Country far,
Breathe their brave Souls out, in another's War.

See! where in Dust the great *Sarpedon* lies,
In Action valiant, and in Council wise,
Who guarded Right, and kept his People free; 665
To all his *Lycians* lost, and lost to thee!

X x x

Stretch'd

Stretch'd by *Patroclus*' Arm on yonder Plains,
 Oh save from hostile Rage his lov'd Remains :
 Ah let not *Greece* his conquer'd Trophies boast,
 670 Nor on his Corpse revenge her Heroes lost.
 He spoke ; each Leader in his Grief partook,
Troy, at the Loss, thro' all her Legions shook.
 Tranfix'd with deep Regret, they view'd o'erthrown
 At once his Country's Pillar, and their own ;
 675 A Chief, who led to *Troy*'s beleaguer'd Wall
 A Host of Heroes, and outshin'd them all.
 Fir'd, they rush on ; First *Hector* seeks the Foes,
 And with superior Vengeance, greatly glows.
 But o'er the Dead the fierce *Patroclus* stands,
 680 And rowzing *Ajax*, rowz'd the list'ning Bands.
 Heroes, be Men ! be what you were before ;
 Or weigh the great Occasion, and be more.
 The Chief who taught our lofty Walls to yield,
 Lies pale in Death, extended on the Field.
 685 To guard his Body *Troy* in Numbers flies ;
 'Tis half the Glory to maintain our Prize.
 Haste, strip his Arms, the Slaughter round him spread,
 And send the living *Lycians* to the Dead.

The

The

The

The Heroes kindle at his fierce Command ;
 The martial Squadrons close on either Hand : 690
 Here *Troy* and *Lycia* charge with loud Alarms,
Theffalia there, and *Greece*, oppose their Arms.
 With horrid Shouts they circle round the Slain ;
 The Clash of Armour rings o'er all the Plain.
 Great *Jove*, to swell the Horrors of the Fight, 695
 O'er the fierce Armies pours pernicious Night,
 And round his Son confounds the warring Hosts,
 His Fate ennobling with a Croud of Ghosts.

Now *Greece* gives way, and great *Epigeus* falls ;
Agaclemus' Son, from *Budium's* lofty Walls : 700
 Who chas'd for Murder thence, a Suppliant came
 To *Peleus*, and the silver-footed Dame ;
 Now sent to *Troy*, *Achilles'* Arms to aid,
 He pays due Vengeance to his Kinsman's Shade.
 Soon as his luckless Hand had touch'd the Dead, 705
 A Rock's large Fragment thunder'd on his Head ;
 Hurl'd by *Hecloean* Force, it cleft in twain
 His shatter'd Helm, and stretch'd him o'er the Slain.
 Fierce to the Van of Fight *Patroclus* came ;
 And, like an Eagle darting at his Game, 710

Sprung

Sprung on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* Band ;
 What Grief thy Heart, what Fury urg'd thy Hand.
 Oh gen'rous *Greek* ! when with full Vigour thrown
 At *Stenelaus* flew the weighty Stone,
 715 Which sunk him to the dead : when *Troy*, too near
 That Arm, drew back ; and *Hector* learn'd to fear.
 Far as an able Hand a Lance can throw,
 Or at the Lifts, or at the fighting Foe ;
 So far the *Trojans* from their Lines retir'd ;
 720 Till *Glaucus*' turning, all the rest inspir'd.
 Then *Bathyclæus* fell beneath his Rage,
 The only Hope of *Chalcon*'s trembling Age :
 Wide o'er the Land was stretch'd his large Domain,
 With stately Seats, and Riches, blest in vain :
 725 Him, bold with Youth, and eager to pursue
 The flying *Lycians*, *Glaucus* met, and flew ;
 Pierc'd thro' the Bosom with a sudden Wound,
 He fell, and falling, made the Fields resound.
 Th' *Achaïans* sorrow for their Hero slain ;
 730 With conqu'ring Shouts the *Trojans* shake the Plain,
 And crowd to spoil the Dead : The *Greeks* oppose :
 An Iron Circle round the Carcase grows.

Then

Then brave *Laogonus* resign'd his Breath,
 Dispatch'd by *Merion* to the Shades of Death :
 On *Ida's* holy Hill he made abode, 735
 The Priest of *Jove*, and honour'd like his God.
 Between the Jaw and Ear the Javelin went ;
 The Soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.
 His Spear *Aeneas* at the Victor threw,
 Who stooping forward from the Death withdrew ; 740
 The Lance hiss'd harmless o'er his cov'ring Shield,
 And trembling strook, and rooted in the Field,
 There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the Plain,
 Sent by the great *Aeneas'* Arm in vain.
 Swift as thou art (the raging Hero cries) 745
 And skill'd in Dancing to dispute the Prize,
 My Spear, the destin'd Passage had it found,
 Had fix'd thy active Vigour to the Ground.

Oh valiant Leader of the *Dardan* Host !
 (Insulted *Merion* thus retorts the Boast) 750
 Strong as you are, 'tis mortal Force you trust,
 An Arm as strong may stretch thee in the Dust.
 And if to this my Lance thy Fate be giv'n,
 Vain are thy Vaunts, Success is still from Heav'n ;

Y y y

This

755 This Instant sends thee down to *Pluto's* Coast,
Mine is the Glory, his thy parting Ghost.

O Friend (*Menoetius'* Son this Answer gave)
With Words to combat, ill befits the Brave:
Not empty Boasts the Sons of *Troy* repell,
760 Your Swords must plunge them to the Shades of Hell.
To speak, befits the Council; but to dare
In glorious Action, is the Task of War.

This said, *Patroclus* to the Battel flies;
Great *Merion* follows, and new Shouts arise:
765 Shields, Helmets rattle, as the Warriors close;
And thick and heavy sounds the Storm of Blows.
As thro' the shrilling Vale, or Mountain Ground,
The Labours of the Woodman's Axe resound;
Blows following Blows are heard re-echoing wide,
770 While crackling Forests fall on ev'ry side.

Thus echo'd all the Fields with loud Alarms,
So fell the Warriors, and so rung their Arms.

Now great *Sarpedon*, on the sandy Shore,
His heav'nly Form defac'd with Dust and Gore,
775 And stuck with Darts by warring Heroes shed;
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.

His

His long-disputed Corpse the Chiefs inclose,
 On ev'ry side the busy Combate grows ;
 Thick, as beneath some Shepherd's thatch'd Abode,
 The Pails high-foaming with a milky Flood, 780
 The buzzing Flies, a persevering Train,
 Incessant swarm, and chas'd, return again.

Jove view'd the Combate with a stern Survey,
 And Eyes that flash'd intolerable Day ;
 Fix'd on the Field his Sight, his Breast debates 785
 The Vengeance due, and meditates the Fates ;
 Whether to urge their prompt Effect, and call
 The Force of *Hector* to *Patroclus*' Fall,
 This Instant see his short-liv'd Trophies won,
 And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd Son ; 790
 Or yet, with many a Soul's untimely flight,
 Augment the Fame and Horror of the Fight ?
 To crown *Achilles*' valiant Friend with Praise,
 At length he dooms ; and that his last of Days
 Shall set in Glory ; bids him drive the Foe ; 795
 Nor unattended, see the Shades below.
 Then *Hector*'s Mind he fills with dire Dismay ;
 He mounts his Car, and calls his Hosts away ;

Sunk

Sunk with *Troy*'s heavy Fates, he fees decline

800 The Scales of *Jove*, and pants with Awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy *Lycians* fled,

And left their Monarch with the common dead :

Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful Wall

Of Carnage rises, as the Heroes fall.

805 (So *Jove* decreed !) At length the *Greeks* obtain

The Prize contested, and despoil the Slain.

The radiant Arms are by *Patroclus* born,

Patroclus' Ships the glorious Spoils adorn.

Then thus to *Phæbus*, in the Realms above,

810 Spoke from his Throne the Cloud-compelling *Jove*.

Descend, my *Phæbus* ! on the *Phrygian* Plain,

And from the Fight convey *Sarpedon* slain ;

Then bathe his Body in the crystal Flood,

With Dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with Blood :

815 O'er all his Limbs Ambrosial Odours shed,

And with celestial Robes adorn the Dead.

Those Rites discharg'd, his sacred Corpse bequeath

To the soft Arms of silent *Sleep* and *Death* ;

They to his Friends the mournful Charge shall bear,

820 His Friends a Tomb and Pyramid shall rear ;

What

What Honours Mortals after Death receive,
Those unavailing Honours we may give!

Apollo bows, and from Mount *Ida's* Height,
Swift to the Field precipitates his Flight;
Thence from the War the breathless Hero bore, 825
Veil'd in a Cloud, to silver *Simois'* Shore:
There bath'd his honourable Wounds, and drest
His manly Members in th' immortal Vest;
And with Perfumes of sweet Ambrosial Dews,
Restores his Freshness, and his Form renews. 830
Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two *Twins* of winged Race,
Of matchless Swiftnefs, but of silent Pace,
Receiv'd *Sarpedon*, at the God's Command,
And in a Moment reach'd the *Lycian* Land;
The Corpse amidst his weeping Friends they laid, 835
Where endless Honours wait the sacred Shade.

Meanwhile *Patroclus* pours along the Plains,
With foaming Coursers, and with loosen'd Reins.
Fierce on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* Crew,
Ah blind to Fate! thy headlong Fury flew: 840
Against what Fate and pow'ful *Jove* ordain,
Vain was thy Friend's Command, thy Courage vain.

Z z z

For

For he, the God, whose Counfels uncontroll'd,
 Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold:

845 The God who gives, resumes, and orders all,
 He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave Hero! by that Arm was slain,
 Who last, beneath thy Vengeance, press'd the Plain;
 When Heav'n itself thy fatal Fury led,
 850 And call'd to fill the Number of the Dead?

Adrestus first; *Autonous* then succeeds,
Echeclus follows; next young *Megas* bleeds;
Epistor, *Menalippus*, bite the Ground;
 The Slaughter, *Elasus* and *Mulius* crown'd:

855 Then sunk *Pylartes* to eternal Night;
 The rest dispersing, trust their Fates to Flight.

Now *Troy* had stoop'd beneath his matchless Pow'r,
 But flaming *Phæbus* kept the sacred Tow'r.

Thrice at the Battlement *Patroclus* strook,
 860 His blazing *Ægis* thrice *Apollo* shook:

He try'd the fourth; when, bursting from the Cloud,
 A more than mortal Voice was heard aloud.

Patroclus! cease: This Heav'n-defended Wall
 Defies thy Lance; not fated yet to fall;

Thy

Thy Friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand, 865
Troy shall not stoop ev'n to *Achilles'* Hand.

So spoke the God who darts celestial Fires:
 The *Greek* obeys him, and with Awe retires.
 While *Hector* checking at the *Scæan* Gates
 His panting Courfers, in his Breast debates, 870
 Or in the Field his Forces to employ,
 Or draw the Troops within the Walls of *Troy*.
 Thus while he thought, beside him *Phæbus* stood,
 In *Asius'* Shape, who reign'd by *Sangar's* Flood;
 (Thy Brother, *Hecuba!* from *Dymas* sprung; 875
 A valiant Warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
 Thus he accosts him. What a shameful Sight!
 Gods! is it *Hector* that forbears the Fight?
 Were thine my Vigour, this successful Spear
 Should soon convince thee of so false a Fear. 880

Turn then, ah turn thee to the Field of Fame,
 And in *Patroclus'* Blood efface thy Shame.
 Perhaps *Apollo* shall thy Arms succeed,
 And Heav'n ordains him by thy Lance to bleed.

So spoke th' inspiring God; then took his flight, 885
 And plung'd amidst the Tumult of the Fight.

Dir:2

He

He bids *Cebrion* drive the rapid Car ;
 The Lash resounds ; the Coursers rush to War.
 The God the *Grecians* sinking Souls deprest,
 890 And pour'd swift Spirits thro' each *Trojan* Breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the Fight ;
 A Spear his Left, a Stone employs his Right :
 With all his Nerves he drives it at the Foe ;
 Pointed above, and rough and grofs below :
 895 The falling Ruin crush'd *Cebrion's* Head,
 (The lawless Offspring of King *Priam's* Bed,)
 His Front, Brows, Eyes, one undistinguish'd Wound,
 The bursting Balls drop sightless to the Ground.
 The Charioteer, while yet he held the Rein,
 900 Struck from the Car, falls headlong on the Plain.
 To the dark Shades the Soul unwilling glides,
 While the proud Victor thus his Fall derides,
 Good Heav'ns ! what active Feats yon' Artist shows,
 What skilful Divers are our *Phrygian* Foes !
 905 Mark with what Ease they sink into the Sand !
 Pity ! that all their Practice is by Land.
 Then rushing sudden on his prostrate Prize,
 To spoil the Carcase fierce *Patroclus* flies :

Swift

Swift as a Lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the Fields, depopulates the Fold ; 910
Pierc'd thro' the dauntless Heart, then tumbles slain;
And from his fatal Courage finds his Bane.
At once bold *Hector* leaping from his Car,
Defends the Body, and provokes the War.
Thus for some slaughter'd Hind, with equal Rage, 915
Two lordly Rulers of the Wood engage ;
Stung with fierce Hunger, each the Prey invades,
And echoing Roars rebellow thro' the Shades.
Stern *Hector* fastens on the Warrior's Head,
And by the Foot *Patroclus* drags the Dead. 920
While all around, Confusion, Rage, and Fright
Mix the contending Hosts in mortal Fight.
So pent by Hills, the wild Winds roar aloud
In the deep Bosom of some gloomy Wood ;
Leaves, Arms, and Trees aloft in Air are blown, 925
The broad Oaks crackle, and the *Sylvans* groan ;
This way and that, the ratt'ling Thicket bends,
And the whole Forest in one Crash descends.
Not with less Noise, with less tumultuous Rage,
In dreadful Shock the mingled Hosts engage. 930

A a a a

Darts

Darts show'r'd on Darts, now round the Carcase ring;
 Now Flights of Arrows bounding from the String:
 Stones follow Stones; some clatter on the Fields,
 Some, hard and heavy, shake the founding Shields.

935 But where the rising Whirlwind clouds the Plains,
 Sunk in soft Dust the mighty Chief remains,
 And stretch'd in Death, forgets the guiding Reins! }

Now flaming from the *Zenith*, *Sol* had driv'n
 His fervid Orb thro' half the Vault of Heav'n;

940 While on each Host with equal Tempest fell
 The show'ring Darts, and Numbers sunk to Hell.
 But when his Ev'ning Wheels o'erhung the Main,
 Glad Conquest rested on the *Græcian* Train.

Then from amidst the Tumult and Alarms,
 945 They draw the conquer'd Corpse, and radiant Arms.

Then rash *Patroclus* with new Fury glows,
 And breathing Slaughter, pours amid the Foes.
 Thrice on the Press like *Mars* himself he flew,
 And thrice three Heroes at each Onset flew.

950 There ends thy Glory! there the Fates untwine
 The last, black Remnant of so bright a Line.

Apollo

Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
 Death calls, and Heav'n allows no longer Day!
 For lo! the God, in dusky Clouds enshrin'd,
 Approaching dealt a stagg'ring Blow behind. 955
 The weighty Shock his Neck and Shoulders feel;
 His Eyes flash Sparkles, his stunn'd Senses reel
 In giddy Darkness: Far to distance flung,
 His bounding Helmet on the Champaign rung.

Achilles' Plume is stain'd with Dust and Gore; 960
 That Plume, which never stoop'd to Earth before,
 Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting Fields to shine,
 And shade the Temples of the Man divine.
Jove dooms it now on *Hector's* Helm to nod;
 Not long---For Fate pursues him, and the God. 965

His Spear in Shivers falls: His ample Shield
 Drops from his Arm: his Baldrick strows the Field:
 The Corselet his astonish'd Breast forfakes;
 Loose is each Joint; each Nerve with Horror shakes.
 Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands: 970
 Such is the Force of more than mortal Hands!

A *Dardan* Youth there was, well-known to Fame,
 From *Panthus* sprung, *Euphorbus* was his Name;

Fam'd

Fam'd for the Manage of the foaming Horfe,
 975 Skill'd in the Dart, and matchless in the Course:
 Full twenty Knights he tumbled from the Car,
 While yet he learn'd his Rudiments of War.
 His vent'rous Spear first drew the Hero's Gore;
 He strook, he wounded, but he durst no more;
 980 Nor tho' disarm'd, *Patroclus*' Fury stood:
 But swift withdrew the long-protended Wood,
 And turn'd him short, and herded in the Croud.
 Thus, by an Arm divine, and mortal Spear,
 Wounded at once, *Patroclus* yields to fear,
 985 Retires for Succour to his social Train,
 And flies the Fate, which Heav'n decreed, in vain:
 Stern *Hector*, as the bleeding Chief he views,
 Breaks thro' the Ranks, and his Retreat pursues:
 The Lance arrests him with a mortal Wound;
 990 He falls, Earth thunders, and his Arms resound.
 With him all *Greece* was sunk; that Moment all
 Her yet-surviving Heroes seem'd to fall.
 So scorch'd with Heat along the desert Shore,
 The roaming Lyon meets a bristly Boar,

Fast

Fast by the Spring; they both dispute the Flood, 995

With flaming Eyes, and Jaws besmear'd with Blood;

At length the sov'reign Savage wins the Strife,

And the torn Boar resigns his Thirst and Life.

Patroclus thus, so many Chiefs o'erthrown,

So many Lives effus'd, expires his own. 1000

As dying now at *Hector's* Feet he lies,

He sternly views him, and triumphing cries.

Lie there *Patroclus*! and with thee, the Joy

Thy Pride once promis'd, of subverting *Troy*;

The fancy'd Scenes, of *Ilion* wrapt in Flames, 1005

And thy soft Pleasures serv'd with captive Dames!

Unthinking Man! I fought, those Tow'rs to free,

And guard that beauteous Race from Lords like thee:

But thou a Prey to Vulturs shalt be made!

The great *Achilles* cannot lend thee Aid; 1010

Tho much at parting that great Chief might say,

And much enjoin thee, this important Day.

“ Return not, my brave Friend (perhaps he said)

“ Without the bloody Arms of *Hector* dead:

He spoke, *Patroclus* march'd, and thus he sped. 1015

B b b b

Supine,

Supine, and wildly gazing on the Skies,
 With faint, expiring Breath, the Chief replies.
 Vain Boaster! cease, and know the Pow'rs divine;
Jove's and *Apollo's* is this Deed, not thine;
 1020 To Heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
 And Heav'n itself disarm'd me e'er my Fall.
 Had twenty Mortals, each thy Match in Might,
 Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in Fight:
 By Fate and *Phœbus* was I first o'erthrown,
 1025 *Euphorbus* next; the third mean Part thy own.
 But thou Imperious! hear my latest Breath;
 The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy Death.
 Insulting Man! thou shalt be soon, as I;
 Black Fate hangs o'er thee, and thy Hour draws nigh;
 1030 Ev'n now on Life's last Verge I see thee stand,
 I see thee fall, and by *Achilles'* Hand.

He faints; the Soul unwilling wings her way,
 (The beauteous Body left a Load of Clay)
 Flits to the lone, uncomfortable Coast;
 1035 A naked, wand'ring, melancholy Ghost!

Then *Hector* pausing, as his Eyes he fed
 On the pale Carcase thus address'd the dead.

From

From whence this boding Speech, the stern Decree
Of Death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?

Why not as well *Achilles'* Fate be giv'n 1040
To *Hector's* Lance? Who knows the Will of Heav'n?

 Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay
His breathless Bosom, tore the Lance away;
And upwards cast the Corps: The reeking Spear
He shakes, and charges the bold Charioteer. 1045

But swift *Automedon* with loos'd Reins
Rapt in the Chariot o'er the distant Plains,
Far from his Rage th' immortal Courfers drove;
Th' immortal Courfers were the Gift of *Jove*.

OBSER-

O B S E R V A T I O N S

O N T H E

Sixteenth Book.

C c c c

SMOITAVIEN

AND

THE

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK.

I.

WE have at the Entrance of this Book one of the most beautiful Parts of the Iliad. The two different Characters are admirably sustain'd in the Dialogue of the two Heroes, wherein there is not a Period but strongly marks not only their natural Temper, but that particular Disposition of Mind in either, which arises from the present State of Affairs. We see *Patroclus* touch'd with the deepest Compassion for the Misfortune of the *Greeks*, (whom the *Trojans* had forc'd to retreat to their Ships, and which Ships were on the Point of burning) prostrating himself before the Vessel of *Achilles*, and pouring out his Tears at his Feet. *Achilles*, struck with the Grief of his Friend, demands the Cause of it. *Patroclus*, pointing to the Ships, where the Flames already began to rise, tells him he is harder than the Rocks or Sea which lay in prospect before them, if he is not touch'd with so moving a Spectacle, and can see in cold Blood his Friends perishing before his Eyes. As nothing can be more natural and affecting than the Speech of *Patroclus*, so nothing is more lively and Picturesque than the Attitude he is here describ'd in.

The

The *Pathetic* of *Patroclus's* Speech is finely contrasted by the *Pièté* of that of *Achilles*. While the former is melting with Sorrow for his Countrymen, the utmost he can hope from the latter, is but to borrow his Armour and Troops; to obtain his personal Assistance he knows is impossible. At the very Instant that *Achilles* is mov'd to ask the Cause of his Friend's Concern, he seems to say that nothing could deserve it but the Death of their Fathers: and in the same Breath speaks of the total Destruction of the *Greeks* as of too slight a Cause for Tears. *Patroclus*, at the opening of this Speech, dares not name *Agamemnon* even for being wounded; and after he has tried to bend him by all the Arguments that could affect an human Breast, concludes by supposing that some Oracle or supernatural Inspiration is the Cause that with-holds his Arms. What can match the Fierceness of his Answer? Which implies, that not the Oracles of Heaven itself should be regarded, if they stood in Competition with his Resentment: That if he yields, it must be thro' his own mere Motive: The only reason he has ever to yield, is that Nature itself cannot support Anger eternally: And if he yields now, it is only because he had before determin'd to do so at a certain time, (*Il. 9. V. 773.*) That time was not till the Flames should approach to his own Ships, till the last Article of Danger, and that not of Danger to *Greece*, but to himself. Thus his very Pity has the sternest Qualifications in the World. After all, what is it he yields to? Only to suffer his Friend to go in his stead, just to save them from present Ruin, but he expressly forbids him to proceed any farther in their Assistance, than barely to put out the Fires, and secure his own and his Friend's Return into their Country: And all this concludes with a Wish, that (if it were possible) every *Greek* and every *Trojan* might perish except themselves. Such is that *Wrath* of *Achilles*, that more than *Wrath*, as the *Greek* *μῆνις* implies, which *Homer* has painted in so strong a Colouring.

II.

VERSE 8. *Indulgent to his best belov'd.*] The Friendship of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* is celebrated by all Antiquity: And *Homer*, notwithstanding the Anger of *Achilles* was his profess'd Subject, has found the Secret to discover, thro' that very Anger, the softer Parts of his Character. In this View we shall find him generous in his Temper, despising Gain and Booty, and as far as his Honour is not concern'd, fond of his Mistress, and easy to his Friend: Not proud, but when injur'd; and not more revengeful when ill us'd, than grateful and gentle when respectfully treated. "*Patroclus* (says *Philostatus*, who probably grounds his Assertion on some ancient Tradition) " was not so much elder than *Achilles* as to " pretend to direct him, but of a tender, modest, and unassuming Nature; constant and diligent in his Attendance, " and seeming to have no Affections but those of his Friend." The same Author has a very pretty Passage, where *Ajax* is introduced enquiring of *Achilles*, " Which of all his warlike " Actions were the most difficult and dangerous to him? " He answers, Those which he undertook for the sake of his " Friends. And which (continues *Ajax*) were the most " pleasing and easy? The very same, replies *Achilles*. " He then asks him, Which of all the Wounds he ever bore " in Battel was the most painful to him? *Achilles* answers, " That which he receiv'd from *Hector*. But *Hector*, says " *Ajax*, never gave you a Wound. Yes, replies *Achilles*, a " mortal one, when he slew my Friend *Patroclus*."

It is said in the Life of *Alexander the Great*, that when that Prince visited the Monuments of the Heroes at *Troy*, and plac'd a Crown upon the Tomb of *Achilles*; his Friend *Hephaestion* plac'd another on that of *Patroclus*, as an Intimation of his being to *Alexander* what the other was to *Achilles*. On which Occasion the Saying of *Alexander* is recorded; *That Achilles was happy indeed, for having had such a Friend to love him living, and such a Poet to celebrate him dead.*

III.

VERSE II. *No Girl, no Infant, &c.*] I know the obvious Translation of this Passage makes the Comparison consist only in the Tears of the Infant, apply'd to those of *Patroclus*. But certainly the Idea of the Simile will be much finer, if we comprehend also in it the Mother's Fondness and Concern, awaken'd by this Uneasiness of the Child, which no less aptly corresponds with the Tendernefs of *Achilles* on the Sight of his Friend's Affliction. And there is yet a third Branch of the Comparison, in the Pursuit, and constant Application the Infant makes to the Mother, in the same manner as *Patroclus* follows *Achilles* with his Grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. I think (all these Circumstances laid together) nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its Views, than this Similitude; which without that Regard, has perhaps seem'd but low and trivial to an unreflecting Reader.

IV.

VERSE 31. *Let Greece at length with Pity touch thy Breast.*] The Commentators labour to prove, that the Words in the Original, which begin this Speech, *Μὴ νεμέσῃ*, *Be not angry*, are not meant to desire *Achilles* to bear no farther Resentment against the *Greeks*, but only not to be displeas'd at the Tears which *Patroclus* sheds for their Misfortune. *Patroclus* (they say) was not so imprudent to begin his Intercession in that manner, when there was need of something more insinuating. I take this to be an Excess of Refinement: The Purpose of every Period in his Speech is to persuade *Achilles* to lay aside his Anger; why then may he not begin by desiring it? The whole Question is, whether he may speak openly in favour of the *Greeks* in the first half of the Verse, or in the latter? For in the same Line he represents their Distress.

—τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβήηκεν Ἀχαιῖς.

'Tis

'Tis plain he treats him without much Reserve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even mischievous (for *αἰναιέτης* implies no less.) I don't see wherein the Caution of this Speech consists; it is a generous, unartful Petition, whereof *Achilles's* Nature would much more approve, than of all the Artifice of *Ulysses* (to which he express'd his Hatred in the ninth Book, V. 310.)

V.

VERSE 35. Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' Son,
And wife Ulysses.—]

Patroclus in mentioning the wounded Princes to *Achilles*, takes care not to put *Agamemnon* first, lest that odious Name striking his Ear on a sudden, should shut it against the rest of his Discourse: Neither does he name him last, for fear *Achilles* dwelling upon it should fall into Passion: But he slides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the rest, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the Names which precede and follow it may diminish the Hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not so much as accompany it with an Epithet.

I think the foregoing Remark of *Eustathius* is very ingenious, and I have given into it so far, as to chuse rather to make *Patroclus* call him *Atreus' Son* than *Agamemnon*, which yet farther softens it, since thus it might as well be imagin'd he spoke of *Menelaus*, as of *Agamemnon*.

VI.

VERSE 61. And thy mere Image chase her Foes away.] It is hard to conceive a greater Complement, or one that could more touch the warlike Ambition of *Achilles*, than this which *Homer* puts into the Mouth of *Patroclus*. It was also an Encomium which he could not suspect of Flattery; since the Person who made it, desires to hazard his Life upon the Security, that the Enemy could not support the Sight of the very Armour of *Achilles*: And indeed *Achilles* himself seems to entertain

entertain no less a Thought, in the Answer to this Speech, where he ascribes the Flight of *Troy* to the blazing of his Helmet: a Circumstance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the Idea of this Hero's terrible Character. Besides all this, *Homer* had it in his View to prepare hereby the wonderful Incident that is to ensue in the eighteenth Book, where the very Sight of *Achilles* from his Ship turns the Fortune of the War.

VII.

VERSE 101. *No longer flames the Lance of Tydeus' Son.*] By what *Achilles* here says, joining *Diomed* to *Agamemnon* in this taunting Reflection, one may justly suspect there was some particular Disagreement and Emulation between these two Heroes. This we may suppose to be the more natural, because *Diomed* was of all the *Greeks* confessedly the nearest in Fame and Courage to *Achilles*, and therefore the most likely to move his Envy, as being the most likely to supply his Place. The same Sentiments are to be observ'd in *Diomed* with regard to *Achilles*; he is always confident in his own Valour, and therefore in their greatest Extremities he nowhere acknowledges the Necessity of appeasing *Achilles*, but always in Council appears most forward and resolute to carry on the War without him. For this reason he was not thought a fit Embassador to *Achilles*; and upon Return from the Embassy, he breaks into a severe Reflection, not only upon *Achilles*, but even upon *Agamemnon* who had sent this Embassy to him. *I wish thou hadst not sent these Supplications and Gifts to Achilles; his Insolence was extreme before, but now his Arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or stays, but do our Duty and prepare for the Battel.* *Eustathius* observes, that *Achilles* uses this particular Expression concerning *Diomed*,

Οὐ γὰρ Τυδείδῳ Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσι
Μαίνειται ἐγχείη—

because it was the same boasting Expression *Diomed* had apply'd

ply'd to himself, *Il.* 8. *V.* 111. But this having been said only to *Nestor* in the Heat of Fight, how can we suppose *Achilles* had Notice of it? This Observation shews the great Diligence, if not the Judgment, of the good Archbishop.

VIII.

VERSE III. *Shall render back the beauteous Maid.*] But this is what the *Greeks* have already offer'd to do, and which he has refus'd; this then is an Inequality in *Achilles's* Manners. Not at all: *Achilles* is still ambitious; when he refused these Presents, the *Greeks* were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the last Extremity, and till he was sufficiently reveng'd by their Losses. *Dacier.*

IX.

VERSE II 3. *But touch not Hector.*] This Injunction of *Achilles* is highly correspondent to his ambitious Character: He is by no means willing that the Conquest of *Hector* should be achiev'd by any Hand but his own: In that Point of Glory he is jealous even of his dearest Friend. This also wonderfully strengthens the Idea we have of his Implacability and Resentment; since at the same time that nothing can move him to assist the *Greeks* in the Battel, we see it is the utmost Force upon his Nature to abstain from it, by the fear he manifests lest any other should subdue this Hero.

The Verse I am speaking of,

Τὲς ἄλλας ἐνάριζ' ἀπὸ δ' Ἐκτορος ἔχειο χεῖρας,

is cited by *Diogenes Laertius* as *Homer's*, but not to be found in the Editions before that of *Barnes*. It is certainly one of the Instructions of *Achilles* to *Patroclus*, and therefore properly placed in this Speech; but I believe better after

—ποτὶ δ', ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρῳσιν,

E e e e

than

than where he has inserted it four Lines above: For *Achilles's* Instructions not beginning till W. 83.

Πείθεο δ', ὡς τοι ἐγὼ μύθεε τέλος ἐν Φρεσὶ θεῖω,

it is not so proper to divide this material one from the rest. Whereas (according to the Method I propose) the whole Context will lie in this order. *Obeys my Injunctions, as you consult my Interest and Honour. Make as great a Slaughter of the Trojans as you will, but abstain from Hector. And as soon as you have repuls'd them from the Ships, be satisfy'd and return: For it may be fatal to pursue the Victory to the Walls of Troy.*

X.

VERSE 115. *Consult my Glory, and forbear.*] *Achilles* tells *Patroclus*, that if he pursues the Foe too far, whether he shall be Victor or Vanquish'd, it must prove either way prejudicial to his Glory. For by the former, the *Greeks* having no more need of *Achilles's* Aid, will not render him his Captive, nor try any more to appease him by Presents: By the latter, his Arms would be left in the Enemy's Hands, and he himself upbraided with the Death of *Patroclus*. *Dacier.*

XI.

VERSE 122. *Oh would to all, &c.*] *Achilles* from his overflowing Gall vents this Execration: The *Trojans* he hates as professed Enemies, and he detests the *Grecians* as People who had with Calmness overlook'd his Wrongs. Some of the ancient Criticks not entering into the Manners of *Achilles*, would have expunged this Imprecation, as uttering an universal Malevolence to Mankind. This Violence agrees perfectly with his implacable Character. But one may observe at the same time the mighty Force of Friendship, if for the sake of his dear *Patroclus* he will protect and secure those *Greeks*, whose Destruction he wishes. What a little qualifies this bloody Wish,

Wish, is that we may suppose it spoken with great Unreservedness, as in secret, and between Friends.

Monf. de la Motte has a lively Remark upon the Absurdity of this Wish. Upon the Supposition that *Jupiter* had granted it, if all the *Trojans* and *Greeks* were destroy'd, and only *Achilles* and *Patroclus* left to conquer *Troy*, he asks, what would be the Victory without any Enemies, and the Triumph without any Spectators? But the Answer is very obvious; *Homer* intends to paint a Man in Passion; the Wishes and Schemes of such an one are seldom conformable to Reason; and the Manners are preserv'd the better, the less they are represented to be so.

This brings into my Mind that Curse in *Shakespear*, where that admirable Master of Nature makes *Northumberland*, in the Rage of his Passion, wish for an universal Destruction.

—Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd! Let Order die,
And let the World no longer be a Stage
To feed Contention in a lingring Act:
But let one Spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all Bosoms, that each Heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead!

XII.

VERSE 130. *Ajax no more, &c.*] This Description of *Ajax* weary'd out with Battle, is a Passage of exquisite Life and Beauty: Yet what I think nobler than the Description itself, is what he says at the end of it, that his Hero even in this Excess of Fatigue and Languor, could scarce be mov'd from his Post by the Efforts of a whole Army. *Virgil* has copy'd the Description very exactly, *Æn.* 9.

*Ergo nec clypeo juvenis subsistere tantum
Nec dextra valet: injectis sic undique telis
Obruitur. Strepit assiduo cava tempora circum*

Tinnitu

*Tinnitu galea, & saxis solida æra fatiscunt :
 Discussæque jubæ capiti, nec sufficit umbo
 Ictibus : ingeminant hastis & Troes, & ipse
 Fulmineus Mnestheus ; tum toto corpore sudor
 Liquitur, & piceum, nec respirare potestas,
 Flumen agit ; fessos quatit æger anhelitus artus.*

The Circumstances which I have mark'd in a different Character are Improvements upon *Homer*, and the last Verse excellently expresses, in the short catching up of the Numbers, the quick, short Panting, represented in the Image. The Reader may add to the Comparison an Imitation of the same Place in *Tasso*, Canto 9. St. 97.

*Fatto intanto hà il Soldan cio, ch'è concesso
 Fare a terrena forza, hor piu non puote :
 Tutto e sangue e sudore ; un grave, e spesso
 Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianche scote.
 Langue sotto lo scudo il braccio oppresso,
 Gira la destra il ferro in pigre rote ;
 Spessa, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuso
 Perduto il brando omai di brando hà l'uso.*

XIII.

VERSE 148. *Great Ajax saw, and own'd the Hand divine,
 Confessing Jove, and trembling at the Sign.]*
 In the Greek there is added an Explication of this Sign, which has no other Allusion to the Action but a very odd one in a single Phrase, or Metaphor.

—ὅ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μῆδεα κείρει
 Ζεὺς ὑψιβεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βέλετο νίκην.

Which may be translated,

*So seem'd their Hopes cut off by Heav'n's high Lord,
 So doom'd to fall before the Trojan Sword.*

Chapman

Chapman endeavours to account for the Meanness of this Conceit, by the gross Wit of *Ajax*; who seeing the Head of his Lance cut off, took it into his Fancy that *Jupiter* would in the same manner cut off the Counsels and Schemes of the *Greeks*. For to understand this far-fetch'd Apprehension gravely, as the Commentators have done, is indeed (to use the Words of *Chapman*) most *dull and Ajantical*. I believe no Man will blame me for leaving these Lines out of the Text.

XIV.

VERSE 134. *Achilles view'd the rising Flames*] This Event is prepar'd with a great deal of Art and Probability. That Effect which a Multitude of Speeches was not able to accomplish, one lamentable Spectacle, the Sight of the Flames, at length overcomes, and moves *Achilles* to Compassion. This it was (say the Ancients) that moved the Tragedians to make visible Representations of Misery; for the Spectators beholding People in unhappy Circumstances, find their Souls more deeply touch'd, than by all the Strains of Rhetorick. *Eustathius*.

XV.

VERSE 162. *He cas'd his Limbs in Brass, &c.*] *Homer* does not amuse himself here to describe these Arms of *Achilles* at length, for besides that the time permits it not, he reserves this Description for the new Armour which *Thetis* shall bring that Hero; a Description which will be plac'd in a more quiet Moment, and which will give him all the Leisure of making it, without requiring any Force to introduce it. *Eustathius*.

XVI.

VERSE 172. *Alone untouch'd Pelides' Javelin stands*.] This Passage affords another Instance of the Stupidity of the Commentators,

F f f f

mentators, who are here most absurdly inquisitive after the Reasons why *Patroclus* does not take the Spear, as well as the other Arms of *Achilles*? He thought himself a very happy Man, who first found out, that *Homer* had certainly given this Spear to *Patroclus*, if he had not foreseen that when it should be lost in his future unfortunate Engagement, *Vulcan* could not furnish *Achilles* with another; being no Joiner, but only a Smith. *Virgil*, it seems, was not so precisely acquainted with *Vulcan's* Disability to profess the two Trades; since he has, without any scruple, employed him in making a Spear, as well as the other Arms for *Æneas*. Nothing is more obvious than this Thought of *Homer*, who intended to raise the Idea of his Hero, by giving him such a Spear as no other could wield: The Description of it in this Place is wonderfully pompous.

XVII.

VERSE 183. *Sprung from the Wind.*] It is a beautiful Invention of the Poet to represent the wonderful Swiftneſs of the Horſes of *Achilles*, by ſaying they were begotten by the weſtern Wind. This Fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural Allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our Author might have deſign'd it even in the literal Senſe: Nor ought the Notion to be thought very extravagant in a Poet, ſince grave Naturaliſts have ſeriously vouch'd the Truth of this kind of Generation. Some of theſe relate as an undoubted Piece of natural Hiſtory, that there was anciently a Breed of this kind of Horſes in *Portugal*, whoſe Damms were impregnated by a weſtern Wind: *Varro*, *Collumella*, and *Pliny*, are all of this Opinion. I ſhall only mention the Words of *Pliny*, Nat. Hiſt. lib. 8. cap. 42. *Conſtat in Luſitania circa Olyſſiponem oppidum, & Tagum amnem, equas Favonio flante obverſas animaleſ concipere ſpiritum, idque partum fieri & gigni pernicioſiſſimum.* See alſo the ſame Author, l. 4. c. 22. l. 16. c. 25. Poſſibly *Homer* had this Opinion in view, which we ſee has Authority more than ſufficient to give it place in Poetry. *Virgil* has given us a Deſcription of this manner of Conception, *Georgic* 3.

Conti-

*Continuoque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,
 Vere magis (quia vere calor redit ossibus) illæ
 Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,
 Exceptantque leves auras: & sæpe sine ullis
 Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
 Saxa per & scopulos & depressas convalles
 Diffugiant.—*

XVIII.

VERSE 186. *Swift Pedasus was added to their side.*] Here was a necessity for a spare Horse (as in another Place *Nestor* had occasion for the same) that if by any Misfortune one of the other Horses should fall, there might be a fresh one ready at hand to supply his Place. This is good Management in the Poet, to deprive *Achilles* not only of his Charioteer and his Arms, but of one of his inestimable Horses. *Eustathius.*

XIX.

VERSE 194. *Grim as voracious Wolves, &c.*] There is scarce any Picture in *Homer* so much in the savage and terrible way, as this Comparifon of the *Myrmidons* to Wolves: It puts one in mind of the Pieces of *Spagnolett*, or *Salvator Rosa*: Each Circumstance is made up of Images very strongly colour'd, and horridly lively. The principal Design is to represent the stern Looks and fierce Appearance of the *Myrmidons*, a gaunt and ghastly Train of raw-bon'd bloody-minded Fellows. But besides this, the Poet seems to have some farther Views in so many different Particulars of the Comparifon: Their eager desire of Fight is hinted at by the Wolves thirsting after Water: Their Strength and Vigour for the Battel is intimated by their being fill'd with Food: And as these Beasts are said to have their Thirst sharper after they are gorg'd with Prey; so the *Myrmidons* are strong and vigorous with Ease and Refreshment, and therefore more ardently desirous of the Combate. This Image of their Strength
 is

is inculcated by several Expressions, both in the Simile and the Application, and seems design'd in contras^t to the other Greeks, who are all wasted and spent with Toil.

We have a Picture much of this kind given us by *Milton*, lib. 10. where *Death* is let loose into the new Creation, to glut his Appetite, and discharge his Rage upon all Nature.

—As when a Flock

*Of rav'nous Fowls, tho' many a League remote,
Against the Day of Battel, to a Field
Where Armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With Scent of living Carcasses, design'd
For Death the following Day, in bloody Fight.
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His Nostril wide into the murky Air,
Sagacious of his Quarry from afar.*

And by *Tasso*, Canto 10. St. 2. of the furious *Soldan* cover'd with Blood, and thirsting for fresh Slaughter.

*Come dal chiuso ovil cacciato viene
Lupo tal' hor, che fugge, e si nasconde;
Che se ben del gran ventre omai ripiene
Ha l'ingorde voragini profonde.
Avido pur di sangue anco fuor tiene
La lingua, e'l fugge da le labbra immonde;
Tal' ei sen già dopo il sanguigno stratio
De la sua cupa fame anco non satio.*

XX.

VERSE XII. *Deriv'd from him whose Waters, &c.*] *Ho-*
mer seems resolv'd that every thing about *Achilles* shall be mi-
raculous. We have seen his very Horses are of celestial Ori-
gine; and now his Commanders, tho' vulgarly reputed the
Sons of Men, are represented as the real Offspring of some
Deity. The Poet thus inhances the Admiration of his chief
Hero

Hero by every Circumstance with which his Imagination could furnish him.

XXI.

VERSE 220. *To her high Chamber.*] It was the Custom of those Times to assign the uppermost Rooms to the Women, that they might be the farther remov'd from Commerce: Wherefore *Penelope* in the *Odyssæis* mounts up into a Garret, and there sits to her Business. So *Priam*, in the 16th Book, V. 248. had Chambers for the Ladies of his Court, under the Roof of his Palace.

The *Lacedæmonians* call'd these high Apartments *ᾠα*, and as the word also signifies *Eggs*, 'tis probable it was this that gave occasion to the Fable of *Helen's* Birth, who is said to be born from an *Egg*. *Eustathius*.

XXII.

VERSE 283. *And thus the God implor'd.*] Tho' the Character of *Achilles* every where shews a Mind sway'd with unbounded Passions, and entirely regardless of all human Authority and Law; yet he preserves a constant Respect to the Gods, and appears as zealous in the Sentiments and Actions of Piety as any Hero of the *Iliad*; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The present Passage is an exact Description and perfect Ritual of the Ceremonies on these Occasions. *Achilles*, tho' an urgent Affair call'd for his Friend's Assistance, would not yet suffer him to enter the Fight, till in a most solemn manner he had recommended him to the Protection of *Jupiter*: And this I think a stronger Proof of his Tenderness and Affection for *Patroclus*, than either the Grief he express'd at his Death, or the Fury he shew'd to revenge it.

XXIII.

VERSE 285. Dodonæan Jove.] The frequent mention of *Oracles* in *Homer* and the ancient Authors, may make it not improper to give the Reader a general Account of so considerable a part of the *Grecian* Superstition; which I cannot do better than in the Words of my Friend Mr. *Stanyan*, in his excellent and judicious Abstract of the *Grecian* History.

“ The *Oracles* were rank’d among the noblest and most religious kinds of Divination; the Design of them being to settle such an immediate way of Converse with their Gods, as to be able by them not only to explain things intricate and obscure, but also to anticipate the Knowledge of future Events; and that with far greater Certainty than they could hope for from Men, who out of Ignorance and Prejudice must sometimes either conceal or betray the Truth. So that this became the only safe way of deliberating upon Affairs of any Consequence, either publick or private. Whether to proclaim War, or conclude a Peace, to institute a new Form of Government, or enact new Laws, all was to be done with the Advice and Approbation of the Oracle, whose Determinations were always held sacred and inviolable. As to the Causes of Oracles, *Jupiter* was look’d upon as the first Cause of this, and all other sorts of Divination; he had the Book of Fate before him, and out of that reveal’d either more or less, as he pleas’d, to inferior Dæmons. But to argue more rationally, this way of Access to the Gods has been branded as one of the earliest and grossest Pieces of Priestcraft, that obtain’d in the World. For the Priests, whose Dependance was on the Oracles, when they found the Cheat had got sufficient footing, allow’d no Man to consult the Gods without costly Sacrifices and rich Presents to themselves: And as few could bear this Expence, it serv’d to raise their Credit among the common People, by keeping them at an awful distance. And to heighten their Esteem with the better and wealthier sort, even they were only admitted upon a
“ few

“ few stated Days : By which the thing appear'd still more
 “ mysterious, and for want of this good Management, must
 “ quickly have been seen through, and fell to the Ground. But
 “ whatever juggling there was as to the religious Part, Ora-
 “ cles had certainly a good Effect as to the Publick ; being
 “ admirably suited to the Genius of a People, who would
 “ join in the most desperate Expedition, and admit of any
 “ Change of Government, when they understood by the O-
 “ racle it was the irresistible Will of the Gods. This was
 “ the Method *Minos*, *Lycurgus*, and all the famous Lawgivers
 “ took ; and indeed they found the People so entirely devo-
 “ ted to this Part of Religion, that it was generally the ea-
 “ siest, and sometimes the only way of winning them into
 “ a Compliance. And then they took care to have them
 “ deliver'd in such ambiguous Terms, as to admit of diffe-
 “ rent Constructions according to the Exigency of the
 “ Times ; so that they were generally interpreted to the Ad-
 “ vantage of the State, unless sometimes there happen'd to
 “ be Bribery, or Flattery in the Case ; as when *Demosthenes*
 “ complain'd that the *Pythia* spoke as *Philip* would have
 “ her. The most numerous, and of greatest Repute were
 “ the Oracles of *Apollo*, who in Subordination to *Jupiter*,
 “ was appointed to preside over, and inspire all sorts of Pro-
 “ phets and Diviners. And amongst these, the *Delphian*
 “ challeng'd the first Place, not so much in respect of its Anti-
 “ quity, as its Perspicuity and Certainty ; insomuch that the
 “ Answers of the *Tripod* came to be used proverbially for
 “ clear and infallible Truths. Here we must not omit the
 “ first *Pythia* or Priestess of this famous Oracle in heroic
 “ Verse. They found a secret Charm in Numbers, which made
 “ every thing look pompous and weighty. And hence it
 “ became the general Practice of Legislators, and Philoso-
 “ phers, to deliver their Laws and Maxims in that Dress :
 “ And scarce any thing in those Ages was writ of Excellence
 “ or Moment but in Verse. This was the Dawn of Poetry,
 “ which soon grew into Repute ; and so long as it serv'd to
 “ such noble Purposes as Religion and Government, Poets
 “ were highly honour'd, and admitted into a Share of the
 “ Administration. But by that time it arriv'd to any Perfe-
 “ ction,

“ ction, they pursu’d more mean and servile Ends; and as
 “ they prostituted their Muse, and debas’d the Subject, they
 “ sunk proportionably in their Esteem and Dignity. As to
 “ the History of Oracles, we find them mention’d in the ve-
 “ ry Infancy of *Greece*; and it is as uncertain when they
 “ were finally extinct, as when they began. For they often
 “ lost their prophetick Faculty for some time, and recover’d
 “ it again. I know ’tis a common Opinion, that they were
 “ universally silenc’d upon our Saviour’s Appearance in the
 “ World: And if the Devil had been permitted for so ma-
 “ ny Ages to delude Mankind, it might probably have been
 “ so. But we are assur’d from History, that several of them
 “ continu’d till the Reign of *Julian* the Apostate, and were
 “ consulted by him: And therefore I look upon the whole
 “ Business as of human Contrivance; an egregious Imposture
 “ founded upon Superstition, and carry’d on by Policy and
 “ Interest, till the brighter Oracles of the holy Scriptures
 “ dispell’d these Mists of Error and Enthusiasm.”

XXIV.

VERSE 285. *Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove.*] *Achilles* invokes
Jupiter with these particular Appellations, and represents to
 him the Services perform’d by these Priests and Prophets,
 making these Honours paid in his own Country, his Claim
 for the Protection of the Deity. *Jupiter* was look’d upon as
 the first Cause of all Divination and Oracles, from whence
 he had the Appellation of *πανομφαῖος*, *Il.* 8. V. 250. The
 first Oracle of *Dodona* was founded by the *Pelasgi*, the most
 ancient of all the Inhabitants of *Greece*, which is confirm’d
 by this Verse of *Hesiod*, preserv’d by the Scholiast on *Sophocles Trachin.*

Δαδώνην, Φηγόν τε Πελασγῶν ἔδρανον ἦκεν.

The Oaks of this Place were said to be endu’d with Voice,
 and prophetic Spirit; the Priests who gave Answers conceal-
 ing

ing themselves in these Trees; a Practice which the pious Frauds of succeeding Ages have render'd not improbable.

XXV.

VERSE 288. *Whose Groves the Selli, Race austere ! &c.*] *Homer* seems to me to say clearly enough, that these Priests lay on the Ground and forbore the Bath, to honour by these Austerities the God they serv'd; for he says, σοι ναίεισι ἀνιπτό- ποδες · and this σοι can in my Opinion only signify for you, that is to say, to please you, and for your Honour. This Example is remarkable, but I do not think it singular; and the earliest Antiquity may furnish us with the like of Pagans, who by an austere Life try'd to please their Gods. Nevertheless I am obliged to say, that *Strabo*, who speaks very much at length of these *Selli* in his 7th Book, has not taken this Austerity of Life for an Effect of their Devotion, but for a Remain of the Grossness of their Ancestors; who being Barbarians, and straying from Country to Country, had no Bed but the Earth, and never used a Bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the first *Pelasgians* (who founded this Oracle) only Custom and Use, might be continu'd by these Priests thro' Devotion. How many things do we at this Day see, which were in their Original only ancient Manner, and which are continu'd thro' Zeal and a Spirit of Religion? It is very probable that these Priests by this hard living had a mind to attract the Admiration and Confidence of a People who lov'd Luxury and Delicacy so much. I was willing to search into Antiquity for the Original of these *Selli*, Priests of *Jupiter*, but found nothing so ancient as *Homer*: *Herodotus* writes in his second Book, that the Oracle of *Dodona* was the ancientest in *Greece*, and that it was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an *Egyptian* Woman, who was the Priestess of it, is contradicted by this Passage of *Homer*, who shews, that in the time of the *Trojan* War this Temple was serv'd by Men call'd *Selli*, and not by Women. *Strabo* informs us of a curious ancient Tradition, importing, that this Temple was at first built in *Thes-*

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saly,

saly, that from thence it was carry'd into *Dodona*, that several Women who had plac'd their Devotion there follow'd it, and that in Process of Time the Priestesses used to be chosen from among the Descendents of those Women. To return to these *Selli*; *Sophocles*, who of all the Greek Poets is he who has most imitated *Homer*, speaks in like manner of these Priests in one of his Plays, where *Hercules* says to his Son *Hyllus*; "I will declare to thee a new Oracle, which perfectly agrees with this ancient one; I my self having enter'd into the sacred Wood inhabited by the austere *Selli*, who lie on the Ground, writ this Answer of the Oak, which is consecrated to my Father *Jupiter*, and which renders his Oracles in all Languages." *Dacier*.

XXVI.

VERSE 288.] *Homer* in this Verse uses a word which I think singular and remarkable, *ὑποφῆται*. I cannot believe that it was put simply for *προφῆται*, but am persuaded that this Term includes some particular Sense, and shews some Custom but little known, which I would willingly discover. In the Scholia of *Didymus* there is this Remark: "They call'd those who serv'd in the Temple, and who explain'd the Oracles render'd by the Priests, *Hypothets*, or *Under-Prophets*." It is certain that there were in the Temples Servitors, or Subaltern Ministers, who for the sake of Gain, undertook to explain the Oracles which were obscure. This Custom seems very well establish'd in the *Ion* of *Euripides*; where that young Child (after having said that the Priestess is seated on the Tripod, and renders the Oracles which *Apollo* dictates to her) addresses himself to those who serve in the Temple, and bids them go and wash in the *Castalian* Fountain, to come again into the Temple and explain the Oracles to those who should demand the Explication of them. *Homer* therefore means to shew, that these *Selli* were, in the Temple of *Dodona*, those Subaltern Ministers that interpreted the Oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to agree with the present Passage: For, besides that the Custom was not establish'd in *Homer's* Time,

Time, and that there is no Footstep of it founded in that early Age; these *Selli* (of whom *Homer* speaks) are not here Ministers subordinate to others, they are plainly the chief Priests. The Explication of this word therefore must be elsewhere sought, and I shall offer my Conjecture, which I ground upon the very Nature of this Oracle of *Dodona*, which was very different from all the other Oracles: In all other Temples the Priests deliver'd the Oracle which they had receiv'd from their Gods, immediately: But in the Temple of *Dodona*, *Jupiter* did not utter his Oracles to his Priests, but to his *Selli*; he render'd them to the Oaks, and the wonderful Oaks render'd them to the Priests, who declared them to those who consulted them: So these Priests were not properly *προφῆται*, Prophets, since they did not receive those Answers from the Mouth of their God immediately; but they were *ὑποφῆται*, Under-Prophets, because they receiv'd them from the Mouth of the Oaks, if I may say so. The Oaks, properly speaking, were the Prophets, the first Interpreters of *Jupiter's* Oracles; and the *Selli* were *ὑπαφῆται*, Under-Prophets, because they pronounc'd what the Oaks had said. Thus *Homer* in one single word includes a very curious Piece of Antiquity. *Dacier*.

XXVII.

VERSE 306. *Great Jove agrees to half.*] *Virgil* has finely imitated this in his 11th *Æneid*.

*Audit, & voti Phœbus succedere partem
Mente dedit; partem volucres dispersit in auras.
Sterneret ut subitâ turbatam morte Camillam
Annuit quanti; reducem ut patria alta videret
Non dedit, inque notas vocem vertere procellæ.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 314. *As Wasps, provok'd, &c.*] One may observe, that tho' *Homer* sometimes takes his Similitudes from the meanest

meanest and smallest things in Nature, yet he orders it so as by their Appearance to signalize and give Lustre to his greatest Heroes. Here he likens a Body of *Myrmidons* to a Nest of Wasps, not on account of their Strength and Bravery, but of their Heart and Resentment. *Virgil* has imitated these humble Comparisons, as when he compares the Builders of *Carthage* to Bees. *Homer* has carry'd it a little farther in another Place, where he compares the Soldiers to Flies, for their busy Industry and Perseverance about a dead Body; not diminishing his Heroes by the Size of these small Animals, but raising his Comparisons from certain Properties inherent in them, which deserve our Observation. *Eustathius*.

This brings into my Mind a pretty rural Simile in *Spencer*, which is very much in the Simplicity of the old Father of Poetry.

*As gentle Shepherd in sweet Even-tide,
When ruddy Phœbus 'gins to welke in West,
High on a Hill, his Flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty Supper best;
A Cloud of cumb'rous Gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble Stings,
That from their Noyance he no whit can rest,
But with his clownish Hand their tender Wings
He brusbeth oft, and oft doth mar their Murmurings.*

XXIX.

VERSE 354. *So when thick Clouds, &c.*] All the Commentators take this Comparison in a Sense different from that in which it is here translated. They suppose *Jupiter* is here described cleaving the Air with a Flash of Lightning, and spreading a Gleam of Light over a high Mountain, which a black Cloud held bury'd in Darkness. The Application is made to *Patroclus* falling on the *Trojans*, and giving Respite to the *Greeks*, who were plung'd in Obscurity. *Eustathius* gives this Interpretation, but at the same time acknowledges it improper in this Comparison to represent the
Extin-

Extinction of the Flames by the darting of Lightning. This Explanation is founded solely on the Expression *σεροππηγέτα* *Zeus, fulgurator Jupiter*, which Epithet is often applied when no such Action is supposed. The most obvious Signification of the Words in this Passage, gives a more natural and agreeable Image, and admits of a juster Application. The Simile therefore seems to be of *Jupiter* dispersing a black Cloud which had cover'd a high Mountain, whereby a beautiful Prospect, which was before hid in Darkness, suddenly appears. This is applicable to the present State of the *Greeks*, after *Patroclus* had extinguish'd the Flames, which began to spread Clouds of Smoak over the Fleet. It is *Homer's* Design in his Comparisons to apply them to the most obvious and sensible Image of the thing to be illustrated; which his Commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical Refinements; and thus injure the Poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, than by refusing him what is really his own.

It is much the same Image with that of *Milton* in his second Book, tho' apply'd in a very different way.

*As when from Mountain tops the dusky Clouds
Ascending, while the North Wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's chearful Face; the low'ring Element
Scowls o'er the darkned Landskip Snow or Show'r;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his Evening Beam, the Fields revive,
The Birds their Notes renew, the bleating Herds
Attest their Joy, that Hill and Vally rings.*

XXX.

VERSE 390. *Amisodarus, who, &c.* *Amisodarus* was King of *Caria*; *Bellerophon* marry'd his Daughter. The Ancients guess'd from this Passage that the *Chimera* was not a Fiction, since *Homer* marks the Time wherein she liv'd, and the Prince with whom she liv'd; they thought it was some Beast of that

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Prince's

Prince's Herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of Mischief, like the *Calydonian Boar*. *Eustathius*.

XXXI.

VERSE 433. *Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd Allies.*] *Homer* represents *Hector*, as he retires, making a stand from time to time, to save his Troops: And he expresses it by this single word ἀνέμυνε; for ἀναμύμνειν does not only signify to stay, but likewise in retiring to stop from time to time; for this is the Power of the Preposition ἀνά, as in the word ἀναμάχεσθαι, which signifies to fight by fits and starts; ἀναπαλαίειν, to wrestle several times, and in many others. *Eustathius*.

XXXII.

VERSE 459. *From Bank to Bank th' immortal Coursers flew, &c.*] *Homer* has made of *Hector's* Horses all that Poetry could make of common and mortal Horses; they stand on the Bank of the Ditch foaming and neighing for Madness that they cannot leap it. But the immortal Horses of *Achilles* find no Obstacle; they leap the Ditch, and fly into the Plain. *Eustathius*.

XXXIII.

VERSE 466. *As when in Autumn Jove his Fury pours—
—When guilty Mortals,, &c.*]

The Poet in this Image of an Inundation, takes occasion to mention a Sentiment of great Piety, that such Calamities were the Effects of divine Justice punishing the Sins of Mankind. This might probably refer to the Tradition of an universal Deluge, which was very common among the ancient heathen Writers; most of them ascribing the Cause of this Deluge to the Wrath of Heaven provoked by the Wickedness of Men. *Diodorus Siculus*, l. 15. c. 5. speaking of an Earthquake and Inundation, which

which destroyed a great part of Greece in the 101st Olympiad, has these Words. *There was a great Dispute concerning the Cause of this Calamity: The Natural Philosophers generally ascribed such Events to necessary Causes, not to any divine Hand: But they who had more devout Sentiments gave a more probable Account hereof; asserting, that it was the divine Vengeance alone that brought this Destruction upon Men who had offended the Gods with their Impiety.* And then proceeds to give an Account of those Crimes which drew down this Punishment upon them.

This is one, among a thousand Instances, of *Homer's* indirect and oblique manner of introducing moral Sentences and Instructions. These agreeably break in upon his Reader even in Descriptions and poetical Parts, where one naturally expects only Painting and Amusement. We have Virtue put upon us by Surprise, and are pleas'd to find a thing where we should never have look'd to meet with it. I must do a noble *English* Poet the justice to observe, that it is this particular Art that is the very distinguishing Excellence of *Cooper's-Hill*; throughout which, the Descriptions of Places, and Images rais'd by the Poet, are still tending to some Hint, or leading into some Reflection, upon moral Life or political Institution: Much in the same manner as the real Sight of such Scenes and Prospects is apt to give the Mind a compos'd Turn, and incline it to Thoughts and Contemplations that have a Relation to the Object.

XXXIV.

VERSE 480. *Between the Space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the Ships, and where the Rampires rose.]*

It looks at first Sight as if *Patroclus* was very punctual in obeying the Orders of *Achilles*, when he hinders the *Trojans* from ascending to their Town, and holds an Engagement with 'em between the Ships, the River, and the Wall. But he seems afterwards from very haste to have slipt his Commands, for his Orders were that he should drive 'em from the Ships, and then presently return; but he

he proceeds farther, and his Death is the Consequence.
Eustathius.

XXXV.

VERSE 512. *When now Sarpedon, &c.]* The Poet preparing to recount the Death of *Sarpedon*, it will not be improper to give a Sketch of some Particulars which constitute a Character the most faultless and amiable in the whole *Iliad*. This Hero is by Birth superior to all the Chiefs of either side, being the only Son of *Jupiter* engaged in this War. His Qualities are no way unworthy his Descent, since he every where appears equal in Valour, Prudence, and Eloquence, to the most admired Heroes: Nor are these Excellences blemish'd with any of those Defects with which the most distinguishing Characters of the Poem are stain'd. So that the nicest Criticks cannot find any thing to offend their Delicacy, but must be obliged to own the Manners of this Hero perfect. His Valour is neither rash nor boisterous; his Prudence neither timorous nor tricking; and his Eloquence neither talkative nor boasting. He never reproaches the living, or insults the dead: but appears uniform thro' his Conduct in the War, acted with the same generous Sentiments that engaged him in it, having no Interest in the Quarrel but to succour his Allies in Distress. This noble Life is ended with a Death as glorious; for in his last Moments he has no other Concern, but for the Honour of his Friends, and the Event of the Day.

Homer justly represents such a Character to be attended with universal Esteem: As he was greatly honour'd when living, he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief Prop of *Troy*. The Poet by his Death, even before that of *Hector*, prepares us to expect the Destruction of that Town, when its two great Defenders are no more: and in order to make it the more signal and remarkable, it is the only Death in the *Iliad* attended with Prodigies: Even his Funeral is perform'd by divine Assistance, he being the only Hero whose Body is carried back to be interr'd in his native Country, and honour'd with Monuments erected to his Fame. These peculiar
and

and distinguishing Honours seem appropriated by our Author to him alone, as the Reward of a Merit superior to all his other less perfect Heroes.

XXXVI.

VERSE 522. *As when two Vulturs.*] *Homer* compares *Patroclus* and *Sarpedon* to two Vulturs, because they appear'd to be of equal Strength and Abilities, when they had dismounted from their Chariots. For this reason he has chosen to compare them to Birds of the same kind; as on another occasion, to image the like Equality of Strength, he resembles both *Hector* and *Patroclus* to Lions: But a little after this Place, diminishing the Force of *Sarpedon*, he compares him to a Bull, and *Patroclus* to a Lion. He has placed these Vulturs upon a high Rock, because it is their Nature to perch there, rather than in the Boughs of Trees. Their crooked Talons make them unfit to walk on the Ground, they could not fight steadily in the Air, and therefore their fittest Place is the Rock. *Eustathius*.

XXXVII.

VERSE 535. *Say, shall I snatch him from impending Fate.*] It appears by this Passage, that *Homer* was of Opinion, that the Power of God could over-rule Fate or Destiny. It has puzzled many to distinguish exactly the Notion of the Heathens as to this Point. Mr. *Dryden* contends that *Jupiter* was limited by the Destinies, or (to use his Expression) was no better than Book-Keeper to them. He grounds it upon a Passage in the tenth Book of *Virgil*, where *Jupiter* mentions this Instance of *Sarpedon* as a Proof of his yielding to the Fates. But both that and his Citation from *Ovid*, amounts to no more than that *Jupiter* gave way to Destiny, not that he could not prevent it; the contrary to which is plain from his Doubt and Deliberation in this Place. And indeed whatever may be inferr'd of other Poets, *Homer's* Opinion at least, as to the Dispensations of God to Man, has ever
K k k k seem'd

seem'd to me very clear, and distinctly agreeable to Truth. We shall find, if we examine his whole Works with an Eye to this Doctrine, that he assigns three Causes of all the Good and Evil that happens in this World, which he takes a particular Care to distinguish. First the *Will of God*, superior to all.

—Διὸς δ' ἔτελείετο βελή. *Il.* 1.

—Θεὸς διὰ πάντα τελευτᾷ. *Il.* 19. *V.* 90.

Ζεὺς ἀγαθὸν τε κακὸν τε δίδαι, — *Θ.* 1.

Secondly, *Destiny or Fate*, meaning the Laws and Order of Nature affecting the Constitutions of Men, and disposing them to Good or Evil, Prosperity or Misfortune; which the supreme Being, if it be his Pleasure, may over-rule (as he is inclin'd to do in this Place) but which he generally suffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own *Free-will*, which either by Prudence overcomes those natural Influences and Passions, or by Folly suffers us to fall under them. *Odys.* 1. *V.* 32.

ὦ πόποι, οἷον δὴ νῦν Θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀπιόντων.

Ἐξ ἡμέων γὰρ Φασι κακ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ

Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μῦθον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.

*Why charge Mankind on Heav'n their own Offence,
And call their Woes the Crime of Providence?
Blind! who themselves their Miseries create,
And perish, by their Folly, not their Fate.*

XXXVIII.

VERSE 551. *Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy Command,
The breathless Body to his native Land.]*

The History or Fable received in *Homer's* Time imported, that *Sarpedon* was interr'd in *Lycia*, but it said nothing of his Death. This gave the Poet the Liberty of making him die at *Troy*, provided that after his Death he was carry'd into *Lycia*, to preserve the Fable. The Expedient propos'd by

Juno

Juno solves all; *Sarpedon* dies at *Troy*, and is interr'd at *Lycia*; and what renders this probable, is, that in those Times, as at this Day, Princes and Persons of Quality who dy'd in foreign Parts, were carry'd into their own Country to be laid in the Tombs of their Fathers. The Antiquity of this Custom cannot be doubted, since it was practis'd in the Patriarch's Times; *Jacob* dying in *Egypt*, orders his Children to carry him into the Land of *Canaan*, where he desir'd to be bury'd. *Gen.* 49. 29. *Dacier*,

XXXIX.

VERSE 560. *A Show'r of Blood.*] As to Showers of a bloody Colour, many both ancient and modern Naturalists agree in asserting the Reality of such Appearances, tho' they account for 'em differently. You may see a very odd Solution of 'em in *Eustathius*, Note 7 on the 11th *Iliad*. What seems the most probable, is that of *Fromondus* in his *Meteorology*, who observ'd, that a Shower of this kind, which gave great Cause of Wonder, was nothing but a Quantity of very small red Insects, beat down to the Earth by a heavy Shower, whereby the Ground was spotted in several Places, as with Drops of Blood.

XL.

VERSE 572. —Achilles' mortal Steed,
The gen'rous *Pedafus*—.]
For the other two Horses of *Achilles*, *Xanthus* and *Balius*, were mortal, as we have already seen in this Book. 'Tis a merry Conceit of *Eustathius*, that *Pedafus* is only said to be mortal, because of the three Horses he only was a Gelding. 'Tis pity poor *Pedafus* had not a better Fate, to have recompensed the Loss of his Immortality.

XLI.

XLI.

VERSE 605. *Glaucus, be bold, &c.*] This dying Speech of *Sarpedon* deserves particular Notice, being made up of noble Sentiments, and fully answering the Character of this brave and generous Prince, which he preserves in his last Moments. Being sensible of approaching Death, without any Transports of Rage, or Desire of Revenge, he calls to his Friend to take care to preserve his Body and Arms from becoming a Prey to the Enemy: And this he says without any regard to himself, but out of the most tender Concern for his Friend's Reputation, who must for ever become infamous if he fails in this Point of Honour and Duty. If we conceive this said by the expiring Hero, his dying Looks fix'd on his wounded disconsolate Friend, the Spear remaining in his Body, and the Victor standing by in a kind of Extasy surveying his Conquest; these Circumstances will form a very moving Picture. *Patroclus* all this time, either out of Humanity or Surprise, omits to pull out the Spear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his Vitals, puts a Period to this gallant Life.

XLII.

VERSE 637. — *pierc'd with Pain*

That thrills my Arm, and shoots thro' ev'ry Vein.]

There seems to be an Oversight in this Place. *Glaucus* in the twelfth Book had been wounded with an Arrow by *Teucer* at the Attack of the Wall; and here so long after, we find him still on the Field, *in the sharpest Anguish of his Wound, the Blood not being yet stanch'd, &c.* In the Speech that next follows to *Hector*, there is also something liable to Censure, when he imputes to the Negligence of the *Trojans* the Death of *Sarpedon*, of which they knew nothing till that very Speech inform'd 'em. I beg leave to pass over these things without exposing or defending them, tho' such as these may be sufficient Grounds for a most inveterate War among the Critics.

XLIII.

XLIII.

VERSE 696. *Great Jove—O'er the fierce Armies pours pernicious Night.*] *Homer* calls here by the Name of Night, the Whirlwinds of thick Dust which rise from beneath the Feet of the Combatants, and which hinders them from knowing one another. Thus Poetry knows how to convert the most natural things into Miracles; these two Armies are bury'd in Dust round *Sarpedon's* Body, 'tis *Jupiter* who pours upon them an obscure Night, to make the Battel bloodier, and to honour the Funeral of his Son by a greater Number of Victims. *Eustathius*.

XLIV.

VERSE 746. *And skill'd in Dancing.*] This Stroke of Rail-lery upon *Meriones* is founded on the Custom of his Country. For the *Cretans* were peculiarly addicted to this Exercise, and in particular are said to have invented the *Pyrrhic* Dance, which was perform'd in compleat Armour. See the forty sixth Note on the thirteenth Book.

XLV.

VERSE 831. *Then Sleep and Death, &c.*] It is the Notion of *Eustathius*, that by this Interment of *Sarpedon*, where *Sleep* and *Death* are concern'd, *Homer* seems to intimate, that there was nothing else but an empty Monument of that Hero in *Lycia*, for he delivers him not to any real or solid Persons, but to certain unsubstantial Phantoms to conduct his Body thither. He was forced (continues my Author) to make use of these Machines, since there were no other Deities he could with any likelihood employ about this Work; for the Ancients (as appears from *Euripides*, *Hippolyto*) had a Superstition that all dead Bodies were offensive to the Gods, they be-

ing of a Nature celestial and uncorruptible. But this last Remark is impertinent, since we see in this very Place *Apollo* is employ'd in adorning and embalming the Body of *Sarpedon*.

What I think better accounts for the Passage, is what *Philostratus in Heroicis* affirms, that this alludes to a Piece of Antiquity. "The *Lycians* shew'd the Body of *Sarpedon*, strew'd
" over with Aromatical Spices, in such a graceful Compo-
" sure, that he seem'd to be only asleep: And it was this
" that gave Rise to the Fiction of *Homer*, that his Rites
" were perform'd by *Sleep* and *Death*."

But after all these refin'd Observations, it is probable the Poet intended only to represent the Death of this favourite Son of *Jupiter*, and one of his most amiable Characters, in a gentle and agreeable View, without any Circumstances of Dread or Horror; intimating by this Fiction, that he was delivered out of all the Tumults and Miseries of Life by two imaginary Deities, *Sleep* and *Death*, who alone can give Mankind Ease and Exemption from their Misfortunes.

XLVI.

VERSE 847. *Who first, brave Hero! &c.*] The Poet in a very moving and solemn way turns his Discourse to *Patroclus*. He does not accost his Muse, as it is usual with him to do, but enquires of the Hero himself who was the first, and who the last, who fell by his Hand? This Address distinguishes and signalizes *Patroclus*, (to whom *Homer* uses it more frequently, than I remember on any other occasion) as if he was some Genius or divine Being, and at the same time it is very pathetic and apt to move our Compassion. The same kind of Apostrophe is used by *Virgil* to *Camilla*.

*Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo!
Dejicis? Aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?*

XLVII.

VERSE 904. *What skilful Divers, &c.*] The Original is literally thus, 'Tis pity he is not nearer the Sea, he would furnish

*furnish good Quantities of excellent Oysters, and the Storms would not frighten him; see how he exercises and plunges from the Top of his Chariot into the Plain! Who would think that there were such good Divers at Troy? This seems to be a little too long; and if this Passage be really Homer's, I could almost swear that he intended to let us know, that a good Soldier may be an indifferent Jester. But I very much doubt whether this Passage be his: It is very likely these five last Verses were added by some of the ancient Criticks, whose Caprices Homer has frequently undergone; or perhaps some of the Rhapsodists, who in reciting his Verses, made Additions of their own to please their Auditors. And what persuades me of its being so, is, that 'tis by no means probable that *Patroclus* who had lately blam'd *Meriones* for his little Raillery against *Aeneas*, and told him; " that 'twas not by Raillery or Invective that they " were to repel the *Trojans*, but by Dint of Blows; that " Council requir'd Words, but War Deeds:" It is by no means probable, I say, that the same *Patroclus* should forget that excellent Precept, and amuse himself with Raillery, especially in the Sight of *Hector*. I am therefore of Opinion that *Patroclus* said no more than this Verse, Ω πόποι, &c. Good Gods! what an active Trojan it is, and how cleverly he dives, and that the five following are Strangers, tho' very ancient. Dacier.*

I must just take notice, that however mean or ill placed these Railleries may appear, there have not been wanting such fond Lovers of *Homer* as have admir'd and imitated 'em. *Milton* himself is of this Number, as may be seen from those very low Jest, which he has put into the Mouth of *Satan* and his Angels in the 6th Book. What *Aeneas* says to *Meriones* upon his Dancing is nothing so trivial as those Lines, where after the Displasion of their Diabolical Enginry, Angel rowling on Archangel, they are thus derided.

—When we propounded Terms
Of Composition, strait they chang'd their Minds,
Flew off, and into strange Vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a Dance they seem'd
Somewhat

*Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd Peace—&c.*

*—Terms that amus'd 'em all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right
Had need from Head to Foot well understand:
Not understood, this Gift they have besides,
They show us when our Foes walk not upright.*

XLVIII.

VERSE 952. *Apollo, dreadful, &c.*] If *Homer* is resolv'd to do any thing extraordinary, or arbitrary, which his Readers may not very well relish, he takes care however to prepare them by degrees for receiving such Innovations. He had before given us a Sketch of this Trick of the Gods in the 13th Book, where *Neptune* serves *Alcathous* much in the same manner. *Apollo* here carries it a little farther; and both these are Specimens of what we are to expect from *Minerva* at the Death of *Hector* in *Il.* 22.

XLIX.

VERSE 1003. *Lie there, Patroclus! &c.*] There is much Spirit in this Sarcasm of *Hector* upon *Patroclus*: Nor is *Achilles* exempt from the Severity of the Reflection, who (as he imagines) had persuaded his dearest Friend to attempt Exploits that were impracticable. He touches him also, for staying at home in Security himself, and encouraging *Patroclus* to undertake this perillous Adventure, and to seek after Spoils which he was never like to enjoy. *Eustathius*.

L.

VERSE 1027. —Hear my latest Breath,
The Gods inspire it.—]

It is an Opinion of great Antiquity, that when the Soul is
3 on

on the point of being delivered from the Body, and makes a nearer Approach to the divine Nature, at such a time its Views are stronger and clearer, and the Mind endow'd with a Spirit of true Prediction. So *Artemon* of *Miletum* says in his Book of Dreams, that when the Soul hath collected all its Powers from every Limb and Part of the Body, and is just ready to be severed from it, at that time it becomes Prophe- tical. *Socrates* also in his Defence to the *Athenians*, " I am " now arrived at the Verge of Life, wherein it is familiar " with People to foretell what will come to pass." *Eustathius*.

This Opinion seems alluded to in those admirable Lines of *Waller*.

*Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the Threshold of the new.*

LI.

VERSE 955. *The Death of Patroclus.*] I sometimes think I am in respect to *Homer* much like *Sancho Panca* with regard to *Don Quixote*. I believe upon the whole that no Mortal ever came near him for Wisdom, Learning, and all good Qualities. But sometimes there are certain Starts which I cannot tell what to make of, and am forced to own that my Master is a little out of the way, if not quite besides him- self. The present Passage of the Death of *Patroclus*, at- tended with so many odd Circumstances to overthrow this Hero (who might, for all I can see, as decently have fallen by the Force of *Hector*) are what I am at a loss to excuse, and must indeed (in my own Opinion) give them up to the Criticks. I really think almost all those Parts which have been objected against with most Clamour and Fury, are honestly defensible, and none of 'em (to confess my private Sentiment) seem to me to be Faults of any Consideration, except this Conduct in the Death of *Patroclus*; the Length of *Nestor's* Discourse in *Lib. 11.* the Speech of *Achilles's* Horse in the 19th. the Conversation of that Hero with *Aeneas* in *Lib. 20.* the manner of *Hector's* Flight round

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the Walls of *Troy*, and his Death, in *Lib. 22*. I hope, after so free a Confession, no reasonable Modern will think me touch'd with the 'Ομηρομανία of Madam *Dacier* and others. I am sensible of the Extremes which Mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating Authors: We are not more violent and unreasonable in attacking those who are not yet establish'd into Fame, than in defending those who are, even in every minute Trifle. Fame is a Debt, which when we have kept from People as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious Interest, which amounts to twice the Value of the Principal. Thus 'tis with ancient Works as with ancient Coins, they pass for a vast deal more than they were worth at first; and the very Obscurities and Deformities which Time has thrown upon them, are the sacred Rust, which enhances their Value with all true Lovers of Antiquity.

But as I have own'd what seem my Author's Faults, and subscrib'd to the Opinion of *Horace*, that *Homer* sometimes nods; I think I ought to add that of *Longinus* as to such Negligences. I can no way so well conclude the Notes to this Book as with the Translation of it.

“ It may not be improper to discuss the Question in general, which of the two is the more estimable, a faulty Sublime, or a faultless Mediocrity? And consequently, if of two Works, one has the greater Number of Beauties, and the other attains directly to the Sublime, which of these shall in Equity carry the Prize? I am really persuaded that the true Sublime is incapable of that Purity which we find in Compositions of a lower Strain, and in effect that too much Accuracy sinks the Spirit of an Author; whereas the Case is generally the same with the Favourites of Nature, and those of Fortune, who with the best Oeconomy cannot, in the great Abundance they are blest with, attend to the minuter Articles of their Expence. Writers of a cool Imagination are cautious in their Management, and venture nothing, merely to gain the Character of being correct; but the Sublime is bold and enterprizing, notwithstanding that on every Advance the Danger encreaseth. Here probably some will say that Men take a malicious Satisfaction in exposing the Blemishes of an Author; that his

“ Errors

“ Errors are never forgot, while the most exquisite Beauties
 “ leave but very imperfect Traces on the Memory. To ob-
 “ viate this Objection I will solemnly declare, that in my
 “ Criticisms on *Homer* and other Authors, who are univer-
 “ sally allow’d to be authentic Standards of the Sublime, tho’
 “ I have censur’d their Failings with as much Freedom as
 “ any one, yet I have not presum’d to accuse them of vo-
 “ luntary Faults, but have gently remark’d some little Defects
 “ and Negligences, which the Mind being intent on nobler
 “ Ideas did not condescend to regard. And on these Prin-
 “ ciples I will venture to lay it down for a Maxim, that the
 “ Sublime (purely on account of its Grandeur) is preferable
 “ to all other kinds of Style, however it may fall into some
 “ Inequalities. The Argonauticks of *Apollonius* are faultless
 “ in their kind; and *Theocritus* hath shewn the happiest Vein
 “ imaginable for Pastorals, excepting those in which he has
 “ deviated from the Country: And yet if it were put to your
 “ Choice, would you have your Name descend to Posterity
 “ with the Reputation of either of those Poets, rather than
 “ with that of *Homer*? Nothing can be more correct than
 “ the *Erigone* of *Eratosthenes*; but is he therefore a greater
 “ Poet than *Archilochus*, in whose Composures Perspicuity and
 “ Order are often wanting; the divine Fury of his Genius be-
 “ ing too impatient for Restraint, and superior to Law?
 “ Again, do you prefer the Odes of *Bacchilides* to *Pindar*’s,
 “ or the Scenes of *Ion* of *Chios* to those of *Sophocles*? Their
 “ Writings are allow’d to be correct, polite, and delicate;
 “ whereas, on the other Hand, *Pindar* and *Sophocles* some-
 “ times hurry on with the greatest Impetuosity, and like a
 “ devouring Flame seize and set on Fire whatever comes in
 “ their way; but on a sudden the Conflagration is extin-
 “ guish’d, and they most miserably flag when no body ex-
 “ pects it. Yet none have so little Discernment as not to pre-
 “ fer the single *Oedipus* of *Sophocles* to all the Tragedies that
 “ *Ion* ever brought on the Stage.

“ In our Decisions therefore on the Characters of these
 “ great Men, who have illustrated what is useful and neces-
 “ sary with all the Graces and Elevation of Style; we must
 “ impartially confess that, with all their Errors, they have
 “ more

“ more Perfections than the Nature of Man can almost be
 “ conceiv’d capable of attaining: For ’tis merely human to
 “ excell in other kinds of Writing, but the Sublime enno-
 “ bleth our Nature, and makes near Approaches to Di-
 “ vinity: He who commits no Faults, is barely read without
 “ Censure; but a Genius truly great excites Admiration. In
 “ short, the Magnificence of a single Period in one of these
 “ admirable Authors is sufficient to atone for all their De-
 “ fects: Nay farther, if any one should collect from *Homer*,
 “ *Demosthenes*, *Plato*, and other celebrated Heroes of Anti-
 “ quity, the little Errors that have escap’d them; they would
 “ not bear the least Proportion to the infinite Beauties to
 “ be met with in every Page of their Writings. ’Tis on
 “ this account that Envy, thro’ so many Ages, hath never
 “ been able to wrest from them the Prize of Eloquence
 “ which their Merits have so justly acquir’d: An Acquisi-
 “ tion which they still are, and will, in all Probability conti-
 “ nue possess’d of,

“ *As long as Streams in silver Mazes rove,*
 “ *Or Spring with annual Green renews the Grové.*

MR. FENTON.

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